JOEY BUTTAFUOCO IS READY FOR HIS CLOSE-UP By Rene Chun

MAY 11, 1998

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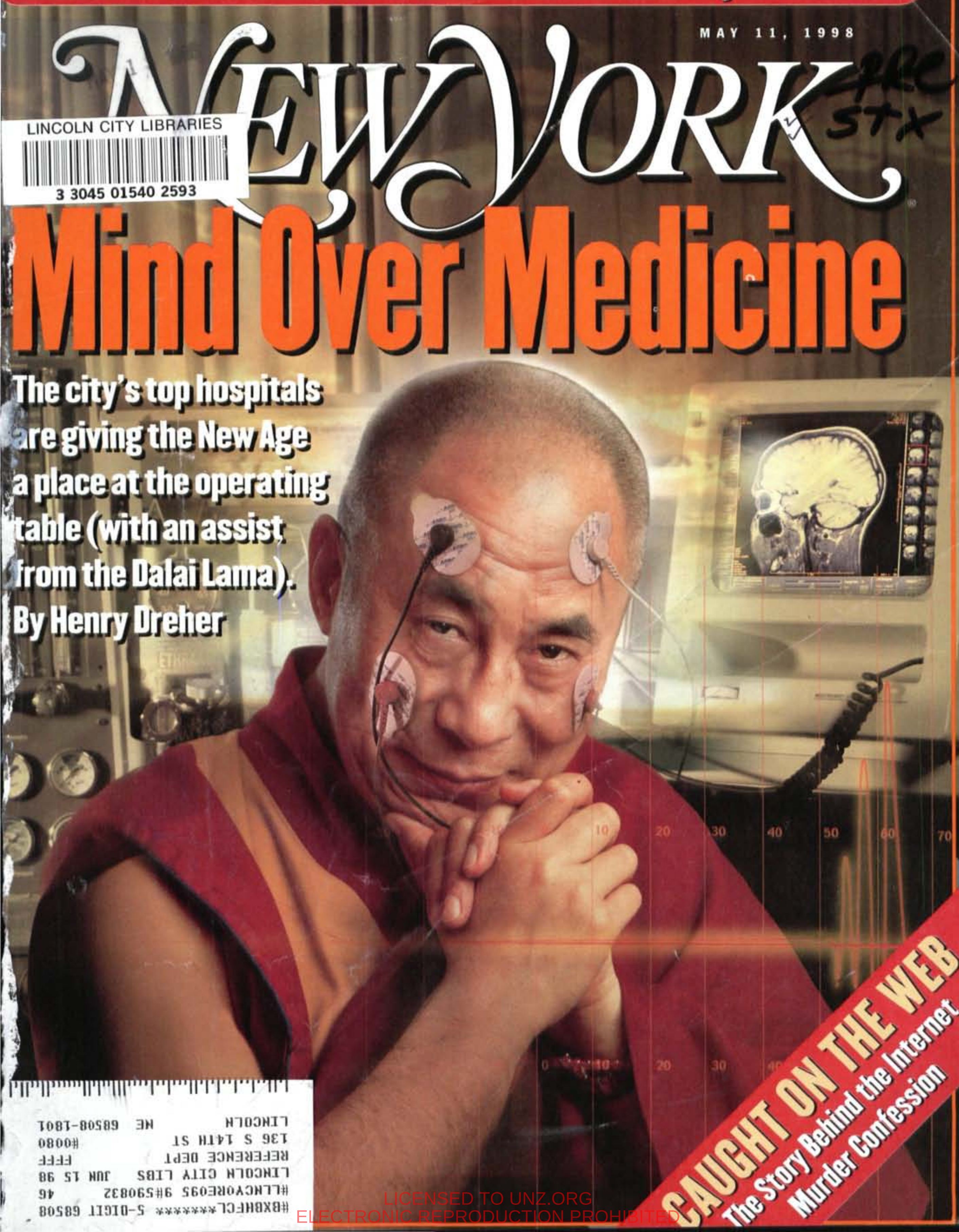


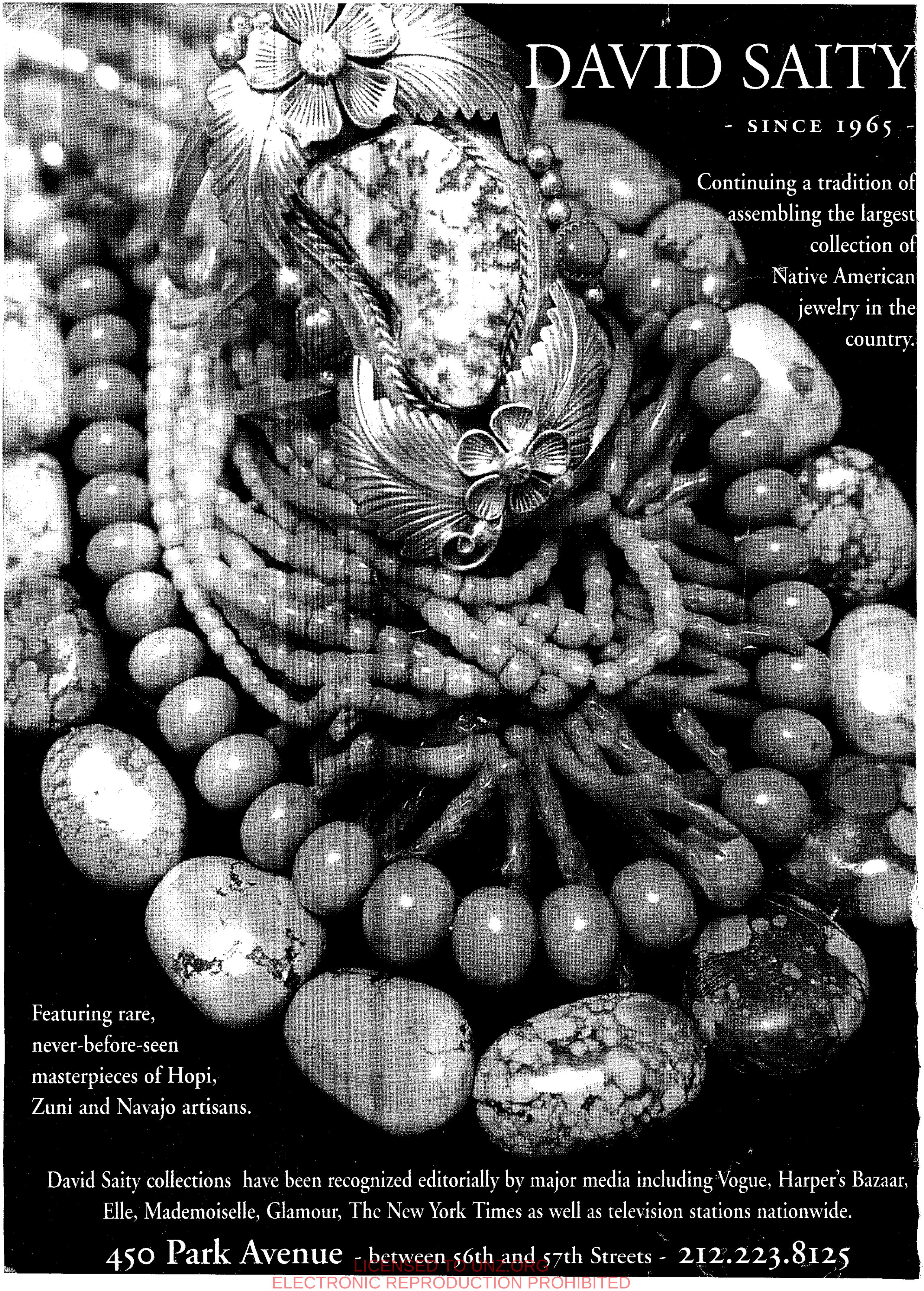
Mind Over Medicine

The city's top hospitals are giving the New Age a place at the operating table (with an assist from the Dalai Lama).

By Henry Dreher

CAUGHT ON THE WEB

The Story Behind the Internet Murder Confession



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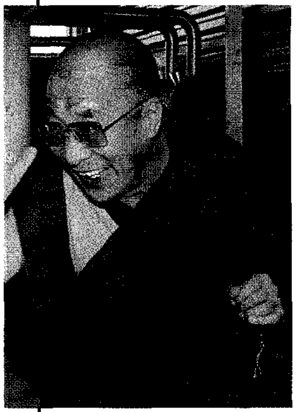
> *But to crack their chest open to do a bypass, that's considered conservative."*
>
> DR. STEPHEN JOSEPHSON, PAGE 24



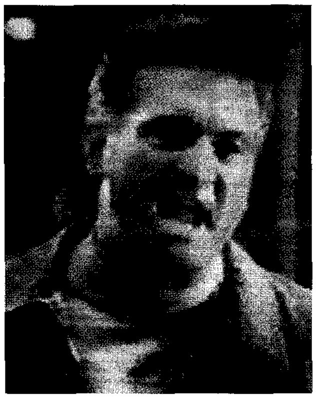
24 Medicine Goes Mental

By Henry Dreher

Meditation can help cure cancer? Don't laugh. Studies show that mind-body techniques can help, and even New York's medical Establishment is seeing the light. This week, Beth Israel hosts a conference where top doctors will talk with the Dalai Lama. But does the New Age belong in the OR?

32 Hollywood Joe

By Rene Chun



Joey Buttafuoco wants you to know that he's doin' great. That Mary Jo is, too. That his public-access show in Hollywood is just the beginning—feature-film roles, celebrity appearances. In the meantime, he's working at an auto-body shop in L.A. The perpetual punch line speaks.

38 Killer App

By Elisa DeCarlo

A murder confesses in an Internet mailing to 200 people. One, a New York writer, calls the cops. The alleged killer is arrested. And the group is horrified—much more about the snitch than about the death.

42 Every Inch a Star

By Helen Eisenbach

Drag-as-drama is *so* 1993. But John Cameron Mitchell—author and star of *Hedwig and the Angry Inch*—has, against the mainstream tide, carved out a cult following. And he's as big with East Side matrons as with punks.

44 Eat to Your Heart's Content

By Karen Angel

Scared just thinking of the dietary disasters looming in your takeout dinner? You should be—unless you're ordering from these great services.

Gotham

15 Cops and the public-school curriculum; football settles down indoors; a tattooists' coming-out

18 Gotham Style Bugs and bees get chic

Departments

20 The Image
Barbara Lippert

Spike Lee condemns marketing that preys on inner-city kids; he also makes ads aimed at inner-city kids. Does he see a conflict?

22 Media
Alex Williams

Steve Brill says he's going to be the tough new cop patrolling the precincts of American journalism. But will anybody obey?

77 The Insatiable Critic
Gael Greene

Peking-duck pizza? At One3, it's not blasphemy, it's just a great meal

Marketplace

48 Best Bets
Corky Pollan

Geomancy's seating; a prefab pareo; a self-absorbing tote

50 Sales and Bargains
Ondine Cohane

Mother country: Delights for her day, from spa treatments to Hermès's unheard-of sale

The Arts

52 Movies
David Denby

Basketball diaries: *He Got Game* jumps between easy slickness and powerful intensity

70 Theater
John Simon

The Judas Kiss is hardly Oscar-worthy; *High Society* has feet of clay

72 Art
Mark Stevens

Chaim Soutine's haunted paintings at the Jewish Museum

73 Classical Music
Peter G. Davis

Russian to judgment: Do Valery Gergiev and the Kirov live up to the international hype?

75 Television
John Leonard

Life on the street: *Witness to the Mob's* homicidal rats break down the old code

76 Pop Music
Billy Altman

Run out the strings: A clutch of aging guitar gods comes back, with mixed results

Cue

79 Delmonico's returns; Elmore Leonard signs a band; Paul Rudnick's catalytic converter; Toni Collette leaves Australia behind; the American Academy of Arts & Letters, in print

Misc.

Letters 8
Intelligencer *by Beth Landman Keil and Deborah Mitchell* 11
***New York* Competition** *by Mary Ann Madden* 119
***Guardian* Crossword** 120
'Cue' Crossword *by Maura B. Jacobson* 120
Classified 108
Strictly Personals 116

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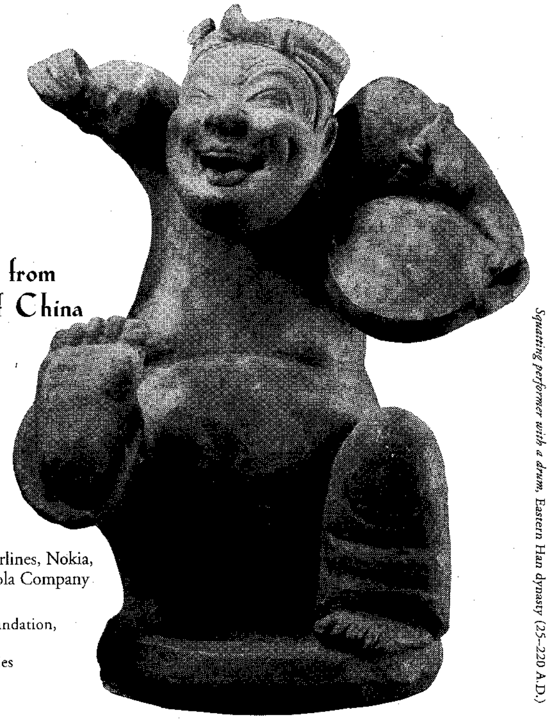
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Funny, sad, little, big guy always looking for that one right love. Sometimes feel like I've tramped through life. Movies made me millions. But the poverty of my London childhood never left me. No matter how much laughter I created, tragedy dogged my mother, wives and kids. Imagine a brainy star like Paulette Goddard falling for me–me with the turned out feet and the hat that never fit. And let's not forget Eugene O'Neill's daughter. Maybe I just wasn't made for these modern times. But then I never could escape the limelight. See why on A&E, Sunday night, May 10, at 8pm ET on Biography.®

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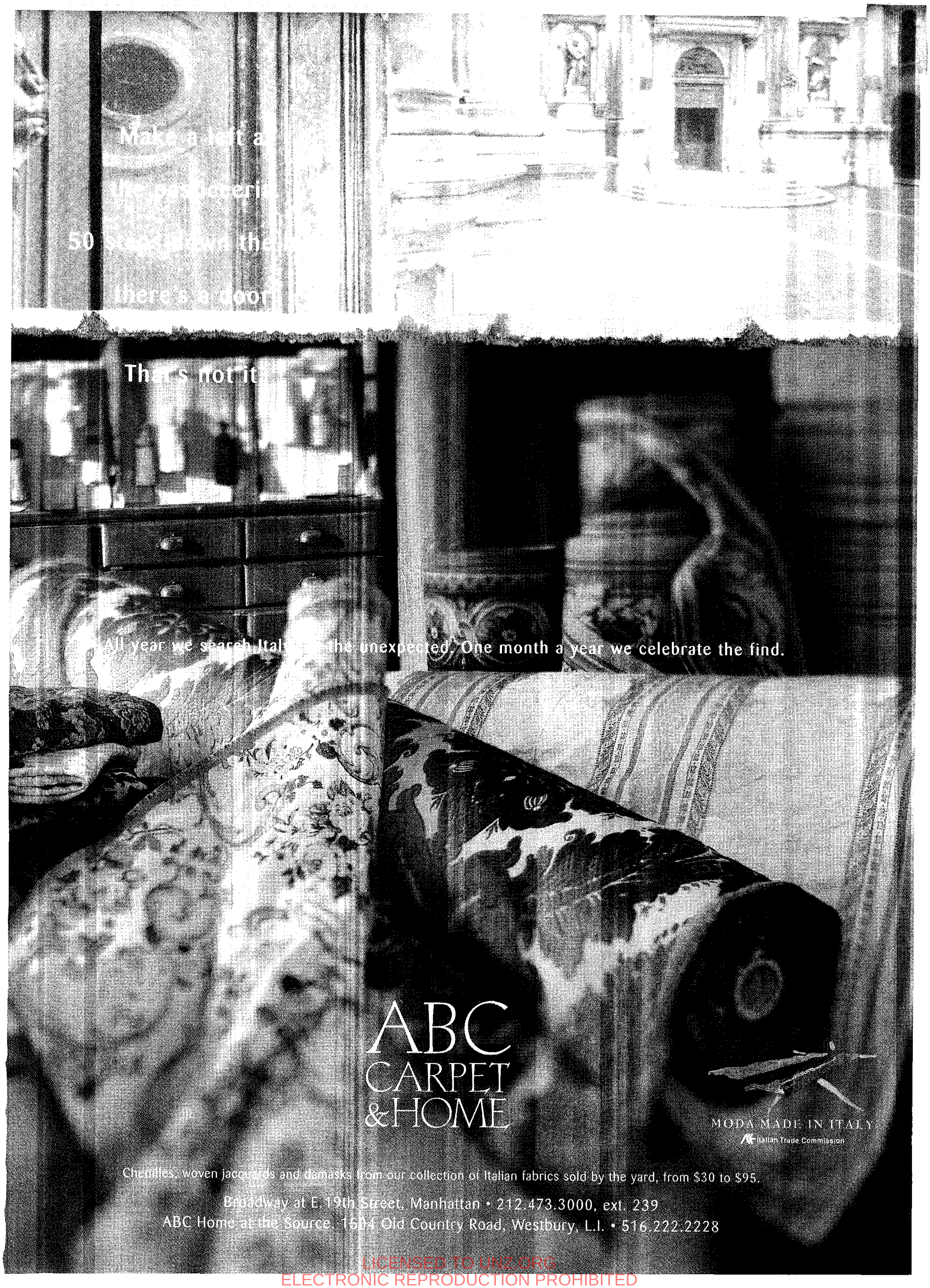
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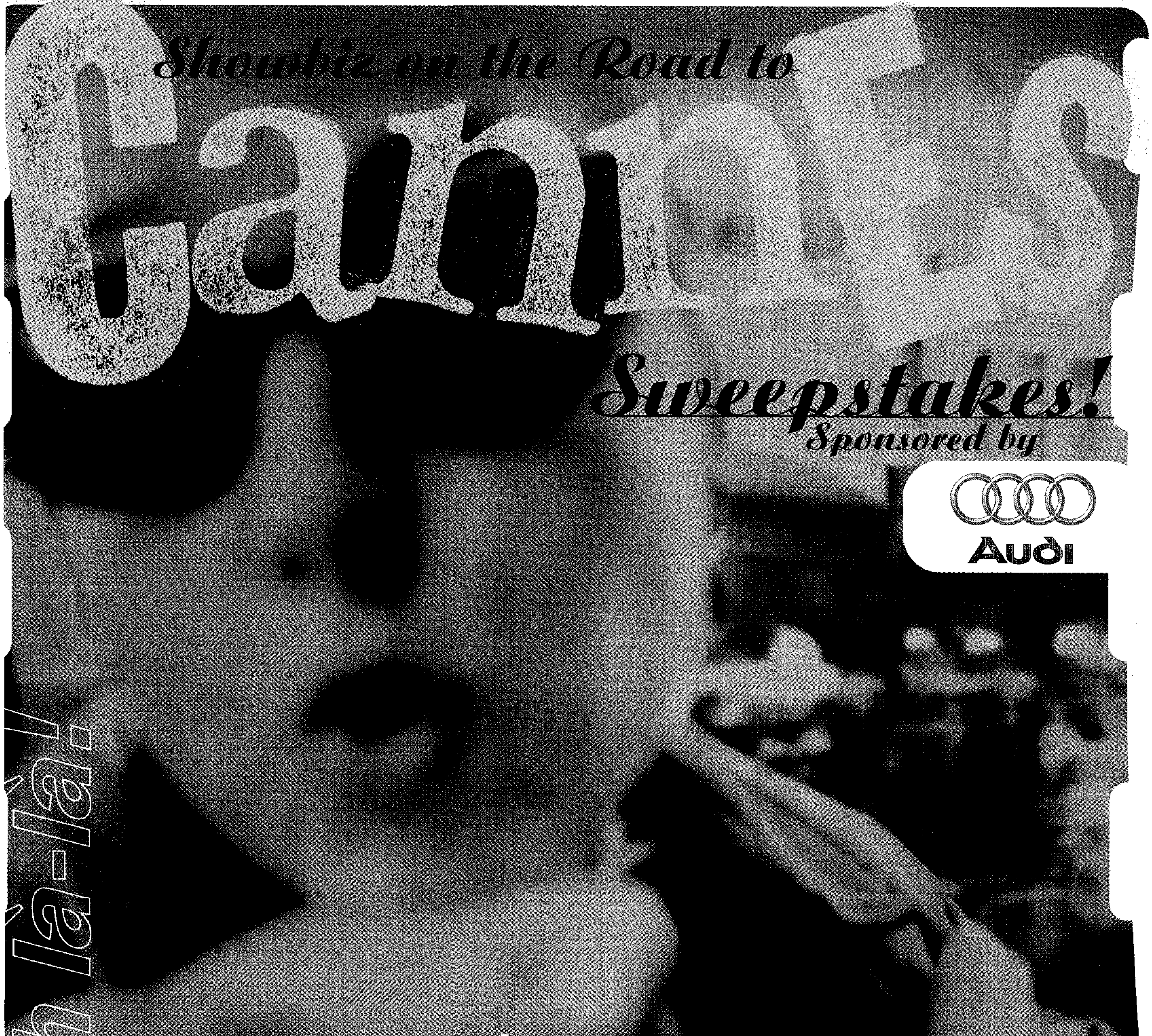

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Tuning Out

Readers have a simple solution to Jerry Springer's "very sick sideshow": Change the channel; Broadway princess Melissa Errico's valiant defenders.

ANYBODY IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WHO turns on the *Jerry Springer Show* has to turn it off within the first nine or ten minutes ["#$%@!," by Barbara Lippert, April 20]. It truly turns your stomach! He can cry elitism all the way to the bank, but he isn't fooling anyone. This show appeals only to the lowest common denominator. People stare at automobile accidents, fires, and perhaps other misfortunes occurring around them, but if they saw someone actually committing a horrible crime in front of them, they'd be traumatized, scarred for life. That is what Jerry Springer is doing to our society. It is a crime that must be stopped!

Rose S. Wilson
Carmel, N.Y.

I LOVE JERRY SPRINGER, AND I AM NOT ashamed to say so. Here are the reasons: He's just a lovable, intelligent, attractive man; he does not judge anyone onstage or in the audience; he shows real people, believe it or not; he appeared on a *Married . . . With Children* episode as a masculine feminist; he gives the television audience what it wants. Why fight Jerry Springer? I don't need Oprah to decide what I should read, watch, or think. For that reason alone, I'd rather watch Springer.

Sylvia Marciniak
South Amboy, N.J.

ASIDE FROM THE OBVIOUS FACT THAT *JERRY Springer* is the sleaziest show ever to be seen on commercial television, what truly frightens me about it is that nine out of ten of the guests are incapable of speaking English properly—and I refer to native-born citizens. Most of these people cannot form a complete sentence, their vocabulary is often limited to obvious clichés, profanities abound, and double negatives are the order of the day, show after show after show.

Lee Snider
Manhattan

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to 104700.2560@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

NICE TRY, *NEW YORK*, TRYING TO SNEAK IN that meaty morsel about Jerry Springer sleeping in his parents' bedroom until he went away for college, and hoping we wouldn't notice. We're not all that surprised, I guess, but it sure makes clear why so many of his episodes involve issues of pathological relationships and their sexual concomitants. Ol' Jerry has found the ultimate medium through which to share with the world the origins of his voyeuristic character. I wonder if the face he made on the cover of the issue is the same one he made when he saw them in the act.

Jeff Stein
Brooklyn

EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW THAT THE NEBbish Jerry Springer is only the frontman of his very sick sideshow: The real sleaze merchants are producer Richard Dominick and USA Networks Studios. The show is nothing but pure fiction. From the very phony reactions of "ambushed" (read: rehearsed) guests, to Jerry's "unscripted" (yeah, right) ad-libs to the audience, to the hair-pulling, head-shaking, etc., it is an hour of a bunch of lowlife trailer-park types simply showing off for the cameras! Am I the only one who realizes this? I can't deny it's somewhat of a guilty pleasure at times, watching a bunch of ignorant, adolescent losers do their shtick on national TV.

Does Jerry Springer feel the need to bathe after each show? I sure do!

John O'Dowd
Pine Brook, N.J.

DID ANYONE ELSE NOTICE THE PARALLEL images—of Jerry Springer and Maria Callas—on the front and back covers of your April 20 issue? Quite a statement about American pop culture of the late nineties. Or should we simply call it "Beauty and the Beast"?

Kathy Duffer
Lawrence, Kans.

Star Struck

I CHEERFULLY ADMIT TO A BIAS IN FAVOR OF anyone who can do what Melissa Errico can do, and I count myself very lucky to have worked with her on four productions. So imagine how puzzled I was to discover that Joanne Kaufman's very barbed "Eager Diva" [April 20] presented some sort of lunatic caricature instead of capturing the trusting, candid, and hugely gifted professional all-rounder that I, and so many others, know Melissa to be. Her gutsy dedication to her work and talent is a shot in the arm to all but the most heartbreakingly jaded among us. What a shame to slant an article about one of our most exciting new talents in such an ungenerous way.

Tony Walton
Manhattan

MELISSA ERRICO IS NOT THE FIRST SUpremely gifted actress I have known and certainly not the first or last whose extraordinary gifts invite the sort of unpleasantness reflected in Joanne Kaufman's piece on her. It is a fact in this business that if you are female, tremendously gifted, and—especially—young, your precocity will be punished by innuendo and your weaker moments will be exaggerated to make the telling of them all the more juicy. This indicts the teller rather than the subject. So your magazine has decided to swipe at a 27-year-old prodigy, whose gifts are needed in New York theater. The piece is gossipy, envious, and predictable.

Daniel Gerroll
Manhattan

Editor's Note The following item was omitted from last week's "Best of New York" issue but was mentioned on the cover. We apologize for any confusion.

Sublet Service

IF YOU'RE A SLUMMING CORPORATE RAIDER interested in masquerading as a local, or a fresh-out-of-college runt looking to turn your overpriced studio into a bed-and-breakfast, you'd do well to consult New York Habitat (307 Seventh Avenue, near 27th Street; 255-8018), which specializes in finding visitors short-term sublets. Its roster lists 500 apartments, with prices based on quality rather than on location. The person looking to sublet his apartment doesn't pay a thing. You can preview a space in person or view offerings on the Web at www.nyhabitat.com. ▬

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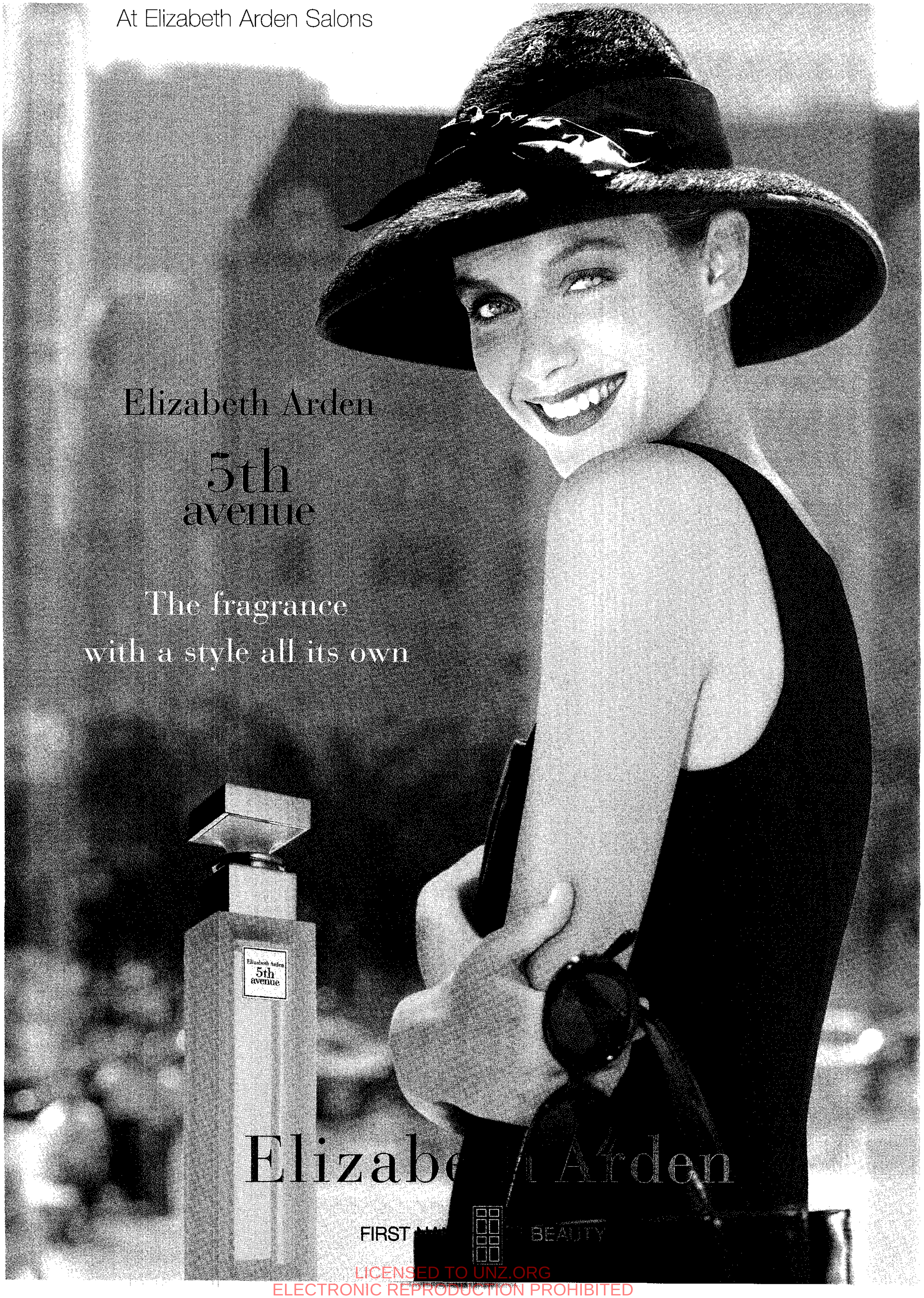
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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

MIKE MILKEN'S VALUE-ADDED DEAL

Milken: Book 'em

Talk about stacking the deck. Even as **Mike Milken** is reportedly offering $3 billion to $5 billion in a bid for publishing giant Simon & Schuster, his brother **Lowell Milken** is financing a $35 million lawsuit against the company. Lowell has been quietly funding a 1992 libel suit filed by his lawyer, **Michael F. Armstrong,** over **James Stewart**'s controversial *Den of Thieves.* In his best-selling book—which covered the criminal investigation of Milken and Drexel Burnham Lambert—Stewart accused Armstrong of trying to persuade another client to lie on Lowell's behalf, according to Armstrong's lawsuit. Simon & Schuster's lawyers have been trying to discover just how much the Milkens have forwarded the attorney so far. The publisher's court papers portray Armstrong as "a stalking-horse," who, "with Milken money," embarked on "a mission to take on the integrity of the book that took on the Milkens." Armstrong tried to keep the details of his loan secret, charging in court papers that S&S just wants to know how much money he "has available to him . . . so they can further hone their course in an effort to exhaust those resources." The judge disagreed, ruling that Armstrong has to cough up the records "so that defendants . . . may argue to the jury the extent of Lowell Milken's interest in the outcome of the case." So what will happen to Armstrong's lawsuit—and Stewart—if the Milkens manage to buy the company? Unfortunately, no one's talking.

IVANA CASINO IN CROATIA!

Look out, **Donald**—**Ivana** is going into the casino business. Relax, Donald—it's in war-torn Croatia. The savvy home-shopping queen, already partnered with a group of Croatian businessmen in the newspaper *Slobodana Dalmacija* (where she will be a regular columnist) and the nation's largest department-store chain, Prima (where her ritzy fashion line will be on prominent display), is now investing in a swank entertainment complex in scenic Dubrovnik. In addition to the gambling establishment, the project is to feature a gourmet restaurant, a Mediterranean bistro, a "casual" ice-cream parlor, and a nightclub. Says Ivana: "It's the most beautiful place, just three hours from Venice. I will spend the summer there on my yacht." Meanwhile, after a brief modeling stint, daughter **Ivanka** is spurning the glamorous life. "Now she wants to be a criminal lawyer," confides her proud mom.

Ivana Trump: Baubles for the Balkans

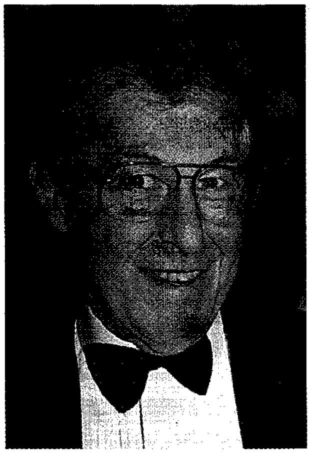
MALCOLM MORLEY IN THE BOONE DOCKS

Malcolm Morley, whose well-regarded paintings depict warships, planes, bloody battlefield scenes, and crashes, seems to court combat in his financial affairs as well. Morley, who left the Pace Gallery for **Mary Boone** (shown) in the early nineties, has just signed with **Angela Westwater,** who says she's "thrilled" to work with the "real painter's painter." Insiders suggest that Boone might be just as thrilled to be rid of the artist. Boone sold two Morleys at Christie's last November: *Columbus Day* (which netted $18,400, just above the high estimate) and *Sailing* (which didn't fare as well at $29,900, just below the low estimate). While one art-world insider says that Morley was "upset" that his former dealer sent his work to auction, another source insists that she had to sell the paintings "to settle the debt" Morley had with her gallery. "That's not true," fires back the artist's lawyer, **John Silberman.** "Malcolm didn't owe her a penny." Boone's attorney, **Hugh Freund,** says Morley himself suggested an auction because he refused to repay Boone's advance when the paintings—which had been sold—were returned. Meanwhile, Westwater is planning a Morley show this fall.

JOHNNY DEPP: *ICON*-OCLAST

It's not easy being an icon. But it's even more difficult writing about one. **Johnny Depp** was so livid over the current cover story about himself in *Icon* magazine that both his publicist and his agent called editor **David Getson** to complain. They pointed out several mistakes in **Dana Shapiro**'s eleven-page profile—a profile that would strike someone who's *not* on the actor's payroll as a pretty positive take on the quirky star. But they were most disturbed by the fact that Shapiro—who was trying to lampoon tabloid culture—managed to squeeze an impressive number of titillating tidbits into his article, from Depp's occasional nom de plume (Mr. Donkey Penis) to his trip to a gay bar with **John Waters.** The 6,000-word piece had room for only 19 words on Depp's new film, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.* Getson says Depp's agent, ICM's mercurial **Tracey Jacobs,** was particularly enraged. "She thought that we *butchered* Johnny," says the bewildered editor, who apologized for the errors but stood by the piece. One error Getson particularly regrets: The magazine spelled Jacobs's first name *Tracy.* "Maybe that's why she was so upset," he hypothesizes. Retorts Jacobs: "We never even discussed my name." The article upset her, she adds, only because "it misrepresented Johnny."

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; Gregory Pace/Sygma (2).

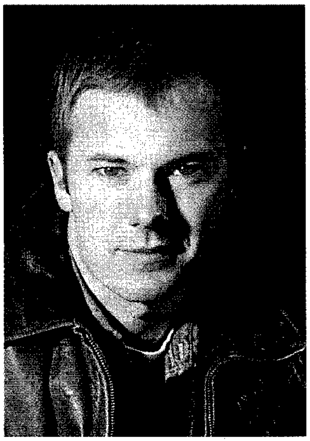


Don Hewitt:
Character assassination

DON HEWITT GOES UP IN SMOKE

Imagine *60 Minutes* without **Don Hewitt. Michael Mann** can. The director starts shooting a movie this month in Louisville, Kentucky, based on **Marie Brenner's** *Vanity Fair* story about the tobacco-industry scandal that caused the CBS show no end of embarrassment. **Al Pacino** will star as **Lowell Bergman,** the *60 Minutes* producer who got embattled Brown & Williamson whistle-blower **Jeffrey Wigand's** story on the air. **Russell Crowe** will play Wigand, and **Christopher Plummer** will play **Mike Wallace.** But it looks as if no one will be cast as Hewitt, the crusty *60 Minutes* founder. The film's producers are seriously considering renaming him in the movie, apparently because he comes off so badly. The script implies that business considerations—namely, **Laurence Tisch's** then-pending deal to sell CBS to Westinghouse—provoked a nervous Hewitt to cave when network brass ordered him to kill the Wigand story. (It eventually aired after weeks of bad press.) Hewitt says he hasn't seen the script but sounds nonchalant. "They can do anything they want," he says. "I mean, it's a movie." A spokesman for the still-untitled film wouldn't comment on whether Hewitt's name will be used. "While this is a dramatization," he said, "a lot of research went into being as on-target as we could."

Tom Hanks:
Man on the run



Andrew Sullivan:
It's psychological

ANDREW SULLIVAN'S FREUDIAN SLIP

Andrew Sullivan hasn't lost his talent for stirring up trouble. The former *New Republic* editor and Gap model has just handed Knopf the manuscript of his second book, *Love Undetectable,* and publishing insiders are already buzzing about the flak he'll catch when it hits the stores this fall. Turns out that Sullivan is something of a closet Freudian. The author, who has in the past argued in favor of gay marriage and gays in the military, takes a contrarian view of recent research suggesting that homosexuality may be genetically rooted. Instead, he espouses the notion that "homosexuality is environmentally rooted in early childhood development. I certainly think there's more to that than some of the geneticists would have you believe." Sullivan insists he hasn't written his book "to stir things up . . . [but rather] to confront issues that many of us are a little scared to confront."

NBC TO NY1: GET *OUT-OF-TOWN;* TOM TANKS

SCREEN SAVER: Just because it's the country's No. 1 network doesn't mean NBC is above a little small-time squabbling. New York 1 news reporter **Annika Pergament** was supposed to appear as herself in the upcoming remake of *The Out-of-Towners* starring **Steve Martin** and **Goldie Hawn.** She was to play a reporter who shot footage of the couple, which would then be broadcast on the Times Square Jumbotron TV screen. But NBC, which owns the Jumbotron, nixed the scene because it featured a reporter from a rival station. "It was *really* petty," sighs Pergament. "I don't know why NBC had to make such a big deal over such a little scene." An NBC spokesman had no comment.

HANKS FOR NOTHING: If you think two-time Oscar winner **Tom Hanks** can coast through his roles without working up a sweat, think again. The actor was pondering a career change after a short scene for his upcoming film *You've Got Mail* turned into seven hours of torture on a treadmill. After Hanks huffed and puffed on the exercise machine at Equinox's 63rd Street club for six hours, union rules entitled him to a break. But director **Nora Ephron** begged her star to keep up the pace until the scene was nailed. Hanks was a good sport, if a near-lifeless one, according to observers. "In the beginning, they spritzed him so he'd look sweaty, but by the end, he was sweating plenty all his own."

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne and Emily Spilko.

FOR *W,* KARMA IS A BOOMERANG

They weren't pleased about it, but the very fancy folks at *W* just got a rare look at how the other half lives. At last week's Waldorf-Astoria awards ceremony hosted by the American Society of Magazine Editors (ASME), the social-conscious style sheet took home the prize for outstanding photography. But the thrill of victory was tempered for *W* chief **Patrick McCarthy,** who had to trek to the podium all the way from the balcony, where he had been banished along with representatives of *Yankee* and *Reader's Digest.* "Our table was in the nosebleed section," sniffs one appalled attendee. "Patrick was very sad, and somewhat stunned, to be stuck up there. Let's face it, we are *never* seated in the balcony!" McCarthy confirms that seating arrangements were not to his liking—"I was upset, and surprised, at first"—but is quick to take the blame. "It's all my fault," he says. "After we were nominated, I was so excited I kept adding more and more people to our table." The balcony was the only place with enough room to accommodate a table for sixteen. Still, McCarthy must have been happier than Condé Nast honcho **Si Newhouse,** who, though prominently seated, glumly saw all his nominated magazines (other than *The New Yorker*) lose in every category they were up for.

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Judie Burnstein/Globe Photos; Lisa Rose/Globe Photos; Brian Smale/Outline.

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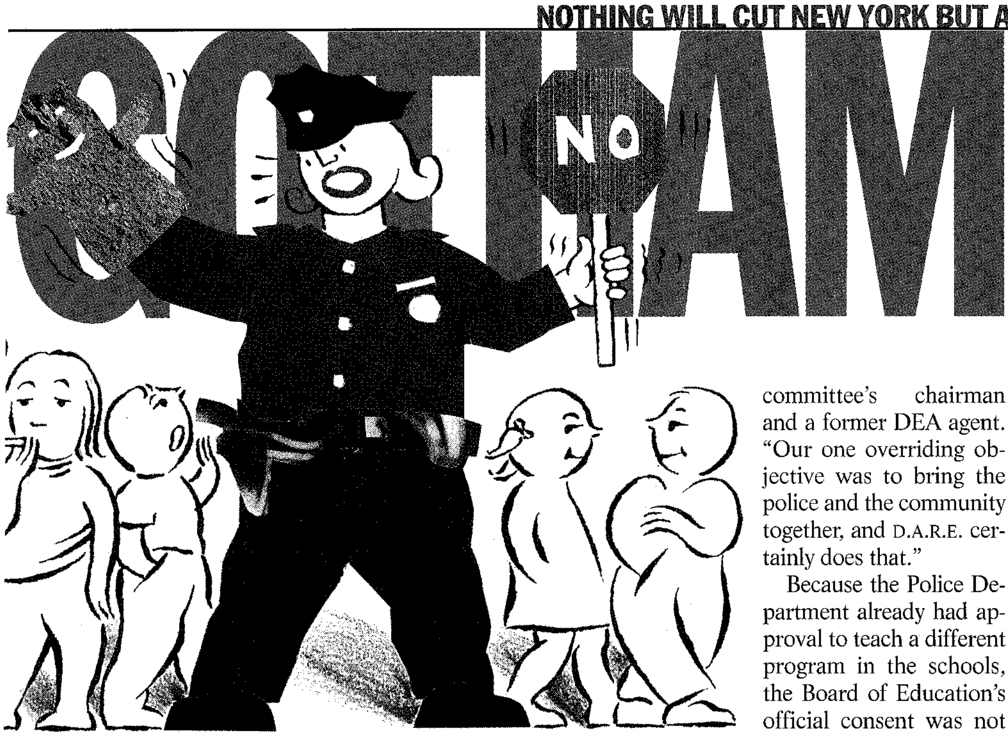
NEW YORK

Photograph by David Riley

GOTHAM



Truth or D.A.R.E.

How a widely discredited drug program snuck its way into New York City schools.

At P.S. 20 on the Lower East Side, Mrs. Capic's sixth-grade class has a lot of fun when police officer Carla DeBlasio comes to visit. They all shout, "Good morning, Officer Carla," and clamor for the chance to play with her lion doll; they listen to her warnings about the hazards of narcotics and chime in with the answers to her follow-up questions. Police and schoolkids united against drugs: At a glance, it looks like a scene from a more innocent time.

But Officer Carla visits this class as a part of Drug Abuse Resistance Education (D.A.R.E.), a police-run program that in recent years has come under tremendous criticism: Studies show that students who've gone through the program are no less likely to use drugs than those who haven't. Though the program is run in more than 75 percent of public schools across the country, New York City did not add D.A.R.E. to its curriculum until just last year—well after the reports of its ineffectiveness were well known.

D.A.R.E. entered New York City schools through the back door in 1996. Heading into an election, Mayor Giuliani appointed an advisory committee to help select tough new anti-drug initiatives. Though the committee included many law-enforcement officials, it didn't include any drug-prevention expert. And its only educational recommendation was D.A.R.E. "Kids didn't trust cops," says Bob Strang, the committee's chairman and a former DEA agent. "Our one overriding objective was to bring the police and the community together, and D.A.R.E. certainly does that."

Because the Police Department already had approval to teach a different program in the schools, the Board of Education's official consent was not required for the shift. And since D.A.R.E. receives federal funds, and needed no city money, there was no period of public comment. "We didn't want to go to the board," says Strang. "How long would that take?"

As a result, the parent groups that usually subject curriculum changes to exhaustive debate say they weren't aware D.A.R.E. was being considered. Judith Baum of the Public Education Association says, "I hadn't seen this come up on the public agenda of the Board of Education, or heard it discussed anywhere." Some groups didn't even know it had eventually been approved. "I am personally not aware of it," says United Parents Associations president Ayo Harrington.

(continued on page 16)

SPIN CYCLE

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF P.R.

You Should Live To Be 120

● "We shouldn't take Israel for granted. This really is a momentous occasion to say, 'Here we are 50 years later!' "
—*Dr. Adena Berkowitz, consultant to Hadassah*

● "I had four radio interviews, one TV interview, I was in Bryant Park with Mayor Giuliani. . . . That's enough for one day."
—*Shmuel Sisso, Israeli ambassador*

● "All 1,100 residents were treated to Israeli food. . . . We sent a bus into the Riverdale parade which residents and youngsters decorated in balloons and Jewish stars."
—*Daniel Reingold, Hebrew Home for the Aged*

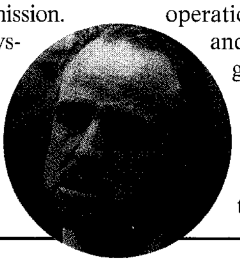
● "We haven't done anything special, but maybe we'll put Israeli salad on sale."
—*Paul Whitman, Fischer Brothers & Leslie, kosher food shop*

● "We have enough work to do here to worry about Israel's independence. We're very busy here."
—*waiter, Ratner's Dairy Restaurant*

CAMEO

Fredo, Take a Memo, Wouldja?

To: Bonanno, Colombo, Gambino, Genovese, and Lucchese capos. From: Executive Secretary *di tutti* Executive Secretaries. Re: Dissolving the Commission.



As you may have read in the newspapers, our five-family Commission is disbanding, owing to an irresolvable scheduling conflict with the D.A.'s office and the Feds. Informal gatherings will continue on street corners, in social clubs, and on that dead-end road on Staten Island. (N.B.: kill the engines and headlights. Thanx.) This does not, however, represent a setback for our operations; on the contrary, thuggishness and malfeasance continue to yield a gratifying profit, and the last quarter even showed modest gains in intimidation. Finally, the Gottis have made especially strong inroads into the corrections industry. See you in the neighborhood! Don't wave!

Illustration by Matthew Martin. Photograph from Photofest.

D.A.R.E. *continued from page 15*

No definitive studies have yet been completed on D.A.R.E.'s effectiveness in New York, but its previous record does not bode well. In order to meet guidelines for federal funding, D.A.R.E. condemns all drugs and all forms of drug use, whether hard-core or social—and emphasizes their evils, rather than the possible ways to reduce consequences like addiction, alcoholism, or drunk driving. "They tell kids that they are teaching them to make a decision, but they present only one choice—'Say no,' " says Joel Brown, author of a study for the state of California. "They don't give honest and complete information. By the time kids get to seventh and eighth grade, they believe that they are being lied to and reject the message and the messenger."

"D.A.R.E. has been updated nine times," says its president, Glenn Levant. "We're continually updating it." But according to Dennis Rosenbaum, author of a recent University of Illinois study, "the changes are minimal." Nancy Tobler, who wrote the most comprehensive study of D.A.R.E. research, agrees: "I've just run the data, and the effectiveness doesn't seem to have changed any."

At P.S. 20, however, the faculty is delighted with D.A.R.E. Principal Leonard Golubchick credits it with helping to make the school "an island of sanity in a sea of insanity." Debra Capic, the class's teacher, says her students trust Officer DeBlasio, speculating that "a lot of my kids would go to her before they would go to me with a problem." And DeBlasio, who recently started a basketball league on her own time, seems to have developed a strong rapport with the kids.

Lynn Argo, who chairs a professional network of all the Board of Education's substance-abuse-prevention counselors, allows that these are valuable benefits—but not what the program was designed to do: prevent underage drug use. "I'm sure D.A.R.E. has its place," she says. "I just don't think that its place is in New York City public schools." MAIA SZALAVITZ

INLAY FINLAY
PORTS

The CityHawks, New York's arena-football team, in action at Madison Square Garden.

SPORTS

Turf Guys Don't Dance

Can the CityHawks bring a victory party to the Garden?

As the New York City-Hawks, unheralded players of a largely unknown game, head into their second season of arena football on May 4, they will do so with the painful knowledge that last time around, in terms of both publicity and performance, they were upstaged by a bunch of girls.

The CityHawks owe their existence, in large part, to Cablevision's 1994 acquisition of Madison Square Garden. To make the most of the cable giant's investment, Dave Checketts—the Garden's newly installed president—announced plans to turn the arena into a year-round sports-and-entertainment powerhouse. But it wasn't easy. The Knicks and Rangers are generally idle from the second round of the playoffs all the way through the summer, and by then, the Ice Capades aren't much of an option, either. Last year, the NBA launched its women's league, the WNBA, but New York's wildly successful Liberty team had only fifteen regular-season home games. So MSG executives turned to an idea that had been tried but quickly abandoned back in 1988: buying a franchise in the Arena Football League, which now, in its twelfth year, has fourteen teams.

Arena football—an eight-man indoor game that's been described as human pinball—has never been taken all that seriously by sports fans, a fact that might account for the lack of careful planning that went into building the team. MSG officials did manage to land one of the league's best players, quarterback Mike Perez, but the rest of the team members came with considerably less distinguished records. Their first season playing together, they won just two of fourteen games; the low turnout (an average of just 6,400 fans showed up for each game) started to seem like a blessing.

For this season, MSG hired a new general manager, John Hall, and a new coach, arena-league veteran Chuck Shelton, and replaced half of the players. Perez is still onboard, and so now is Brian Reeves, the league's first draft pick, as well as Ron Carpenter, a former Jet who once led the NFL in average kickoff-return yardage. He's eager to get into the game—but first he has to learn it. "I'm still not sure of all the different little rules," he admits.

Win or lose, the CityHawks themselves—many of whom failed to make the big time and were nearing the end of their careers—are just happy for the salary (roughly $15,000 a year for most) and the chance to play. "The average NFL career is 3.6 years," says Wayne Morris, a 28-year-old linebacker–wide receiver who signed on with the CityHawks after failing to make the final cut for the NFL. "So what do you do when you're 26 and you still want to play? If you're lucky, you can get here."

And if MSG is lucky, it can get the fans there, too. While other clubs, like the Milwaukee Mustangs, attract crowds exceeding 16,000, arena football is a tough sell in a city that's got plenty of pro sports. Realizing that it may never appeal to seasoned sports fans, MSG is targeting families and kids with tickets starting at $10 and offering discounts at Great Adventure to anyone who buys a CityHawks season pass. "We realize that we're at the bottom of the food chain," says Hall.

But Shelton is confident that the team's improving record will be more powerful than any such incentives. "We need fans," he says gruffly, "and winning is the main way we'll get them."

New wide receiver–defensive back Eugene Napoleon agrees: "I don't care if you're a professional marble player," he says. "If you become a champion in something, the people will follow you." KATE COYNE

Photograph by George Kalinsky/Major League Graphic

TATTOOS

The Colors of Their Skin

A prickly subculture gets out from under.

NEW YORK CITY'S FIRST TATTOO convention, which opens at Roseland Ballroom on May 15, will double as a long-awaited coming-out party for a community that's been underground for most of the past 40 years. No one can agree on why New York banned tattooing in 1961 (some say it was a hepatitis outbreak; other say it was a clean-up effort for the 1964 World's Fair), but the years of prohibition drove some tattooists off the grid, others out of the city, and still more into retirement.

By the nineties, enforcement had lapsed, and 50 or so unmarked shops were operating around town. But it took a well-organized coalition of artists and enthusiasts—unprecedented in this subculture of temperamental individualists—to get the ban officially lifted in March 1997. "For the community to put their guns down for the weekend and get a committee together was amazing," says Michael McCabe, author of *New York City Tattoo*. "It ran totally antithetical to tattoo culture."

Local members of that culture credit the behind-the-scenes shuttle diplomacy of Clayton Patterson, president of the New York Tattoo Society, and Wes Wood, owner of Sacred Tattoo. The two of them—Patterson in his signature skull-embroidered black baseball cap, and Wood obligingly dressed in a sports jacket—led a group of heavily inked, leather-clad followers to City Hall, where they addressed a group of City Council members. Afterward, Deputy Health Commissioner Benjamin Mojica testified that tattooing poses no significant health threat, and the matter was resolved. "It was like the heavens opened," says Wood.

New York City tattoo enthusiasts Steve Bonge, Wes Wood, and Clayton Patterson.

In keeping with their reputation for fractiousness, however, tattoo cognoscenti are deeply divided about the bill's impact. Wary of the increased competition it has brought, Thom DeVita calls the days of outlaw tattooing a "paradise lost," and Jonathan Shaw, of Fun City Tattoo, feels legalization will lower artistic standards: "When it was illegal, it was all word-of-mouth and the strong survived. Ninety percent of [newcomers] have no credentials, and often their work is really awful."

One of the few artists who support regulation, Darren Rosa of Rising Dragon Tattoo, fears the Health Department won't be able to keep up with all the new shops. "It's the ones doing piercing, tattooing, and selling drug paraphernalia in one little shoebox without separate sinks that concern me," he says.

Well-known New York artists, from Andrea Elston to Shaw and Rosa, will tattoo at the convention, which will also draw on New York's carnie past, with an exhibition of sideshow banners and performances by a bearded lady, contortionists, and a sword swallower and his whip-wielding partner.

Wood doesn't find any irony in the community's easy transition from underground subculture to well-organized professional network. "Our philosophy in legalizing tattoo was in the spirit of free enterprise," he says. "Tattoo, historically, doesn't belong to anybody. It's always been a folk art."

MARGOT MIFFLIN

THE SCENE

Lion Country

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Paul Auster, Julian Schnabel, and Oscar Hijuelos celebrating Timothy Greenfield-Sanders's documentary *Lou Reed: Rock and Roll Heart*.

Enid Graham, Laura Linney, and Marisa Tomei at the premiere of *Honour*.

Monique Van Vooren, Jocelyne Wildenstein, David LaChappelle, and Amanda LaPore at B Bar.

At a party for Sally Singer, *Elle's* fashion and style editor, Singer, Nicole Miller, Kerry Simon, creative director Gilles Bensimon, and editor Elaina Richardson.

Erika and Bill Cosby celebrating the Skowhegan Awards at the Plaza Hotel.

Peta Wilson and Joaquin Cortes at *Edith Head: A Retrospectacular!*, to benefit DIFFA and MPTF.

hotograph by Jason Blaney.

GOTHAM STYLE

DANY LEVY

Under-*Where*?

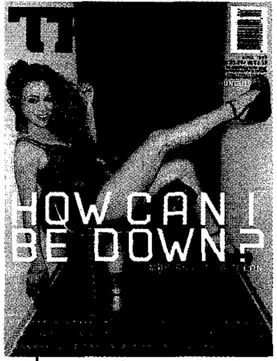
If some 35 women, all quite proper, standing in line at 7:40 A.M to buy underwear seems like a strange sight, consider that it was no ordinary underwear. It was Hanro lingerie, and this was the most insidery sample sale of the year. Women who wouldn't be caught dead clawing through the bins at the Barneys warehouse sale make an annual pilgrimage to this 34th Street showroom to snap up the Swiss company's exquisitely understated underthings—which ordinarily fetch three digits—for $10 or $20 each. Despite the bargains, not everyone was pleased. The merchandise was good, but the sense of exclusivity just wasn't what it used to be. "Last year I was here at 7:30, and I was up in the front of the line," one woman said, tapping her stiletto impatiently. "Every year it gets more crowded and people get here earlier. How annoying."

BODY TYPE

You Talkin' to Me?

● Those people you see on the street with wires dangling from their ears are not a new fleet of Secret Service types—they are cell-phone users worried about the possible connection between microwaves (which the phones emit) and brain cancer. Motorola's new headphones—which now come with most StarTAC phones—provide a single wire with a small earpiece and dangling mini-microphone, which not only protects users from any microwaves but also allows them to speak hands-free while driving or Rollerblading or even juggling. Nevertheless, says a Bell Atlantic salesman, "we *have* had some resistance to [the headsets]. People are afraid they'll appear to be talking to themselves on the street." The wire retails for about $26.

BETH LANDMAN KEIL

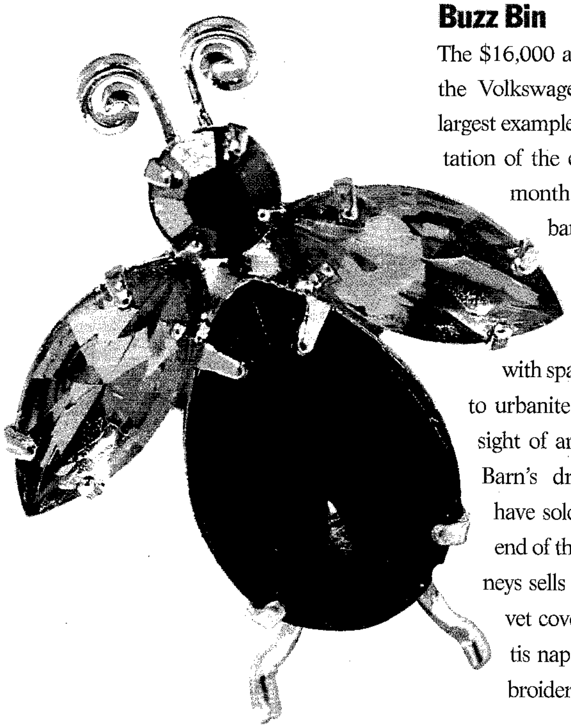

A TRIBE CALLED QUEST / HYPE WILLIAMS / TRACKMASTERS / STRETCH ARMSTRONG
HOW CAN I BE DOWN?

Something Hip-Hop This Way Comes

Claude Grunitzky was all of 23 in 1994 when he commandeered a desk at his London office and drew up the plans for a magazine that presented hip-hop to a European audience but wasn't strictly about music. When it hit the stands in mid-'95, *Trace* attracted immediate attention for its daring graphic treatments, its edgy style, and its prescient ability to spot talent—such as Lorato, a black model who's since appeared just about everywhere, and Method Man, who was later all over MTV.

Several media organizations have tried to bring the magazine to America, but Grunitzky's making the jump on his own. Now set up in a spare Broome Street office with a seven-person staff, the tirelessly smooth editor—whose wardrobe leans toward hoodies and sneakers—is gearing up for the May 14 launch of the U.S. edition. The premiere issue, which will have a print run of 190,000, includes interviews, fashion, and critical analysis. "We have a lot of people who believe in what we're doing," he says. "It's a complete, essay-based urban magazine which explores the way music affects culture."

MARTINE BURY



Buzz Bin

The $16,000 accessory of the season, the Volkswagen Beetle, is only the largest example of the fashion rehabilitation of the creepy crawlies. In the months since Dolce & Gabbana unveiled its butterfly-heavy spring collection, Scoop has begun selling barrettes decorated with sparkly bees and flies (left) to urbanites who'd scream at the sight of an actual insect. Pottery Barn's dragonfly-pattern linens have sold out. And on the high end of the entomology chic, Barneys sells a piqué bumblebee duvet cover, lifelike praying-mantis napkin rings, and gold-embroidered dragonfly cushions.

ALEXANDRA LANGE

Illustration by Ruben Toledo. Photograph by James Worrel

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Electronic Information Report
Yellow Pages & Directory Report
Inside the Yellow Pages Conference
Cowles/Simba Online Conference
National Directory Conference

PUBLISHING

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Circulation Management
First Day
Folio:
Educational Marketer
Book Publishing Report
The Folio Show
Folio: Midwest
Folio: West
The Circulation Management Conference & Expo
International Magazine Management Executive Forum
Media Central (Online)

MARKETING

Promo
Direct
Catalog Age
American Demographics
Marketing Tools
Forecast Report
Report on Database Marketing
Electronic Advertising & Marketplace Report
Computer Publishing & Advertising Report
Annual Catalog Conference & Exhibition
National Center for Database Marketing Shows (Orlando and Chicago)
Direct Marketing to Business Show
Business to Business Database Marketing Show
Promo Expo '97

HISTORY

Civil War Times
Military History
MHQ: The Quarterly Journal of Military History
Wild West
American History
Aviation History
World War II
British Heritage
Early American Homes
America's Civil War
Historic Traveler
Vietnam
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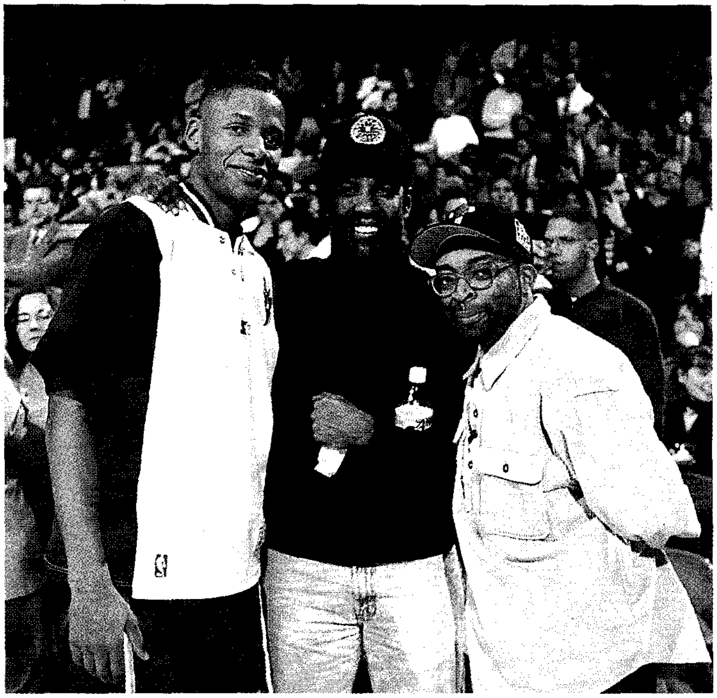
THE IMAGE BARBARA LIPPERT

He's Gotta Have It (All)

Spike Lee is now married with children and running an ad agency. Oh, and he still makes movies. But between his art and his commerce, isn't he sending mixed messages?

LEANING DISCREETLY AGAINST THE side of an escalator, smiling, holding a plastic bag full of newspapers and magazines, Spike Lee has arrived at Penn Station early for the 7 A.M. Metroliner to Washington, D.C., where he's going to promote his latest film, *He Got Game.* (See David Denby's review, page 52.)

I'm along for the locomotion. And though the Amtrak trip is pretty plush, it's slower than a speeding bullet, certainly slower than Lee's Zip drive of a mind. But all the way down the Northeast corridor, Spike, in corduroys, crisp shirt, crewneck sweater, and leather boots, palming a bunch of vitamins to swallow with his orange juice, sits calmly; he is charming, delightful, a man unriled. An executive-type woman sitting across the aisle passes him a folded note with NOT FOR SHARING written on top. He opens it. It's a screenplay idea about what happened to her roommate in Tanzania. "Everybody has a story," he says.



Lee courtside with co-stars Denzel Washington and the Bucks' Ray Allen.

When did Spike Lee become this mellow elder? Four years ago, he got married; his wife, Tonya Lee, is a lawyer. They have two kids and apartments in Brooklyn and TriBeCa. He's also closed his retail stores in Brooklyn and Los Angeles (he says they were an outgrowth of the grassroots buzz he created through his blatant hawking of T-shirts in front of the theaters showing his first feature film, *She's Gotta Have It.*) "Kaput," he says, making a fizzle sound. "Retail is hard, and you can't do everything. We sold a lot of X hats, though." Always a hyperactive hyphenate and Knicks nut (writer-director-producer-editor-actor), he has in the past year, since his documentary *4 Little Girls,* published a basketball memoir, *The Best Seat in the House,* and opened an ad agency, Spike DDB, in which he has 51 percent ownership. He won't take malt-liquor or tobacco clients. His father-in-law is a former Philip Morris treasurer. ("Oh, we go at it all the time," he says.) His wife, who went to the University of Virginia law school, is on the board of trustees of Sarah Lawrence College. I ask to see a picture of his kids, and he shows me the one in his wallet, a formal shot of his 2-year-old daughter, Satchel, an adorable little girl in a perfect starched dress, holding her infant brother, Jackson. Tucked in the compartment next to the picture is an embossed New York State learner's permit, issued to Shelton Jackson Lee. A true New Yorker, Spike Lee is learning to drive at 41. "My wife is teaching me," he says shyly, putting his wallet back in his pocket.

I'M CARRYING A STACK OF NEWSPAPER AND magazine stories, just some of the thousands of pieces written about him during his twelve-film career. They include Joe Klein's 1989 column in this magazine warning that *Do the Right Thing* might incite inner-city kids to riot over the long hot summer and lose the election for Dinkins. Another piece, a 1992 *Esquire* cover story, is called "Spike Hates Your Cracker Ass."

There's no doubt that Lee has been a provocateur, able to inflame more viewers (black, white, gay, Jewish, feminist) in a single frame, or statement, than any other filmmaker working today. The writer of the *Esquire* story, Barbara Grizzuti Harrison, described her frustration after she tried to share her white-liberal, sixties-civil-rights credentials, including her interracial relationship, with Lee and he yawned in her face.

That interview was in his *Malcolm X*–promotional phase. Now he's Mr. Hoops, promoting a movie about big-money basketball and the struggle between a washed-up father (played by Denzel Washington) and his golden-boy son (Ray Allen of the Milwaukee Bucks).

Lee has always touched nerve endings in the black community over taboo racial and sexual issues. In *Jungle Fever,* of course, it was interracial lust. In *School Daze,* he satirized the class judgments African-Americans tend to make over subtle gradations in skin color. In *He Got Game,* he sets up a love scene between the father and a young white prostitute (Milla Jovovich). "In the research, black women were upset to see Denzel kiss a white woman," he says. "They don't want to see their prince doing that." And white women will no doubt be upset with the portrayal of the teams of eager white female groupies at big sports colleges, ready to Lewinsky a player at a moment's notice. I mention what seems to be his Madonna-whore fixation, given

Photograph by George Kalinsky/Major League Graphics.

that the three main female characters in this film are a hooker, a manipulative bitch, and a sainted dead mother. He answers, "My wife said the same thing.

"Everyone in this movie is dirty," he continues. "Black, white, male, female, they all manipulate; they all use what they have."

Yet even for a human lightning rod like Lee, the way he uses the movie to simultaneously blast and hype the sports-marketing business is fraught with contradictions and irony: When the Washington character is given a one-week leave from Attica and a limited amount of cash to live in a fleabag hotel, the first thing he does is spend $150 on a pair of Nikes.

"I've been a part of that, and I'm not going to deny that," he says when asked about sneaker companies' preying on inner-city kids. "Chuck D has a song, 'Politics of the Sneaker Pimps.' But all the companies do that, not just Nike. Are you going to blame Nike or Nintendo or Starter jackets or boom boxes for society's ills? This is what it means to live in a capitalist society. America is about consuming. And they are gonna get it whether they have the money or not."

LEE, OF COURSE, DIRECTED AND STARRED with Michael Jordan in a seven-year series of hilarious Nike commercials. In the spots, he played his bike-messenger character from *She's Gotta Have It,* the gold-chain-wearing, Nola-lovin', self-repeating Mars Blackmon; his name for Jordan was "Money." "That's something I got on the street," he says. The black-and-white TV spots exploited the pair's comical Mutt-and-Jeffness.

When Lee was an unknown making *She's Gotta Have It,* he dipped into his $10,000 budget to buy two pairs of Air Jordans to use in the movie—Nike would donate only a poster. But after the film opened, the Nike agency, Weiden & Kennedy, hired him, and the rest has been one giant payday.

"Nike's wrong," he tells me when we start talking about child-labor practices, "and Nike is taking its lumps. When you believe you are invincible, that's when you start going down." He acknowledges that Nike CEO Phil Knight should never have spoken to documentary filmmaker Michael Moore for *The Big One.* (Yet another irony, coming from documentarian Lee.) But he also defends Knight: "Phil Knight is a visionary—I mean, he started by selling shoes out of the trunk of his car. No one thought Converse or Adidas could be replaced. And no American company ever devoted that much money to an African-American athlete. Nike was revolutionary—it told white companies that you can have a black endorser and white consumers won't go running in the other direction." (They certainly didn't: Consider the way white corporate America and its ad agencies have co-opted hip-hop culture in the ensuing decade.)

Billings for Spike DDB are $22 million, mostly from projects with sports and entertainment companies (it just did a spot for the Miami Heat). Lee says he wanted ownership and control; when he directed spots previously, he'd worked from storyboards created by others. Spike DDB was introduced as an "urban agency," shorthand for black-and-Latino—a tag it has since dropped. Although one of its major clients is Soft Sheen (the leading manufacturer of hair products for African-Americans), Lee is going for mainstream business, he says. Which brings up an unspoken issue: In the still shockingly segregated ad-agency world, mammoth international accounts like McDonald's and Pepsi have a main agency and use a black firm for "ethnic" work—the versions of the commercials that will reach only the black and Latino communities. Old, established "ethnic" agencies like Burrell and Uniworld see Spike as a competitor, and obviously have an interest in maintaining their own status. On the other hand, when Spike DDB promotes itself simply as a cutting-edge, hot creative shop, the industry's power players tend to get threatened by Lee's celebrity; they go on about the importance of a strategic marketing background, and the intense commitment it takes. (They say the same thing about Jerry Seinfeld's agency plans.)

Why would an auteur like Lee, who makes message movies, want to spend his time moving products for clients?

In his memoir, he wrote passionately about the importance of African-Americans' having equity: "[We] are among the world's biggest consumers. . . . I mean we just buy, buy, buy, buy, buy, buy, and buy. But the stuff we buy has very little lasting value, and it won't until we begin to own pieces of some of these companies, a piece of this rock."

We're pulling into Union Station. He tells me that later in the week, after a screening in Los Angeles, he's going to Las Vegas to speak to college kids. I ask him why he does it, given his daunting schedule. "Because I enjoy it," he says. "And they pay me a nice fee." With that, Spike Lee steps onto the platform, where a P.R. woman from Disney's Touchstone Pictures awaits him, and she's all business. ■

Sunlight streams
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MEDIA ALEX WILLIAMS

Et Tu, Steve Brill?

If you think the new 'Content' magazine is going to stab fellow journalists in the back, forget it. Editor Steven Brill's aim is higher: to save his colleagues' souls.

NOT SINCE *GEORGE* MAGAZINE was launched three years ago has a start-up generated as much advance speculation as Steve Brill's new media-watchdog journal, *Content.* The first issue doesn't hit newsstands for another month, but *Time* has already analyzed it, and Maureen Dowd has produced a nasty column about it; even President Clinton speculated about the premiere issue in a recent speech. Yet, as with *George,* no one who has weighed in seems to have a very clear idea of what it's actually going to be about—including, apparently, many of the journalists who have been tromping through Brill's new office during the past seven months looking for jobs.

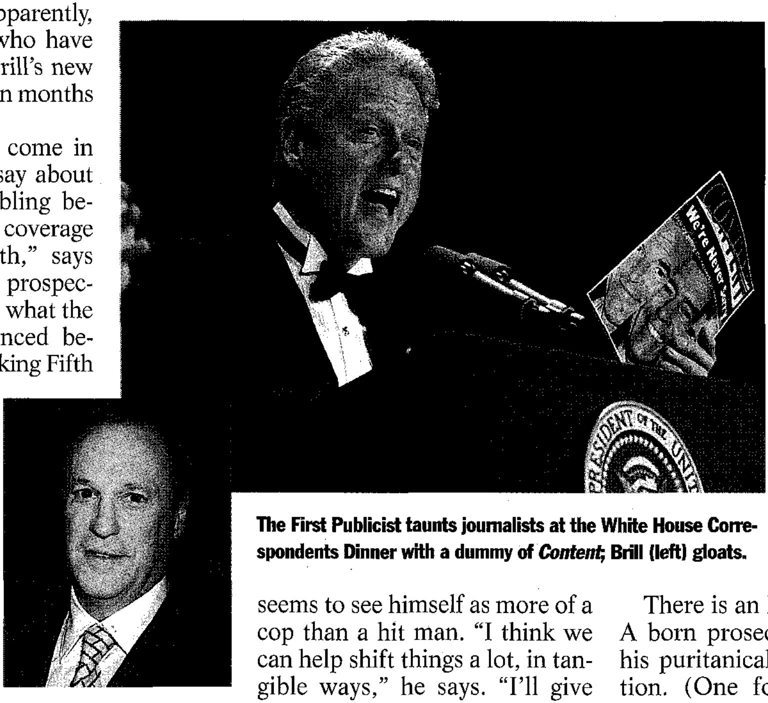
"Half the people who come in here want to write an essay about why civilization is crumbling because there was so much coverage of Princess Diana's death," says Brill. A word of advice to prospective applicants: This is not what the boss, comfortably ensconced behind his new desk overlooking Fifth Avenue, wants to hear.

"I don't give a shit," he snorts. "People want to write about how dumb and terrible something is, but they don't want to write the opposite story—how terrific something is. One of the pieces in our first issue is about a really fabulous series that a major newspaper did that took fifteen months before the first stories were published."

That doesn't sound like no-holds-barred Steve Brill, the avenging angel who has journalists sweating all over town. And it's definitely not as a celebration of good journalism that *Content* is being advertised on buses, on telephone kiosks, and in brochures sent out to several million homes earlier this year. The mailer teases prospective subscribers with stories targeting Diane Sawyer's "three sappiest interviews," the "five most reckless 'scoops' of the White House intern scandal," and why the three network anchormen will never admit they're wrong. Ads also promise a piece called "The Ten Laziest Reporters in Washington."

But Brill now insists that *Content* will not be a collection of Diane Sawyer hit pieces, a mediacentric *Spy* without the nasty epithets. "That would be an utterly predictable magazine," he says.

So which is the real *Content*? The first image you see when you open his mailer is a Doberman, teeth bared. But Brill seems to see himself as more of a cop than a hit man. "I think we can help shift things a lot, in tangible ways," he says. "I'll give you an example, an idea I just thought of yesterday. We're going to say up front that there can never, ever be an excuse for using the phrase 'sources say.' You should at least be able to say how many sources, two or twenty, or something about your sources. Is it your cabdriver or a member of the Cabinet? We're going to make fun of people who do that. And my suspicion is that people will stop doing it."



The First Publicist taunts journalists at the White House Correspondents Dinner with a dummy of *Content;* Brill (left) gloats.

Brill is also considering a plan to rate *Content*'s own anonymous sources according to their reliability. "We will put in parentheses our rating on a 1-to-10 scale—10 being totally reliable, 1 being Charles Manson—based on how well we know the person, the potential bias they have, and how much we think they actually know about what they're talking about," he claims. "And I think people will pick up on that." He sees *Content* functioning as a sort of quasi-scientific ratings system, doing for magazines what Standard & Poor's does for corporate bonds. "Ultimately," he says, "this magazine can create a specific measure for credibility." And someday, he's convinced, advertisers will even pay a premium for the better-rated outlets.

BRILL STARTED HIS CAREER writing exposés for *New York* and *Esquire* while still at Yale Law School, and went on to write a book highly critical of the Teamsters Union. He then founded *The American Lawyer,* a magazine that shook up the insular, fusty legal profession with investigative pieces and reports on attorneys' compensation, and he created the cable-television channel Court TV.

There is an Eliot Ness quality to Brill. A born prosecutor, he is notorious for his puritanical intolerance of imperfection. (One former *American Lawyer* writer remembers getting back a first draft of a story on which Brill had written "bullshit" 36 times.) So if Brill is serious about becoming the bad cop of American journalism, he certainly has the right profile for it.

But for *Content* to succeed, Brill has to sell an awful lot of magazines—and that's not going to be easy. *The American Lawyer* was respected and influential, but it was still a trade magazine that charged several hundred dollars for an annual subscription and had a circula-

Photographs: top, Ruth Fremson/AP/Wide World; bottom, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos.

tion of only 18,000. By contrast, *Content* is supposed to be a mass-market monthly, and Brill thinks it can attract 500,000 readers within five years.

"How do you get to 300,000, let alone 500,000?" asks one editor who used to work for Brill (a knowledgeable insider, worthy of at least a 9 on Brill's scale). "No one can figure out how he's going to get it to pay. I mean, you have a certain number of journalists who want to read it. Some inside-the-Beltway people. You've got some other people in the media industry." He pauses. "That's 40,000." Yesterday's news is already stale enough in this news-hungry culture. So how can Brill deliver mass-market numbers by offering the news *behind* yesterday's—or, more accurately, last month's—news?

The same person wonders whether some of the strengths that served Brill well in previous ventures—his high principles and insider savvy—might now work against him: "Steve didn't understand how you had to dumb things down—which is sort of to his credit. He's such an elitist at heart, I don't know if he can make something work for a mass audience."

Steven Cohn, editor of *Media Industry Newsletter,* thinks *Content* may suffer the same fate as the film *Primary Colors:* "In the media centers, that film did very well. In the hinterlands, nobody gave a damn."

But Brill claims not to be worried about any of this. He's the kind of news junkie who rises at five every morning to get a start on the day's papers, and he is convinced he'll be able to find several hundred thousand kindred souls.

In September, Brill tried a direct-mail test with the subscriber lists of 40 other publications. If 3.5 percent of the 200,000 targeted agreed to a trial subscription, he was going to consider the project doable. He got 5.3 percent. Now he's promising advertisers a launch number of 150,000 readers, and without batting an eye, he adds that he expects the actual figure to be 235,000.

"If anyone can do it, Steve can," says Karen Dillon, a former editor and publisher at *American Lawyer,* now at *Inc.* "He has antennae that tell him what's going to be interesting to people before other people know. And news *has* become prime-time entertainment."

THE GRAY CORRIDORS AT *CONTENT'S* OFfices on Fifth Avenue have that inimitable look and feel of a start-up—at once underpopulated and overfrenetic. The paint is fresh; the carpet is pristine. Behind the reception desk, a temporary-looking *Content* logo is tacked to the wall, as if to reassure the new hires that this really is a functioning business.

Work is being done, and some of it by familiar names in journalism. *Time's* Michael Kramer was the biggest star to come aboard, joining several less well-known veterans from *The American Lawyer.* His most recent hires include Elizabeth Jensen from the *Wall Street Journal* and Abigail Pogrebin, Mike Wallace's former producer at *60 Minutes.* There are already some 40 in-house reporters and editors, which, combined with the huge promotional budget, means that Brill's start-up costs are extraordinarily high.

Last year, he sold his remaining stake in Court TV and *The American Lawyer* to Time Warner for more than $20 million, and he has invested a large chunk in *Content.* He brought in three partners to cover the rest, including Barry Diller.

Diller's participation, along with Brill's own multi-million-dollar investment, highlights the fact that the man who is launching *Content* is a very different person from the feisty 28-year-old who started *The American Lawyer* way back in 1979. Then, Brill was a hungry dreamer. Now he's a seasoned mogul in his own right, and this raises at least the potential for the kind of entangling alliances and journalistic compromises *Content* is supposed to investigate.

Yet the one subject that is conspicuously absent from his marketing brochures is any vow to go after the people who really shape journalism these days—the Rupert Murdochs and Michael Eisners—and one wonders how comfortable he'll be unleashing the Dobermans on the friends and allies of partner Barry Diller: a large group that includes such major media players as Si Newhouse and Tina Brown. Corporate conglomeration of the media—with its vertical integration and "synergy"—is a vast paradigm shift, perhaps the great media story of our age. But Brill refuses to engage in any apocalyptic hand-wringing over corporate control. "We don't see ourselves as 'going after' anybody," he bristles. "Are they people we're going to report about? Sure. Rupert Murdoch has a lot to do with nonfiction content, whether it's Fox News or the *Post* or the London *Times.*"

Diller will have no editorial input, Brill says, and nobody will be above the law—that kind of swaggering ego may be *Content's* saving grace. "He's got a lot riding on this," a former colleague says. "He was nobody when he started *American Lawyer.* This time, he'd be falling from a high perch."

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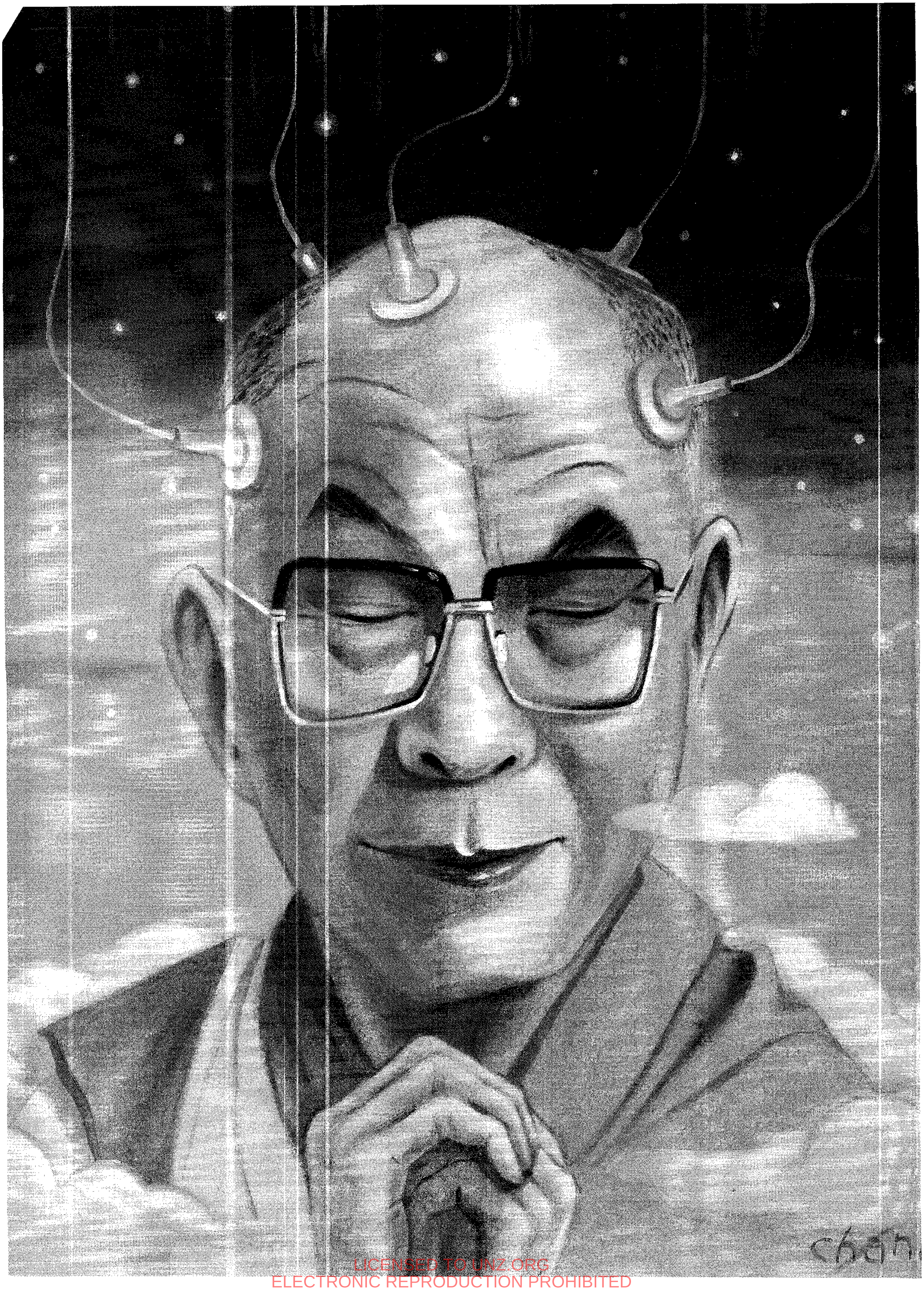

Chan

NEW YORK

Recite Your Mantra And Call Me In the Morning

Spurred by new developments in neuroscience and by hefty donations from believers—not to mention a visit from the Dalai Lama—New York's straitlaced medical Establishment is finally recognizing the healing power of mind-body techniques like meditation.

By HENRY DREHER

Illustration by MICHELLE CHANG

THIS TUESDAY, HIS HOLINESS THE 14TH DALAI LAMA IS EXPECTED to join about 50 neuroscientists and biologists in a gleaming auditorium at Beth Israel Medical Center's Institute for Neurology and Neurosurgery (INN) for what has been billed as a landmark medical conference on meditation and healing. His Holiness will listen to various esteemed neuroscientists' comments on the still mostly mysterious interplay between brain and body; he'll then hold forth with the Eastern perspective on such inviting subjects as "Bliss, Learning, and Perfect Stage Meditation." Already, Matthew Fink, president and CEO of Beth Israel, predicts this meeting will be "the most unusual intellectual discourse that I have been involved in in 25 years of medical education and training." But Fink, a neurologist, is aspiring to another first beyond the unusual discourse: It is his fond hope that the Dalai Lama—a technology enthusiast who fixes watches in his spare time—will allow neuroscientists to monitor his brain waves as he enters a state of deep meditation. As Fink puts it simply, "We want to hook him up." The monitoring device—PET scan, functional MRI, or quantitative EEG—has yet to be firmly established, as has, for that matter, His Holiness's receptiveness to the idea.

Although the New York medical community has been tentatively experimenting with so-called alternative medical approaches at its hospitals, this carefully orchestrated apotheosis of mind-body medicine may mark a dramatic turning point. Three of the city's most prestigious institutions—Beth Israel Medical Center, Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, and Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center—have announced ambitious plans for "integrative" or "complementary" programs that promise to feature mind-body medicine, all of which have been jump-started with funding from either one benefactor or a handful of impassioned donors. These hospitals are staking millions of dollars, not to mention their reputations, on the proposition that patients heal more quickly and less traumatically with the use of support groups, meditation, and a variety of relaxation techniques and cognitive therapy. Although some doctors on staff are actively skeptical about lending both resources and credibility to complementary services, an increasing number seem to be asking a different question altogether: What took so long?

Only one of the New York hospitals' fledgling programs is running at full steam—Columbia-Presbyterian's Department of Complementary Care Services. By contrast, programs have been flourishing for years at major centers around the country. Why has New York, medical and psychiatric capital of the world, been so slow to adapt? "New York has always been the citadel of the medical Establishment," observes Reed Moskowitz, head of New York University Medical Center's Stress Disorders Services. "Of course, the citadel is often the last place where a new wave begins to have an effect."

AS THE PATIENT LIES UNCONSCIOUS, the heart-bypass team plucks rubbery veins from his calves and cracks open his chest, readying him for the needlework of his surgeon. The surgeon, Mehmet Oz, who arrives as soon as the heart/lung machine kicks in, begins sewing vein grafts onto the surface of the still heart. Oz does not comment much as he works, but he does muse to a member of his team, "I wonder what Ed is thinking right now."

Oz is convinced that during much of the four-hour procedure, save perhaps the hour when his heart his stopped, Ed is not bereft of consciousness. Even more heretically, Oz believes that what his patient is thinking could influence his healing process, which explains why he is hooked up to a Walkman, "listening" to quietly spoken suggestions that his wounds heal quickly, and that his recovery be smooth.

The 72-year-old patient had engaged the services of the Complementary Care Center at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, three rooms adjacent to the cardiac unit that offer individual sessions in visualization, hypnosis, meditation, yoga, massage, and therapeutic touch. The center, founded and directed by Oz and his colleague Jery Whitworth, is the most evolved mind-body program currently operating at one of the "big six" institutions. Many patients who engage its services do so before surgery. As part of the preparation for a triple bypass, a typical patient spends a week listening to audiotapes with relaxing instructions and a custom-tailored hypnosis session.

"Even at the most superficial level, complementary medicine can empower the patient," says Oz, 37, a cardiothoracic surgeon with suave good looks. "The fundamental argument I have always made is that to a certain extent, we can augment our own ability to heal."

Even among Columbia physicians who consider Oz a brilliant, innovative surgeon, skepticism reigns about some of the services he champions. "Those tapes tell you you're going to feel wonderful and when you wake up, you're going to want apple juice," says one breast surgeon. "That never worked. They never wanted apple juice when they woke up. So obviously the subliminal thing didn't work," she continues matter-of-factly. "It's not going to kill me if they use the tapes; it's not like it's a waste of my energy. It just seems like a very weird thing to do."

THUS, THE DIVIDE ON COMPLEMENTARY care: There are those who think it's a very weird thing to do and those who have faith in the growing body of research suggesting that many mind-body applications actually help. "If you don't help patients to harness their own healing capacities, you are putting them at a significant disadvantage," says Woodson Merrell, assistant medical professor at Columbia Medical School. "There are certainly dozens and now probably hundreds of studies showing the effect of mind or emotion on the immune system." In 1989, professor of psychiatry David Spiegel, director of Stanford Medical School's Psychosocial Treatment Laboratory, published a landmark study that found women with metastatic breast cancer who participated in psychotherapy groups lived eighteen months longer than those in a control group. (After four years, all of the 36 control patients had died, whereas a third of the 50 group members remained alive.) And two years ago, psychologist Wolfgang Linden of the University of British Columbia published an overview of 23 clinical trials evaluating psychosocial treatments, mainly supportive counseling and relaxation techniques,

"The subliminal tapes never worked. It's not going to kill me if my patients use them; it's not like it's a waste of my energy. It just seems like a very weird thing to do."

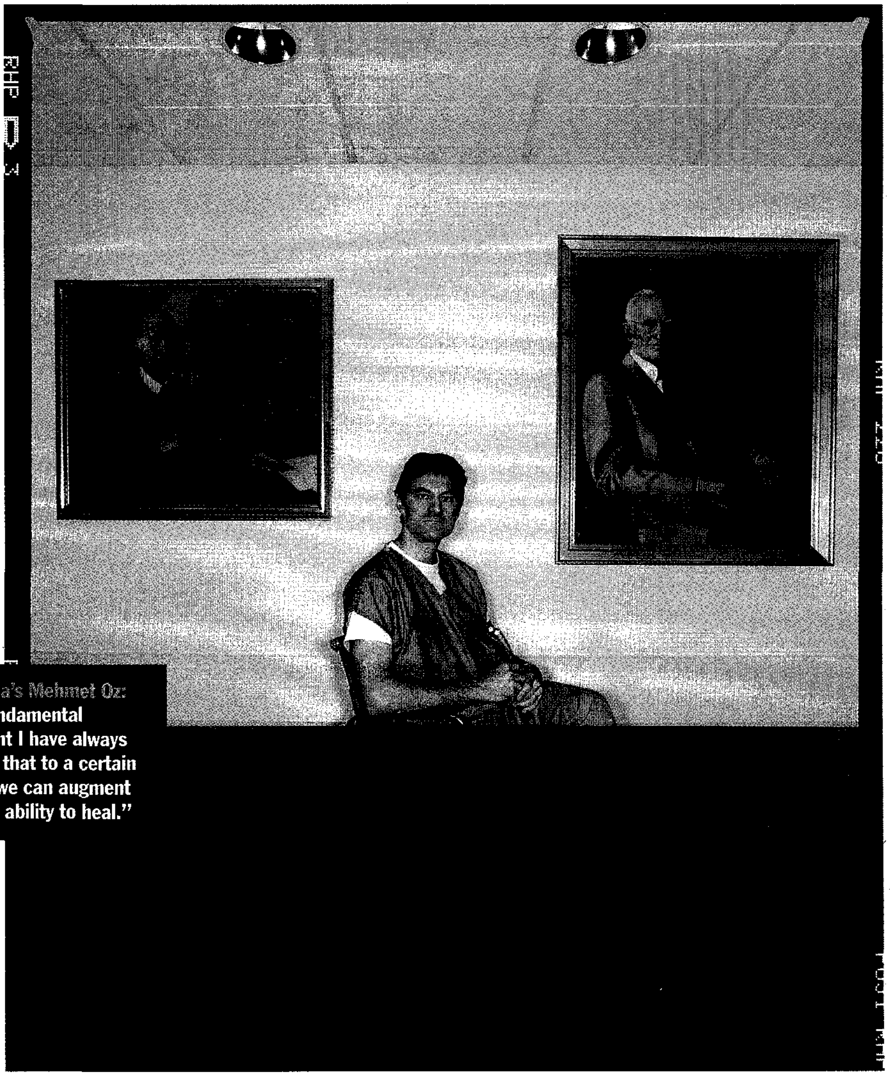
for heart-attack patients. Linden, whose results were published in the well-respected *Archives of Internal Medicine,* found that the addition of these treatments to standard cardiac rehabilitation cut the post-heart-attack death rate by 41 percent.

Skeptics, of course, are not unique to New York, but more than elsewhere, the power elite here has viewed mind-body medicine with disinterest or outright disdain. Jan Breslow, a professor at Rockefeller University and past president of the American Heart Association, maintains that it's too early to broadly recommend mind-body treatments for heart patients. "The six main risk factors for heart disease are smoking, cholesterol, physical inactivity, obesity, blood pressure, and diabetes," says Breslow. "This whole relaxation business is more controversial."

Spiegel's study on breast cancer also has its detractors. "It's a scam," says Victor Herbert, professor of medicine at Mt. Sinai Medical Center and a leading critic of alternative medicine who is taken seriously by many mainstream physicians. "The [researchers] are doing it to make money. That was a totally worthless study." He speculates that patients in the treatment group "probably had less advanced disease" but later acknowledges he has not read the study. "Send it to me, and I will show you where it is revealed that the study is worthless." Spiegel, in fact, did perform statistical analyses to rule out meaningful differences between the two groups in disease severity.

Moments later, Herbert, in a fit of moderation, tempers his earlier characterization of Spiegel. "I'm not saying these guys are crooks," he concedes. "I'm just saying they are delusional." The self-styled G. Gordon Liddy of medical quack-busting, he's so sure about the fallacy of mind-body science that he doesn't even need to see the numbers.

There is a third camp that falls between Herbert's vehement dismissal and Merrell's firm commitment. Some doctors still think the science isn't strong enough or needs to be replicated but take a pro-mind-body-medicine stance, if only because it's popular with patients. Craig Smith, chief of the cardiothoracic-surgery division at Columbia-Presbyterian, whose own division provided critical early funding for the hospital's Complementary Care Center, falls neatly into that category. "I don't buy into the effectiveness of all these techniques, and I don't go out of my way to encourage my patients to partake," says Smith. But he has high regard for Mehmet Oz and is particularly pleased that the center is now a department independent of the cardiac division: "I thought I might be stuck with this for a number of years, funding-wise."



Columbia's Mehmet Oz:
"The fundamental argument I have always made is that to a certain extent, we can augment our own ability to heal."

WHEN ANN WEBSTER GRADUATED from Albert Einstein Medical School with a Ph.D. in health psychology twelve years ago, she found that none of New York's major medical institutions would hire her to do what she had trained to do: offer mind-body medicine to cancer patients. To this day, the Upper West Sider commutes every Monday morning to Boston, where she was snapped up by Harvard Medical School's Dr. Herbert Benson, a leader in mind-body medicine, shortly after completing her degree. When patients join a mind-body program at Benson's fifteen-year-old Mind/Body Clinic at Beth Israel Deaconess, they spend two hours each week for ten weeks in a treatment room with a dozen fellow patients, learning to sink into states of relaxation so profound as to change their physiology—decreasing oxygen consumption and heart rate, even altering brain waves. Webster might take patients through a progressive muscle relaxation, quietly directing them to release the tension in muscles from their forehead to their eyelids down to their toes; she offers yoga, cognitive restructuring, and meditation, guiding them through the correct breathing, encouraging them to focus, as Webster puts it, "on a word—you know, *peace,* or whatever works," to quiet the mind.

And Boston's program is far from unique: Duke, Stanford, the University of Massachusetts, and the University of Miami all offer comprehensive plans and attract substantial funding for research on these mind-oriented healing methods.

Certainly, mind-body practitioners themselves are not in short supply in New York—the names of biofeedback practitioners alone take up a column in the Yellow Pages. But advocates argue that to be most effective, the programs need affiliation with major hospitals, to assure patients of the therapists' skills, to facilitate studies, and, most practically, to increase the odds of collaboration among the therapists and physicians.

MEHMET OZ AND JERY WHITWORTH, the pair who have championed mind-body medicine most aggressively at Columbia-Presbyterian, discovered their mutual

Photograph by David Barry.

Brain Power

Cutting-edge science is reinforcing the notion that thinking the right thoughts can help cure illness. Below are five major therapies. BY KATE COYNE

New York's doctors have tended to view mind-body therapies as so much New Age mumbo jumbo. Chemistry, however, is a language that doctors understand. And recently, spectacular advances in the understanding of the brain's chemical mechanisms are persuading them to take a second look at ancient practices like meditation and more newfangled ones like biofeedback. In the eighties, Dr. Candace Pert, then at the National Institute of Mental Health, found that neuropeptides—chemicals within the brain associated with feelings of anger, sadness, love, or hate—are also present in vital immune-system organs, including the spleen, the lymph glands, and the thymus gland. "It's literally as if bits of brain are rooted throughout our bodies," says Pert, who's now at Georgetown. "The fact that there are the same receptors, the same peptides, whether they're in a brain cell or a lymph cell or an endocrine cell, tells us that the major parts of us are in continuing and ongoing communication with one another," says Dr. James Gordon, head of the Center for Mind-Body Medicine in Washington, D.C.

Scientists have also detected changes in immune function in response to fluctuating hormone and neurotransmitter levels, especially when excessive levels of "stress" hormones such as epinephrine and cortisol are secreted. Some doctors have theorized that these hormones may set the stage for the growth of cancerous tumors by inhibiting the immune system and triggering the release of cholesterol into the bloodstream. Depressed patients often have elevated levels of cortisol, which can also suppress the immune system. "The anatomical connections are clear," says Gordon. "The human being is hardwired to respond physically to that which affects us emotionally." Serotonin, the ubiquitous mood-regulating neurotransmitter (Prozac mimics some of its effects), is also believed to play a role in enhancing the body's resistance to stress-related ailments such as heart disease. "The idea is that a low serotonin state might act as a trigger in the brain for things like depression and hostility," says Dr. Gregory Fricchione, an associate professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School. "That sets off the secretion of those stress hormones, which can lead to conditions like coronary-artery disease."

Mind-body researchers believe that by using techniques such as meditation, patients can influence the levels of neuropeptides and serotonin in their bodies and thereby make their immune systems function better. Just how these techniques might accomplish this is still a subject of heated debate. But, asks Gordon, "how do you actually move your foot? How do you actually learn how to play tennis? We haven't got it all mapped out. What's more important than why this works is realizing that it does work."

BIOFEEDBACK

One of the most well-studied mind-body methods, biofeedback is a training technique that teaches patients to use signals from their own bodies to alter involuntary physiological responses. While hooked up to a bank of machines measuring heart rate, blood pressure, skin temperature, and the like, patients concentrate on altering their vital signs, sometimes by repeating a mantra ("I am very quiet" is popular), visualizing a calming scene, or tensing and relaxing isolated muscle groups. "Eventually, patients should be able to use their biofeedback experience to lower their own heart rate or blood pressure, or to alleviate physical complaints," says Dr. David Spiegel of Stanford University Medical Center. "It's a form of self-medication."

MEDITATION

Meditation relies on the body's ability to switch to an alpha (resting) or theta (relaxing) brain-wave state, during which the brain's rhythm slows appreciably, and endorphins, the body's natural painkillers, are released. Studies have shown that during meditation, metabolism is lowered, resulting in a slower heart rate, decreased blood pressure, and slower breathing. In the seventies, Dr. Herbert Benson, a cardiologist at the Harvard Medical School, formulated the theory of an inborn "relaxation response" that can be cultivated to counteract stress. Eliciting it, he wrote, "can help counteract the effects of repeated insults of stress on the heart and other organs," Benson wrote in his research.

GUIDED IMAGERY

Through guided imagery, a patient attempts to stimulate changes in body functions usually considered inaccessible to conscious influence. The patient is told to visualize a symptom, such as a tight knot representing a stomach pain, and then visualize the resolution of that image—the unraveling of the knot, for example. More controversial approaches have patients visualizing their cancerous tumor, then imagining white blood cells attacking and destroying it. Though doctors are still trying to explain how guided imagery might be able to alleviate pain, many researchers think the "relaxation response" is a key factor.

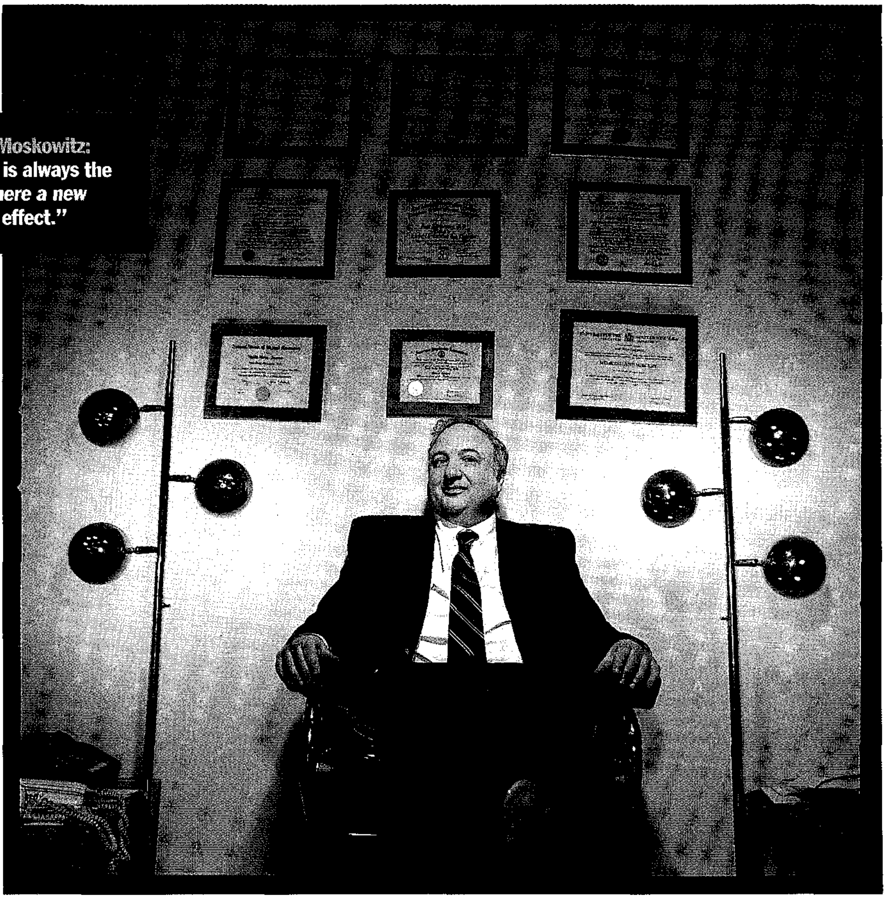
COGNITIVE THERAPY

In cognitive therapy, patients discuss their thoughts about illness, explore their fears of death, acknowledge the uncertainty of the future, and examine the advantages and disadvantages of different treatments, as well as attempt to replace negative thought patterns with more realistic ones. This emotional release is thought by scientists such as Georgetown's Dr. Pert to affect levels of neuropeptides and neurotransmitters—the messenger molecules that relay emotions. Pert believes that when emotions are repressed, neuropeptides and neurotransmitters, such as serotonin, are blocked as well, leading to stress, which can damage a body's ability to fight disease. Yet excessive or hysterical emotion can lead to an overflow of serotonin, which can cause as much stress as repressing feeling. A 1985 study found that cancer patients who expressed a full range of emotions, from anger to hope, had increased cancer-fighting white-blood-cell activity at the source of their melanoma tumors.

SUPPORT-GROUP THERAPY

Mutual-support groups allow patients to talk about their fears and relieve feelings of isolation while receiving comfort and advice from others undergoing the same experience. One dramatic study demonstrating the importance of social support found that isolated women with ovarian and related cancers were found to have a risk of death five times higher than those with a social support system. In a related study, women with breast cancer were half as likely to die in the first few months after surgery if they had people in whom they could confide. Researchers have also found that lack of emotional support coincides with decreased T-cell immunodefender activity.

NYU's Reed Moskowitz: "The citadel is always the *last place where a new* wave has an effect."



interest in the subject in the middle of a complicated bypass more than three years ago. Oz was operating; Whitworth was acting as profusionist, the technician who keeps the patient alive while the operation is ongoing. At one point, recalls Whitworth, "Oz jumped up on a standing stool, peered into the patient's chest, and said, 'I knew we should have used subliminal tapes on this patient.' " Surprised by Oz's pronouncement, Whitworth felt free to talk to the surgeon about his 25 years of personal experience with mind-body healing techniques. "After a few minutes, we stopped, because the O.R. was totally quiet," says Whitworth. "Seven pairs of fearful eyes were staring at us." For a year, Oz, Whitworth, and a group of several other supporters met secretly once a week to discuss healing methods and ways of evaluating them that would be acceptable to their colleagues. If higher-ups had known about their meetings, Whitworth says emphatically, "they would have disbanded us."

During those meetings, Oz and Whitworth planned a center to deliver mind-body medicine to medical patients and also conduct controlled clinical trials. Eventually, they gained the support of Eric Rose, chairman of the Department of Surgery, and William Speck, the hospital's chairman and COO.

Although the center could not have gone forward without Oz's already stellar reputation—he's a four-time winner of the coveted Blakemore research prize—his minor celebrity brought so much attention to the program that it risked backlash: In 1995, a story in *The New York Times Magazine* spotlighted Oz's collaboration with an "energy healer" who treated patients as they underwent open-heart surgery. The piece was flattering—Oz was introduced as "one of those rare beings who seem incapable of sloth"—but some colleagues, alarmed that publicity about that experimental technique might undermine the hospital's reputation, complained to top administrators, including Rose. Whitworth describes this turn of events as a low point in the center's quest for credibility at the hospital.

"The administration called us and said, 'We have to revisit and evaluate what you are doing,' " recalls Whitworth. He and Oz dropped therapeutic touch—using hands to shift the "bioenergy" field that presumably surrounds us—from their practice and agreed instead to study it in clinical trials. (Therapeutic touch is the technique a 9-year-old girl recently challenged in a study published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association.*)

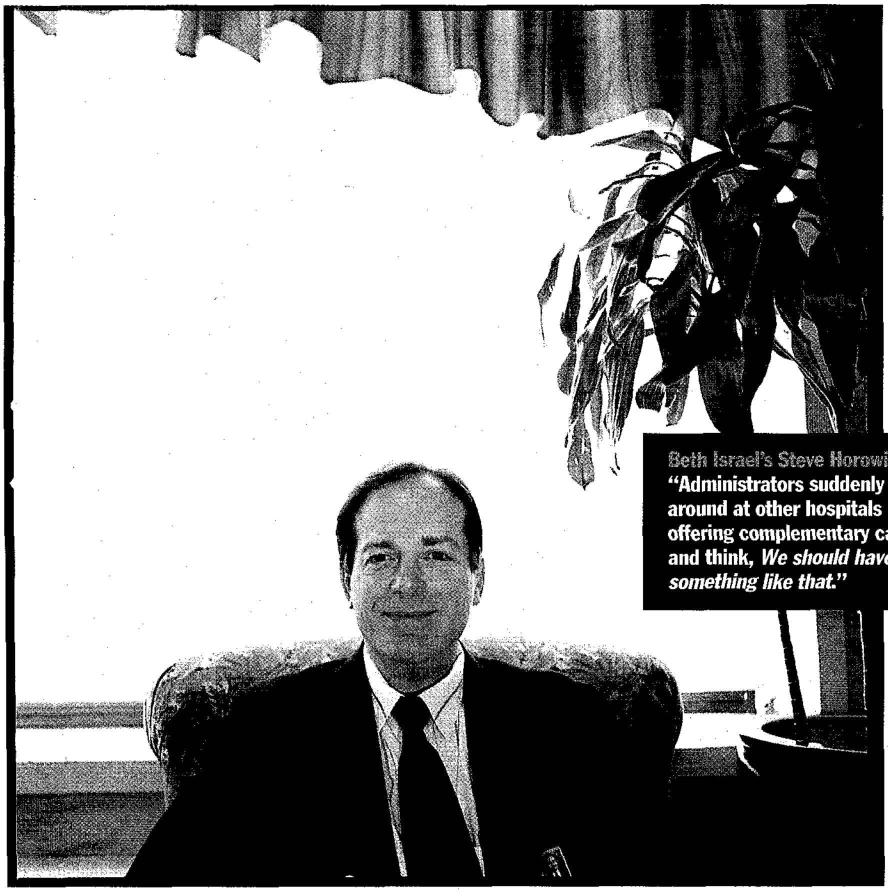
This minor retooling salvaged the center, but the pair struggled to connect with patients outside the borders of the Department of Surgery. "We were merely tolerated at this institution," admits Whitworth. He says the turning point occurred last March, when—holding an invaluable trump card—he gave a presentation at a meeting attended by every department head and requested renewed support. Whitworth's ace in the hole: He'd received a pledge from an anonymous donor of approximately $10 million over five years, but the hospital would have to match the pledge. Whitworth returned to his office uncertain of whether the deal would be accepted. An anxious hour later, he received a phone call: They would match the offer.

With that boost, the Complementary Care Center has recently transmogrified into the Department of Complementary Medicine Services, moving into a 5,500-square-foot space at the Vanderbilt Clinic on West 168th Street, replete with treatment rooms where massage, visualization, therapeutic touch, and other techniques can be administered and studied through clinical trials. When the doors open in January, the current staff of 17 is expected to swell to 55; they hope to triple the number of patients they treat each year, which stands now at 1,500.

ALL OF THE BIG SIX TEACHING HOSPItals have respected social-work and "liaison psychiatry" departments that offer support groups and counseling to patients. But beyond those services, mind-body medicine has been available only via what Steve Horowitz, chief of Beth Israel's cardiology division, and a longtime proponent of mind-body medicine, calls the tchotchke principle. "Leaders of the hospitals don't buy into complementary medicine. Then they suddenly look around at other people doing it and think, *We should have something like this,*" says Horowitz. "So they store one on a shelf like a tchotchke—it's not incorporated into the mainstream design of the house, but it's there when someone asks if you have it." At New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center, for example, only one clinician, Dr. Robert Allan, primarily treats the emotional fallout from heart disease with relaxation training and cognitive therapy. At Mt. Sinai, the Behavioral Medicine Program is geared to patients with psychiatric disturbances, not

If higher-ups at Columbia-Presbyterian had known about the secret meetings to discuss mind-body practices, Whitworth says emphatically, "they would have disbanded us."

Photograph by Andrew Brusso.



Beth Israel's Steve Horowitz: **"Administrators suddenly look around at other hospitals offering complementary care and think, *We should have something like that.*"**

people experiencing the normal distress associated with a serious medical diagnosis. Richard Grossman, a Beth Israel–affiliated physician, thinks of these programs, which he wholly supports, as "strange little dents in the body troglodyte."

At his stress-disorder clinic, NYU's Moskowitz uses emotion-focused psychotherapy to treat patients with stress-related conditions and works with one biofeedback trainer. Moskowitz credits NYU for its decade-long support of his program, but his work seems strangely disconnected from the life of the institution. He sees patients in his small, private office 60 blocks north of NYU Medical Center, and though he gets referrals from NYU doctors, many stressed-out medical patients will never hear about his service. "Even within NYU, many respected physicians don't know about this program," says Moskowitz.

The medical world's reluctance to endorse these alternatives baffles some scientists. "It's considered radical to send someone to a modified Dean Ornish cardiac program," marvels Stephen Josephson, an assistant professor of psychology at Cornell Medical College. "But to crack their chest open to do a bypass, that's considered conservative."

Barron Lerner, a physician and historian at Columbia University's Center for the Study of Society and Medicine, believes that several cultural factors have produced New York medicine's embrace of the one-cause, one-cure philosophy that disregards the role of the mind in health and healing. To start, the city has a singular conglomeration of major academic institutions—there's so much competition that no one can risk the one potentially false move. Lerner cites the contrasting example of Case Western Reserve in Cleveland, noted for its progressive medical education: "If you're the only game in town, you are going to be more comfortable experimenting."

But why would the city more closely identified with psychiatry and psychoanalysis than any other, save Vienna, be resistant to principles of mind-body interaction? Lerner explains that the antipathy between medicine and psychiatry, between psychiatry and psychoanalysis, and, in particular, between medicine and psychoanalysis has prevented the cross-disciplinary communication needed to develop integrated mind-body programs. He adds yet another wrinkle: The psychiatrists and analysts who might otherwise champion mind-body medicine may actually see it as a competitive threat. Finally, theorizes Steve Horowitz, New Yorkers "who feel they have to be productive every moment" may not provide the ideal market for, say, meditation.

Sloan-Kettering is one hospital that has long had a tradition of encouraging group or individual therapy for cancer patients. Jimmie Holland, the formidable chairman of the Department of Psychiatry and Behavior Sciences, is considered, in fact, a founder of the field of psycho-oncology. But the hospital's mind-body offerings are spotty: Its Evelyn Lauder Breast Center has solid support services and one psychotherapy group that offers relaxation techniques and cognitive therapy, but there are few support groups for patients suffering from other, rarer kinds of cancer. And the more prevalent counseling programs are targeted to patients experiencing severe psychological difficulty; the cancer patient who is merely terrified but not clinically depressed may not always be alerted to resources. Holland has been criticized by therapists in the mind-body community for being too wary of judgments by peers at her hospital who view meditation or hypnosis as borderline quackery. But Holland—who stresses that she's involved in psychological counseling, not "mind-body" medicine—says she simply feels that her role is to focus on quality of life rather than to push healing techniques that haven't been clinically proven. "Group psychotherapy is certainly going to make you feel better, but we still don't know whether it extends life," says Holland, who points out that some key encouraging studies have yet to be replicated. "And I'm concerned about patients who feel, 'I didn't get to the group, so I'm going to do myself in.' "

Still, Sloan-Kettering, the city's standard-bearer of conventional biomedicine for cancer, plans to open the Program for Integrative Oncology early next year. Housed in a ne bvnm,cw facility on East 53rd Street, it will offer relaxation techniques, stress management, group therapy, art therapy, and pastoral counseling as well as nutrition and physical therapy. Dr. Sidney Winawer, the hospital's soft-spoken gastroenterology chief, has been named the program's director, while Jimmie Holland will provide the psychosocial components. Winawer acknowledges that with the consolidation of mind-body medicine at Memorial will come "resistance on the part of the physicians," but, he says, "it's normal for physicians to be skeptical." Helping to overcome that resistance is the full-throttle support of philanthropist and holistic-medicine advocate Laurance Rockefeller, who has committed between $5 million and $10 million to the project, sources close to the hospital say. But development has been slowed by institutional caution. Says Abby Bloch, coordinator of clinical research for Sloan-Kettering's Gastrointestinal and Nutritional Service and one of the program planners: "We need to satisfy the concerns of people in the center who want to be certain we can support what we are doing with evidence and scientific rationale."

Photograph by Andrew Brusso.

"Shouldn't I be in a support group or something?" asked one young patient suffering from Hodgkin's disease. "Why?" her doctor responded. "You're not an addict."

IF SLOAN-KETTERING'S MAJOR MIND-BODY effort has been launched largely with the gift of a single outside donor, and Columbia-Presbyterian's has been willed into existence by a team of two, Beth Israel Medical Center has come to its latest initiative more organically, through widespread support from administration, doctors, its CEO, and its unusually open-minded 65-member board of trustees. Already in place at Beth Israel is a project directed by Steve Horowitz, the Samuels Planetree Model Hospital Unit. On this spalike hospital floor, the patients, mostly there for cardiac care, are offered access to their medical charts, meditation sessions, massage, and musical concerts. And through Beth Israel's Program for Humanistic Health Care, a five-year-old effort to educate the center's health-care providers about complementary care, the hospital now hosts workshops, training programs, and weekend retreats that stimulate the staff's interest in alternative therapies.

The board of trustees generously subsidized the Humanistic Health Care program, which also relies on foundation grants. Now about ten select members of that board are personally bankrolling Beth Israel's Center for Integrative Healthcare, a freestanding facility scheduled to open this fall. The center, says CEO Matt Fink, will include not only internal medicine, OB/GYN, and pediatrics but also acupuncture, hypnosis, meditation, imagery, and psychological support. The supportive trustees are providing most of the program's $2 million annual budget for its first two years of operation. Among those trustees most devoted to the project are William Sarnoff, former chairman of Warner Publishing, and Beatrice Renfield, the Broadway producer behind the original productions of *Carousel* and *Brigadoon*.

And it was a board member whose connections brought the Dalai Lama to Beth Israel this week. Attorney Alan Abramson, who lost a son to brain cancer seventeen years ago, now serves as the board liaison to INN. Through a friend who knows Columbia University's chair of Indo-Tibetan studies, Robert Thurman—the academic who gets equal billing for being Uma's father and the Dalai Lama's friend—Abramson extended an invitation to the Dalai Lama to attend the conference, which quickly became the hot ticket for neuroscientists nationwide.

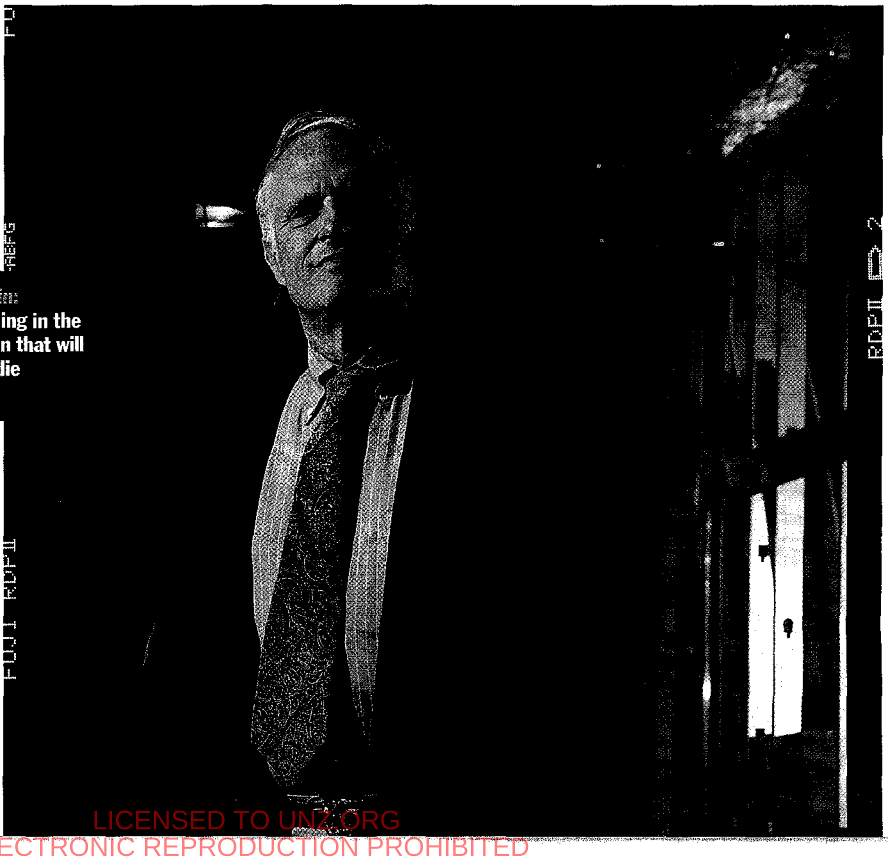
"I don't want everyone to just have a meeting where we walk away saying, 'What a wonderful experience,' and everyone forgets it. I want to come out with a plan to implement a number of concepts of the Tibetans in our environment," says Fred Epstein, director of INN and the country's leading pediatric neurosurgeon. "I have a wonderful teenage patient who is terminally ill. He has a brain tumor, but he has all his cognitive function. Is there something in the techniques of the Buddhist tradition that will help him die peacefully?" The doctors are also hoping to get the Dalai Lama's blessing, so to speak, for a number of studies of Tibetan meditation techniques.

CAROLE CARLSON, 57, WAS DIAGnosed with advanced ovarian cancer almost two years ago, and she is still fighting for an elusive "complete remission." Carlson, a patient at NYU, likes her doctors but says, "I never got any support at the medical center." Although NYU has support groups run by social workers, no one told her about them. There is no program of stress management or meditation specifically for people with cancer. Instead, she finds those services at Gilda's Club, a downtown mecca named for the late comedian Gilda Radner that offers meditation, yoga, and group support to people with cancer. "That place has brought me back to life," she says. The best thing she can say about NYU's psychological services: "I found the brochure for Gilda's in the oncology waiting room."

Carlson says that in an ideal world, most hospitals would offer the services that Gilda's does. (Even Columbia has yet to establish in-house support groups for cancer patients.)

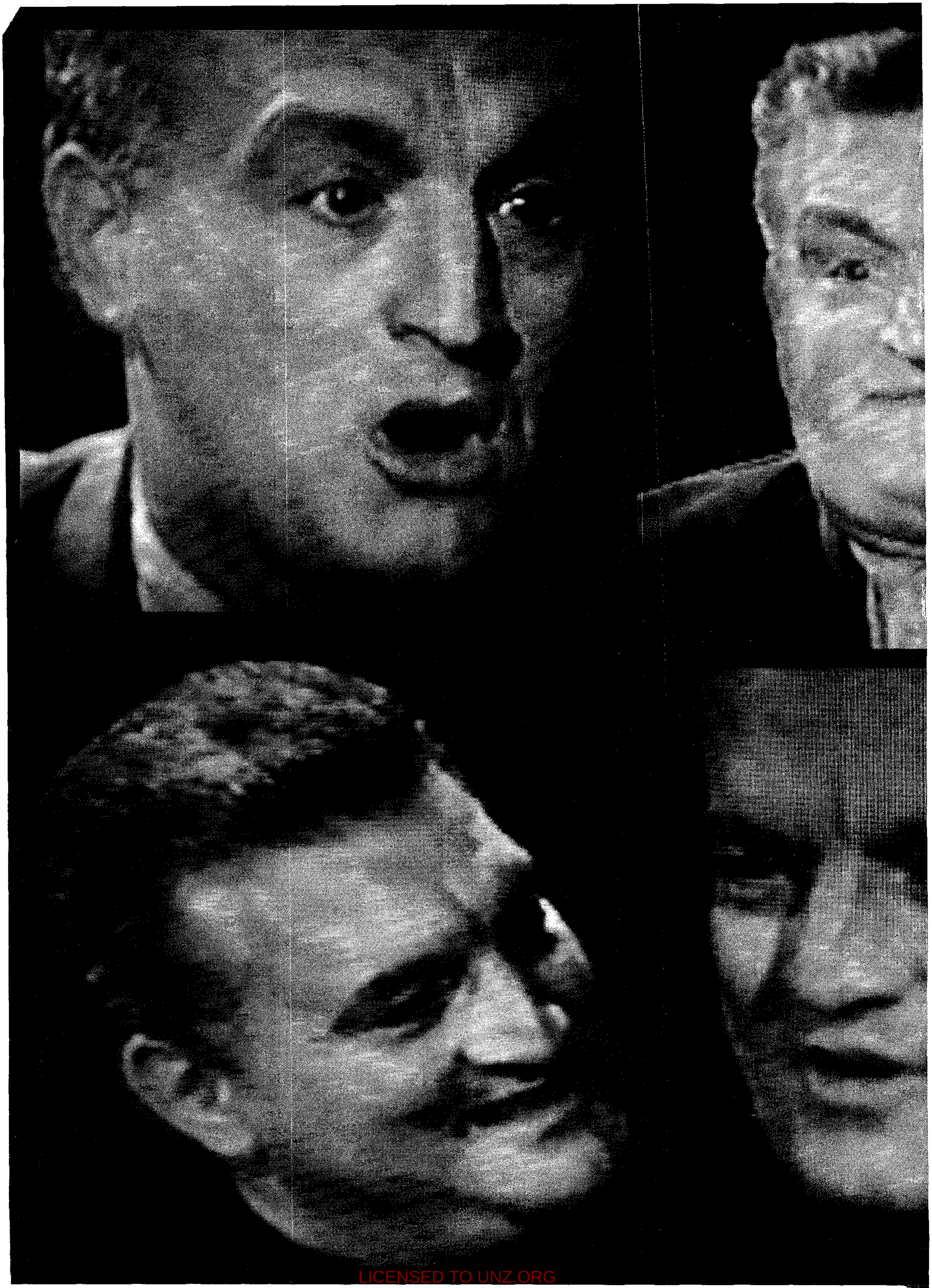
"The important thing here for all hospitals—and I think Beth Israel has realized it earlier and in a more aggressive way—is that these services are going to be driven by the consumer, the patient," asserts Beth Israel trustee Sarnoff. "They're going to demand it as time goes by because it does work."

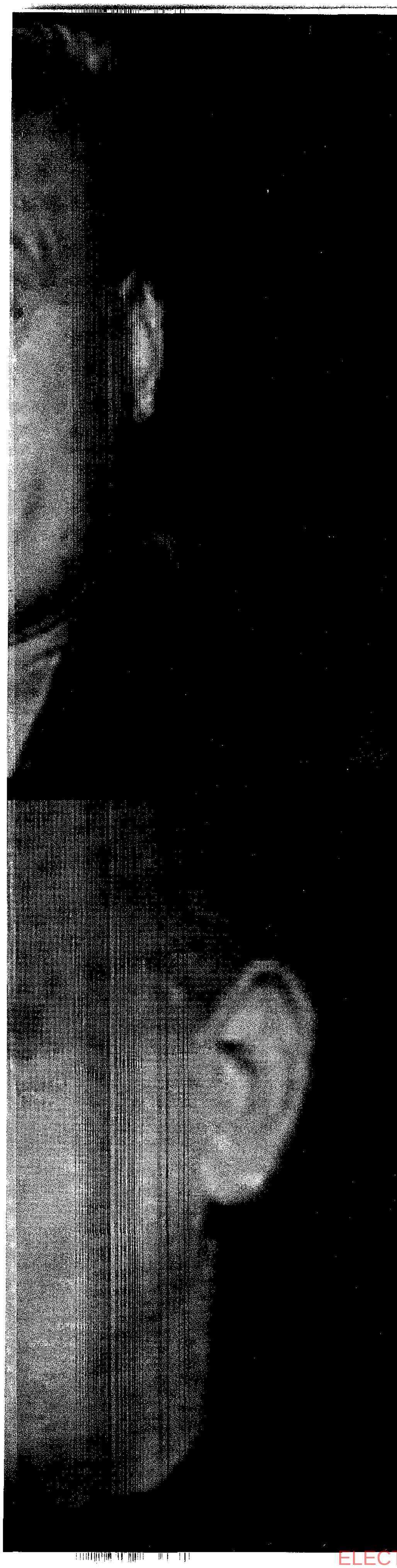
Sarnoff, no stranger to market forces, may be right. "I said to my oncologist, 'Shouldn't I be in a support group or something?' " recalls one 25-year-old patient at Mt. Sinai who has battled Hodgkin's disease since she was 14. Her doctor's response: "Why? You're not an addict." She says that after attending Mt. Sinai on and off for the past eleven years, she's now considering seeking care somewhere with better support services. (Mt. Sinai does have a well-respected hypnosis program for pediatric patients.) "I have no confidence that I'll beat this thing if it's treated strictly as a biological condition. And the worst part about hospitals is when doctors don't treat you like a person," she says. "Why wouldn't I go somewhere that's willing to treat me not just as a patient with platelet counts but as a person?" ▬



INN's Fred Epstein: **"Is there something in the Buddhist tradition that will help my patient die peacefully?"**

Photograph by Max Aguilera-Hellweg.

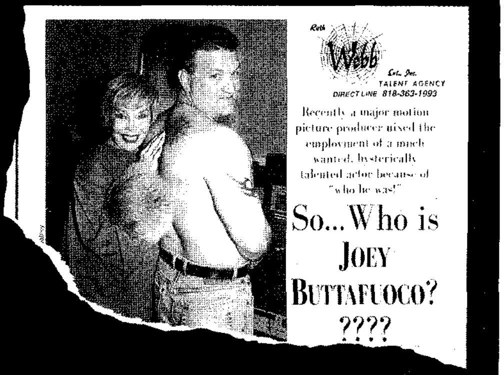




Heeeeeeeeere's JOEY!

Two years in Hollywood haven't been kind to Joey Buttafuoco, but with a new haircut and a talk show (okay, on public access), he's putting his reputation through rehab. By Rene Chun

STRADDLING HIS HARLEY AND FLASHING A GRIN AS BIG AS the Ritz, Joey Buttafuoco cruises down the Sunset Strip. A red bandanna is tied to his neck. The fringe on his leather jacket flutters in the slipstream like wet linguine. Landmarks in the background recede one by one. The Rainbow, the Roxy, Gazarri's . . . Suddenly, there it is: the Whisky, in all its high-voltage splendor. TONIGHT JOEY BUTTAFUOCO, shouts the marquee outside the famous rock-and-roll club. Hunched over the handlebars, Buttafuoco bobs his head to a garage-band guitar riff. The lyrics are an exercise in economy, just two words: "Jo-ey / Joey Buttafuoco / Jo-ey / Joey Buttafuoco . . ." This is Buttafuoco's theme song. From Buttafuoco's new TV talk show. Make that Buttafuoco's public-access TV show. That's right: In the Greater Los Angeles area, *The Joey Buttafuoco Show* has premium time slots (Thurs-



Ruth Webb Ent. Inc.
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DIRECTLINE 818-363-1993

Recently a major motion picture producer nixed the employment of a much wanted, hysterically talented actor because of "who he was!"

So...Who is JOEY BUTTAFUOCO? ????

The body shop: An ad that Buttafuoco and his agents placed in *Daily Variety.* "Joey Buttafuoco is a perfectly normal, normal, normal American Italian!!!" shrieks the copy.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADRIAN DELUCCA

days and sometimes Sundays at 11:30 P.M.) on channel 77. How many kooks in Hollywood want to be on at 11:30? Plenty. Imagine: Letterman and Leno break for a commercial, and a slew of restless viewers surf right into Buttafuoco's backyard. That's the theory, anyway. Buttafuoco is also buying screen time in Chicago and New York, hoping that a major cable network will come calling.

In the host's own words, his 30-minute show is a forum for those who have "been screwed by their lawyers, screwed by society, screwed by the judicial system." On his *Charlie Rose*–like set, Buttafuoco channels Phil Donahue's buttery feel-your-pain sincerity and Andrew Dice Clay's swagger. Hollywood call girl and author of *You'll Never Make Love in This Town Again* Liza Greer dishes her supposed lesbian affair with Vanna White (Buttafuoco: "Do you smile when you see *Wheel of Fortune*?"). He fawns over a near-comatose Jan-Michael Vincent—"*Air Wolf* was one of my favorite shows," he gushes. When Vincent discusses his propensity for car crashes, Buttafuoco hands him his body-shop business card. Divine Brown deconstructs the most important trick of her life (Buttafuoco can't resist: "I know the boulevard. I know what can happen"). He makes kissy-face with wife Mary Jo, who confesses she'd like to have a sitdown with Amy Fisher—for "closure." Joey's stock comment: "It's a beautiful thing."

Asked his professional opinion, Brian Unger, an on-air correspondent for Comedy Central's *The Daily Show* says, "He's a poor man's Jay Leno. Utterly plastic. It is so fake, it's brilliant. Joey has clearly studied the masters, especially Barbara." Yvette Vega, senior producer of *Charlie Rose,* isn't too worried: "I think the show poses very little threat to Charlie."

LIKE THE BALDWIN BROTHERS AND JERRY SEINFELD before him, Joey Buttafuoco has ditched Massapequa for Hollywood. This was not a capricious act committed by a man in the meaty fist of a midlife crisis. Sherri Spillane—ex–Vegas showgirl, ex-wife of pulp-fiction writer Mickey Spillane, latter-day agent at the Ruth Webb Talent Agency—told Joey she could get him into pictures. Spillane is a protégée of Ruth Webb, a seventysomething former cabaret crooner who founded the agency in New York in 1963. It quickly gained a reputation for representing child performers and fading celebrities. Ten years later, Webb relocated to Los Angeles and carved out a niche finding dinner-theater gigs for aging B- and C-list talent. Former clients include Yvonne DeCarlo (Lily Munster), Dawn Wells (Mary Ann of *Gilligan's Island*), and Mickey Rooney, a 23-year client she's now suing for unpaid *Sugar Babies* fees.

The turning point for Webb came six years ago when Sherri Spillane had the idea to develop a scandal division within the agency. Spillane had her epiphany watching the Tonya Harding controversy unfold: Infamy, when managed correctly, can be leveraged into lucrative television appearances and product endorsements. This was familiar territory for Spillane, who had dated Sammy Davis Jr. while still married to her husband, at a time when interracial relationships—not to mention interracial extramarital affairs—were taboo. She also appeared nude on the cover of one of her husband's Mike Hammer books.

After the Olympics, Spillane signed Harding almost immediately. John Wayne Bobbitt was next. Then, in the wake of the Amy Fisher case, the "Long Island Lothario" boarded the bandwagon. Other passengers have included Gennifer Flowers, Tammy Faye Bakker, Kato Kaelin, Divine Brown, and one of the division's top money-earners to date, Randal Tamayei, a bus mechanic who bears a striking resemblance to Judge Lance Ito.

Spillane insists that when you're talking about scandal, it pays to think big. She helped Brown pull down nearly $300,000 from interviews, public appearances, and TV commercials. She envisions an international chain of Scandal Cafés. Imagine John Wayne Bobbitt's sutures, Amy Fisher's beeper, or Monica Lewinsky's copy of *Leaves of Grass* preserved under Plexiglas.

Hollywood hits: Above, Mary Jo and Joey Buttafuoco (with their agent Sherri Spillane, far right) sat near Stallone at the 1995 Oscars ceremony; right, the couple hits the premiere of *Private Parts*.

After Buttafuoco signed with Ruth Webb, the agency did a mass mailing to more than 1,000 casting directors and producers. With no results to show for its effort, the agency took a radical course of action. In the April 9, 1996, issue of *Daily Variety,* Spillane purchased a full-page ad. The promo featured a bare-chested Buttafuoco spilling out of ripped acid-washed jeans and sporting a fake spiderweb tattoo.

"Joey's ad in *Variety* was absolute genius," recalls one studio executive. "There he was, half naked and leering like some sort of deranged porn star. It was a running joke at Morton's for weeks." Some questioned the wisdom of taking such a hard-line, anti-industry stance. "I don't think the part about Joey needing 'high rubber boots to protect him from the snakes' endeared him to many producers," says one CAA agent.

"I turned down a lot of money," says Joey. "Over $500,000 for soft-core. But I don't do that. I'm a happily married man."

Buttafuoco did get booked as a guest on the syndicated Fox game show called *Liars.* Billed as a "relationship show," the series was canceled soon after it debuted. There was also a lead role offered in an Off Broadway production of *Kiss Me Kate.* But Buttafuoco passed. "I don't wear tights," he says adamantly. He did portray a bodyguard in HBO's *Perversions of Science,* a half-hour *Tales From the Crypt*–type drama starring Paul Williams and David Leisure, the guy who played Joe Isuzu. (Buttafuoco's total screen time: less than two minutes.) Yet to come is *The Godson,* a *Godfather* rip-off and major theatrical release starring Rodney Dangerfield and Dom DeLuise. Buttafuoco plays Guppy, a character described in the film's treatment as "a bumbling putz with a pinkie ring."

JOEY BUTTAFUOCO PULLS UP TO VALET PARKING AT THE RAINBOW BAR & Grill in his mint-condition 1978 Lincoln Continental, a hulking

Photographs: left, David McGough/DMI; right, Paul Schmulbach/Globe Photos.

mass of high-gloss burgundy paint and polished chrome. In this town's image-conscious society, where you pretty much are what you drive, such an automobile might give people the wrong idea. Quentin Tarantino driving a '78 Lincoln would be one thing—ironic, an homage to blaxploitation films. But Joey Buttafuoco driving a '78 Lincoln? That's something else entirely.

Extricating himself from behind the wheel, he walks to the passenger side and opens the door for Sherri Spillane. Buttafuoco may be a convicted rapist, but nobody can say he isn't a gentleman. He tosses the keys to a red-vested Hispanic youth and flashes some teeth. His Davidoff cigar, wedged firmly in his jowl, doesn't budge.

The Rainbow is a popular haunt favored by young people, particularly musicians and their groupies. This is terra firma for Buttafuoco. He used to work in the disco upstairs as a weekend bouncer. "I was a manager, not a bouncer," he insists, describing his duties thus: "If you had a problem, you made it go away."

Pal Joey: **Perennial porn star Ron Jeremy (center) believes Buttafuoco is a talent and once cast him in a rap video along with John Wayne Bobbitt (left).**

Here at the Rainbow, he is among friends. He enters the restaurant glad-handing customers and waitresses, handing out flyers to promote his new cable-television show. The flyer shows 5-year-old Joey in a park on Long Island, dressed in chinos, windbreaker, and skipper's hat. The photo is black-and-white. Very grainy. The message is clear: Joey's not the big, bad wolf.

At 43, Buttafuoco is still a formidable presence, standing six feet tall and weighing almost 250 pounds. He's put on some weight since settling in the land of egg-white omelettes and wheat-grass juice. As for the Italian Afro that once sprouted from Buttafuoco's scalp, it's been pruned into a neat, camera-ready coif. Gone, too, is the gold pinkie ring engraved with his father's initials, as is the small diamond stud he once wore in his right ear. Not that Buttafuoco has sworn off jewelry. He wears no fewer than six rings on his right hand and a Hercules-size bracelet on his left wrist. Everything is silver, the kind of clanky pieces found in southwestern souvenir shops. And while he continues to wear the same black jeans, T-shirt, leather jacket, and snakeskin cowboy boots, he's added long-sleeve shirts to the repertory, voluminous XXXL garments billowing over the T-shirts like dressing gowns—tails untucked, front unbuttoned.

Buttafuoco and Spillane take a table on the patio, and I ask him how his day went. "Great," he replies enthusiastically. "I just came from an audition at 20th Century Fox. It was a good reading. I just do what feels natural," he says, as if acting were the smoothest transition in the world from banging dents out of fenders for a living. "I went into this reading today very confident. My self-esteem is good. It's up there."

Although he nailed the audition, he won't reveal the name of the project. "It's a *very* major film" is all he offers. "Big director, big stars. Very big. They don't come any bigger." Buttafuoco claims that he read for a lead role, even if all his roles up to this point have been minuscule. Things like *The Underground Comedy*, a *Kentucky Fried Movie*–style collection of skits featuring Axl Rose and Anna Nicole Smith. The first-time producers financed the project with capital raised peddling vegetable slicers.

When questions come up concerning projects mentioned occasionally in places like Cindy Adams's New York *Post* column, Spillane runs interference.

What was the fate of *Don't Open My Grave,* a horror film in which Buttafuoco was supposed to have landed the lead?

"Didn't happen," concedes Spillane.

The instructional film on how to avoid car theft?

"We're still working on that."

A spin-off book proposal?

Same.

And that 900-number scandal line?

"We never really got it off the ground," says Spillane, doing a quick sidestep. "We're going to talk about it in two weeks." It seems cruel to ask about the workout video Buttafuoco hyped in Britain's *Sunday Telegraph.*

Buttafuoco smiles. For the moment, he seems content to let Spillane supply the answers. He pauses to take a long draw on his iced tea. His oversize glass dwarfs all others in sight.

Asked how Buttafuoco ranks as an actor, on a scale of one to ten, Sherri doesn't skip a beat: "He could be a ten." What about right now? "About an eight and a half," she replies. His right eyebrow arches: "Really? I was figuring around a seven." But Spillane isn't finished: "I say that only because he's not doing it all the time. He's not practicing his craft."

All I can think of is the *Perversions of Science* tape I screened the night before. To say that his character is stiff as cardboard would be slandering cardboard.

WHAT KIND OF THINGS *WON'T* HE DO? THIS IS A subject that Spillane feels very passionate about. "Anything exploitive," she says firmly. "We don't do adult films." Buttafuoco seconds the emotion: "I turned down a lot of money. Over $500,000 for soft-core. But I don't do that. I'm a happily married man." This line is delivered with an utterly straight face. Maybe Spillane is right: Maybe he really is an eight and a half.

Good friend Ron Jeremy confirms there was an offer on the table but maintains that it was strictly for hard-core ($80,000 plus a 50 percent royalty on all sales). Jeremy, the industry's most prolific working porn actor and the auteur behind Bobbitt's *Uncut* and Brown's *Doc-Hugh-Drama,* respects Buttafuoco's decision but regrets the missed chance to collaborate. "Bobbitt was difficult to work with because he has ADD, attention-deficit disorder," Jeremy complains. "But Joey I would have really loved to direct. He's fairly intelligent. He speaks well, and I'm sure he can memorize dialogue."

Even if Buttafuoco wanted to do hard-core, chances are it wouldn't happen. Jeremy admits his pal's window of opportunity for a porno payday closed long ago. "It wouldn't be worthwhile to have Joey do a film today anyway," he says judiciously. "For the same price, you can get five more gang-bang scenes."

Flagging popular interest doesn't augur well for Joey Buttafuoco. Never has that been more clear than this year, when that bible of mainstream taste, *People* magazine, published the *People* 400 in its *Entertainment Almanac.* Slipping off the "hot" list were such onetime stalwarts as Dana Carvey, Macaulay Culkin,

Photograph courtesy of Ron Jeremy.

Fabio, the Baldwins (excluding Alec) . . . and Joey.

These days, it seems as if a number of people are trying to distance themselves from Buttafuoco, casting agents in particular. Take Abigail McGrath. In October 1994, McGrath cast Joey Buttafuoco in a low-budget independent film called *Cul-de-Sac.* Croton-on-Hudson, where it was shot, revoked the shooting permit when it was revealed that Buttafuoco was in the cast; he was forced to sneak onto the set for his scenes. Afterward, quite inexplicably, McGrath's career dead-ended. "I was shunned and didn't work for almost a year as a result of casting Joey," McGrath says bitterly. "I received threatening phone calls on my answering machine from people in the business."

A *Perversions of Science* script called for "a bodyguard who was a Joey Buttafuoco type." Lisa Beach cast the real thing, instructing him to basically play himself. Asked if there had been any repercussions, Beach falls silent. "Now that you mention it, I didn't work for six months after I cast him," she says. "Oh, my God!" she screams. "It's the Joey Buttafuoco curse!"

BUTTAFUOCO SAYS HE AND MARY JO LOVE SOUTHERN California. There are "no hassles in L.A. People aren't so hostile." When he moved here, in September 1996, Joey drove a gold Porsche. But when his acting career stalled before it started, the Porsche had to go, along with the four-bedroom rental house with the swimming pool in Agoura Hills, an upscale neighborhood of entertainment lawyers, orthodontists, and plastic surgeons in the San Fernando Valley. "[Buttafuoco] thought he was going to get an advance on a movie," says former neighbor Hank Adams. The Buttafuocos have since moved to a decidedly blue-collar section of Canoga Park, a bedroom community in the Valley. Transplanted New Yorkers often describe the area as L.A.'s answer to the South Shore of Long Island, with its strip malls and teenage girls who speak their own dialect. The couple cultivates their anonymity; their rental house is a modest three-bedroom with whitewashed stucco and blue trim. Still, neighbors are keenly aware of their presence. "Why would he want to live in *our* neighborhood? It's a very quiet neighborhood," says Mrs. Richard M. Parsons, who's lived nearby for 40 years. "He's not going to molest *me!*" "[People say] he's building another house in a rich neighborhood," says Kevin Leerhuber, a 21-year-old who works at Kmart and lives a few doors down. Doubtful, unless he's moonlighting as a construction worker. A check of the area reveals no recent property purchases in either of the Buttafuocos' names.

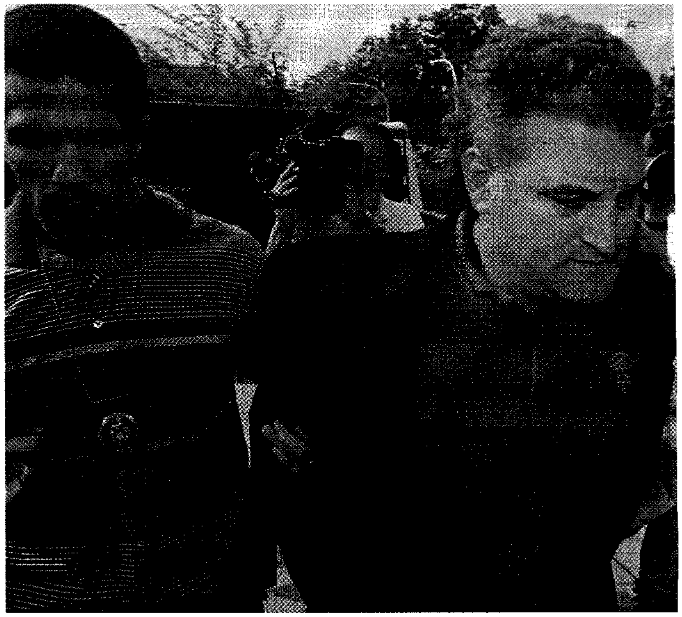
Joey hardly has time for such indulgences as acting class and theater workshop. Five days a week, he says, he runs a body shop in Canoga Park and is rarely home before 9 P.M.

Does Buttafuoco like being famous? "No. It's very intrusive," he snaps. But who gets into acting if they want to lie low? "Come on," I prod him. He gives in: "It has its ups." His brow wrinkles. "But I'm famous for all the wrong reasons."

The sex appeal of Joey Buttafuoco, particularly as it applies to young women, cannot be denied. "He has groupies," says a fellow San Fernando Valley resident. "Young girls drive by the auto-body shop where he works. All for just the hope of catching a glimpse of him. How scary is that?"

Ron Jeremy confirms Buttafuoco's hunky allure. "A lot of porn stars want to do Joey," says Jeremy. "He has a certain charisma about him." Jeremy has been very supportive of his friend's efforts to rustle up some acting gigs. "How much talent do you need?" he says, with the confidence of a guy who knows whereof he speaks. "Joey plays the heavy. A couple grunts, a couple lines, maybe Steven Seagal kicks him in the face. He'd love to do roles like that." Dennis Hof, owner of the Moonlight Bunny Ranch bordello and Kitty's Cathouse in Carson City, Nevada, is another friend. Jeremy, Hof, Buttafuoco, and *Screw* magazine publisher Al Goldstein pal around together. "The slime pack," Jeremy calls them. Seems that Hof is tight with the Hughes brothers, who did *Menace II Society* and *Dead Presidents.* They are working on a documentary with major heat: *American Pimp.* According to Hof, the brothers Hughes are interviewing every big mack daddy in the business. And, says Hof, Buttafuoco could be interviewed, too: "He's a part of the sex business. Whether you like it or not, he associated with it because of him and this young girl, and shooting the wife, and all that."

Mary Jo has been keeping busy working on a clients' bill of rights with Spillane and Karin Huffer, a Las Vegas–based family therapist of 25 years and the author of *Overcoming the Devastation of Legal Abuse Syndrome,* which identifies a psychological disorder she wants included in the psychiatrists' manual known as the *DSM.* The bill would prevent lawyers from using smear tactics and other strategies to denigrate the opposition. "People don't understand what trauma does to human beings," says Huffer. "They are taken hostage by this trauma and held hostage for years and years. [Mary Jo] is a woman who is blind in one eye, who has suffered two strokes, who is deaf in one ear, who has a bullet still lodged near her spine. This is not a person who has a lot of options to go out and get lots of jobs. She continues to suffer because she's cast in this stand-by-your-man persona. [She and Joey] have taken money from that persona because they needed it to pay bills. There remains inside her a whole lot of unfinished business."



Escort service: **Buttafuoco is charged with violating probation after soliciting sex from an undercover police officer in California.**

BUTTAFUOCO DOESN'T LIKE TO TALK ABOUT AMY FISHER, WHO'S now appealing for a new trial. Buttafuoco calls her "sociopathic" and "psychotic." "To pick up a gun and shoot somebody point-blank in the head, you're not there. Clearly, she is definitely disturbed," he says.

Does Buttafuoco feel at all responsible for Mary Jo's injuries? This question makes him uncomfortable. "I'm a little upset with myself for not seeing some of the signs," he says earnestly. "But I didn't. I saw nothing. Today I'm cautious. I watch everything."

For the record, Buttafuoco vehemently denies any kind of intimate relationship with Amy Fisher. I ask him why, if this is true, he admitted in court to having had sex with her? Buttafuoco shoots me a *what-are-you-stupid?* look. "They were going to put me in jail for 80 years unless I said I did it." But he admitted he had sex with Fisher on *A Current Affair,* no? The same patented look: "I did it for the check."

Photographs: this page, David Russell/AP/Wide World; opposite, Adrian De Lucca.

"I swear on my cats, who are my children, that he did not screw that stupid little psychopath," agent Ruth Webb says in a later conversation, adding, "Joey talks too much. He should keep the zipper on his mouth *and* his pants closed."

Speaking of cash, what happened to it all? The $500,000 from the exclusive *Current Affair* interview, in which Mary Jo confessed, "I know he had an affair, and I don't care."

"The lawyers took everything," Buttafuoco says solemnly. The final tab was $750,000. There were also medical bills for Mary Jo—$300,000 worth. And that's with insurance.

Buttafuoco believes he may outlive his scandal. He explains: "A funny thing happened. There was a young boy at the audition tonight. He knew my face and knew I was famous." But he couldn't place Buttafuoco. The very thought makes him chipper. "There's a whole generation coming up right now who know I'm famous but have no idea who I am or why."

Pretty impressive. Buttafuoco's Hollywood Boulevard bust occurred closer to home and only three years ago. After offering an undercover cop money for oral sex, he eventually pleaded "no contest," since, he says, he didn't want to do jail time in California. Today, he dismisses the incident as "a total setup." He tells how sneaky cops can be: "She came to my window and knocked on it. I said, 'You look like you're worth $30.' " Buttafuoco pauses for effect. "This woman never got in my car. There was never any exchange of money. That's not what usually happens in situations like that—" The sentence ends abruptly, unexpectedly. He suddenly blurts out: "From what I've heard."

> **Joey was offered a lead role in an Off Broadway production of Kiss Me Kate. But he passed. "I don't wear tights," he says adamantly.**

The play-by-play continues: "Anyway, I go three blocks, and then Starsky and Hutch, Batman and Robin, they all pull me over and yank me out of the car." Joey heaves the sigh of a man who has spent 198 days in prison.

I stand corrected. Joey Buttafuoco was never in prison. Joey Buttafuoco was in "the county jail," he says, most emphatically.

He returns to the story: "They said, 'It's 11:30; we have to make quota. You're going to jail. We want to go home.' " But you know what really rankled? According to Buttafuoco, he *did* have $30 in his pocket that night, which, he says, the cops filched when he was in the lockup.

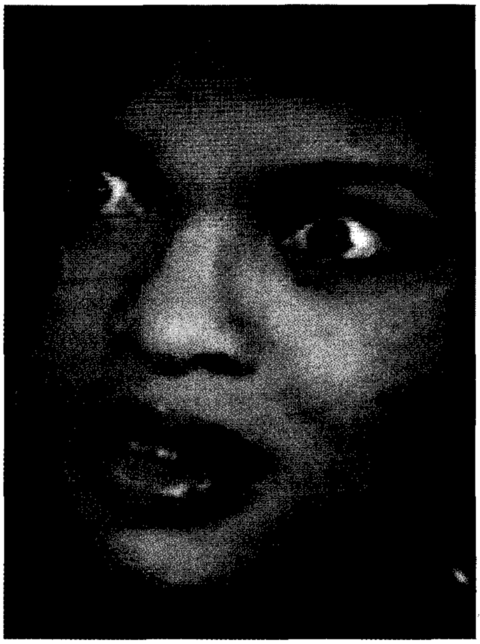
He's also still recuperating from having been "slam-dunked by the media." "People don't know anything about me," he sneers. "They've been very misinformed. Someday, maybe, that will turn around. The truth will come out. If I was just a regular guy and I read all the crap and inaccuracies that were written about me in the media, I wouldn't like me, either."

The fact is that on more than a few occasions, Joey Buttafuoco has slam-dunked the media.

Like the time Spillane tried to get him on the guest list of the Ford Models party at the Château Marmont the day before the 1995 Oscars. No way, said the people at Ford. So he pulls up the night of the party in a limo, jumps out, poses for pictures, jumps back in the car, and drives away. A hit-and-run photo op.

Buttafuoco spins the story: "I was in shorts and a flannel shirt. So I said to my driver, I said, 'Doug, pull over. Watch these assholes come out and take my picture. Yeah, watch them all run when they recognize me.' So I get out of my car. They all yell and run like a bunch of jerk-offs. And sure enough, the next day in the paper, it says I tried to crash the party. It was a goof."

AMY FISHER ONCE SAID "THAT MAN TOOK ME TO EXPENSIVE RESTAURANTS and cheap motels"—so I ask Buttafuoco if he'd like to have dinner at Coco Pazzo. Coco Pazzo is an expensive restaurant, a spore of New York's Tuscan hashery. But Buttafuoco is hesitant. You run into a maître d' when he's having a bad night, and all of a sudden you've got attitude to deal with. Maybe he decides not to seat you. Worse yet, some postfeminist with a $500 haircut and a first-look deal at Paramount flings a glass of wine in your eyes.

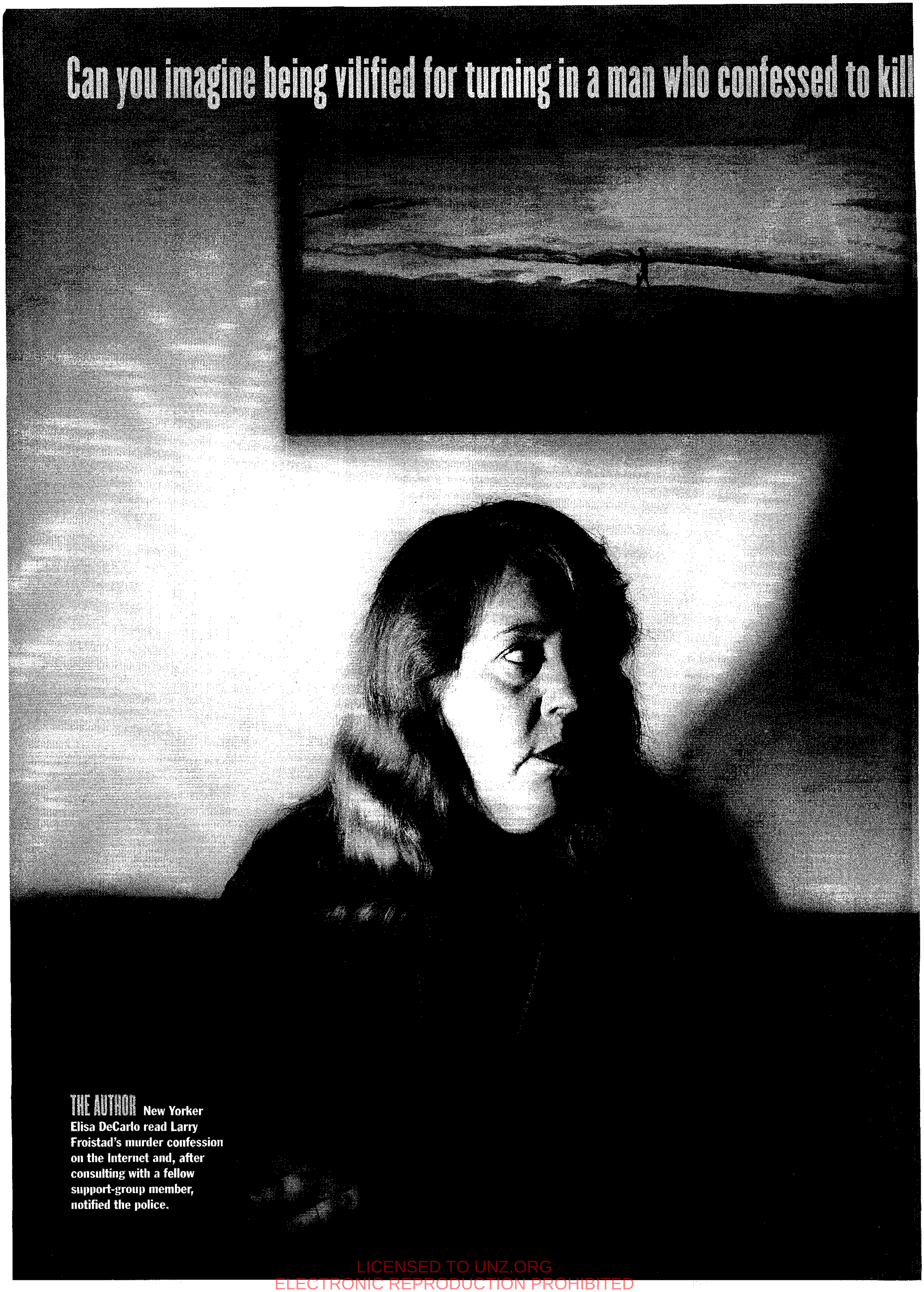


Famous for 30 minutes: Left, Mary Jo Buttafuoco vents. Below, Divine Brown is coy about the measure of Hugh Grant's manhood.

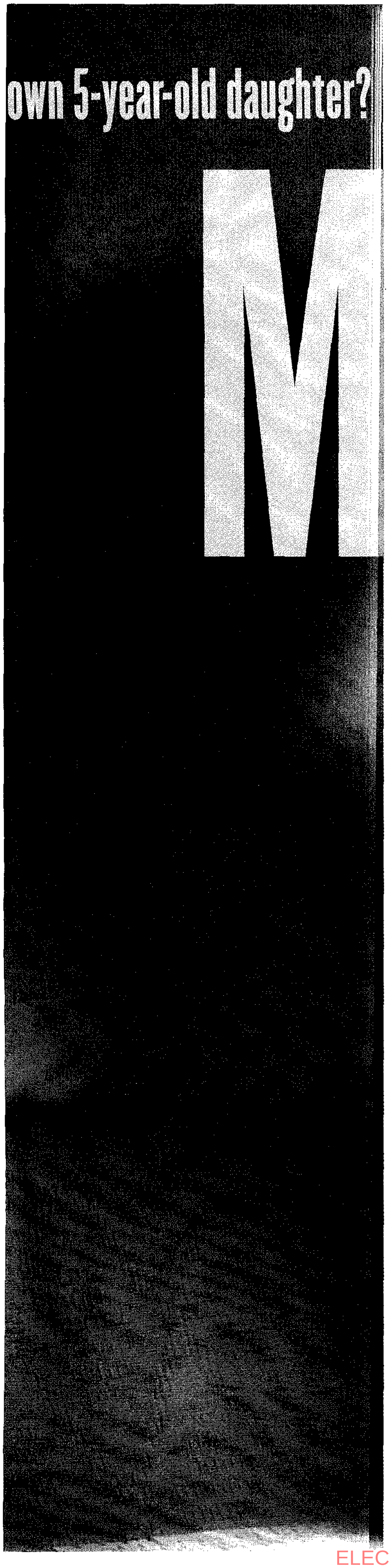
But after much conversation, Spillane agrees she and Buttafuoco will meet me at Coco Pazzo. When he pulls up to the restaurant, the valet's mouth drops. I can't decide whether this is because he recognizes Buttafuoco or because he's wondering where he's going to hide that car. Buttafuoco and Spillane enter the elegant Philippe Starck–designed lobby of the Mondrian Hotel and proceed to the restaurant. Heads turn in unison. In a town where it's cool to pretend you don't recognize celebrities, this is fairly significant. The manager later tells me that a woman at the bar called Buttafuoco a "total pig" and inquired snidely, "Where's Mary Jo?" Fortuna-

(continued on page 89)

Can you imagine being vilified for turning in a man who confessed to kill



THE AUTHOR New Yorker Elisa DeCarlo read Larry Froistad's murder confession on the Internet and, after consulting with a fellow support-group member, notified the police.



own 5-year-old daughter? A personal odyssey in cyberspace.

Murder, She Read

By Elisa DeCarlo

Photograph by Brian Smale

"YOU SPEND TOO MUCH TIME ON THE INTERNET," MY HUSband used to complain to me. He was right, of course, but I had little interest in changing. I had become obsessed with an online support group for problem drinkers that had helped me in a way that traditional methods like Alcoholics Anonymous hadn't. I'll admit, I'm an unconventional person—I do "alternative" comedy in clubs you've probably never heard of—and AA wasn't for me. I loathed its moralism, its self-righteous, unbending doctrine of total abstinence. Moderation Management, on the other hand, operated on a philosophy of structuring and limiting your drinking, not necessarily cutting it off entirely, an idea considered heretical by AA and others. The organization was routinely under fire from outside critics and was so small there was only one live meeting a week in New York, which

I'd been attending for two years. Through the Web, however, support was there around the clock.

Such was my devotion to the online group that checking my e-mail had become an addiction itself. The group took the form of a "mailing list," a kind of e-mail collective: Any message a list subscriber sends to the list is instantly forwarded to all the other subscribers around the world. I knew a handful of the more than 200 list members from meetings, but most wrote under pseudonyms. Since signing on to the list, I had taken to writing daily, sometimes several times a day, often composing long letters about my life and my drinking. The list was seductive; it offered intimacy without obligations, the opportunity to trade secrets about drinking binges and arguments with spouses.

The group was not without problems—occasionally, members would post incoherent messages after they'd had too much to drink. And I sometimes fretted about the confidentiality of the list. My real-life friends didn't know I had a drinking problem. It wasn't a huge dark secret, but I feared that it might be misunderstood. I had become comfortable talking about it in live meetings, but those were clearly anonymous. Could a list of more than 200 people reasonably be considered safe? The introductory message had nothing about anonymity in it, except for advising people not to post under their real names. Anyone at all could join.

Many people didn't have access to live self-help groups, so this was their only outlet. We congratulated ourselves on how supportive, nurturing, and special we all were. It was a place where we could freely discuss our own private struggles without fear, a kind of haven that the real world could not intrude on.

But that all changed, at least for me, when Larry Froistad confessed to murder.

Larry had been on the list for some months. Unlike many, he posted under his own name. He even maintained a Web page for our organization and put up photos that other members of our online group sent him. Alongside these he posted pictures of himself, his girlfriend, and his adorable, brown-haired child from a previous marriage.

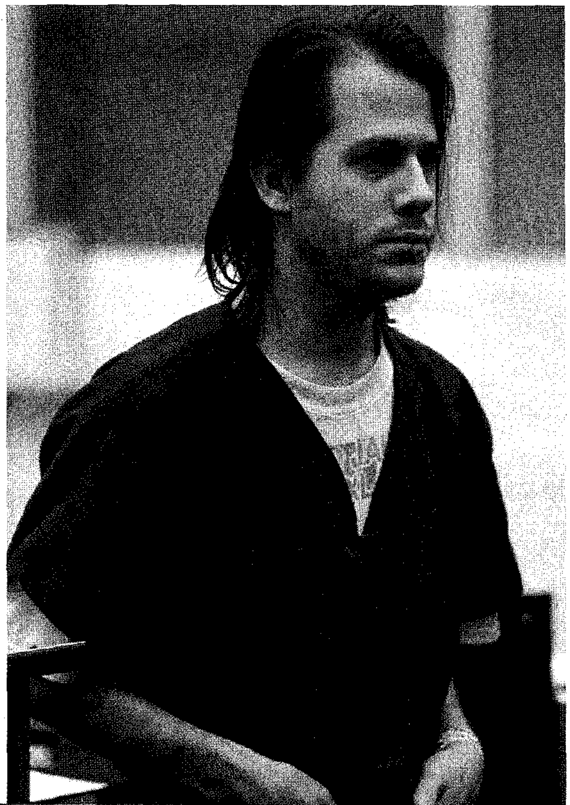
Some time during the weekend of March 21, he posted that his girlfriend had left him and that he was drinking too much. When we reassured him that he would get over it, Larry responded that we didn't know what a worthless person he really was—and then he made a startling admission: He had murdered his daughter, the one pictured on the Web page. He offered no further explanation.

"What do you mean, you murdered your daughter?" I wrote back to him over the mailing list on Sunday, March 22, shortly before leaving for a birthday party with my husband. "Is that emotional hyperbole, or cold fact?" When we got home, I checked my e-mail before going to bed. I didn't really expect Larry to reply directly, but he had. He had sent out, to the 200 or so people on the list, a detailed confession.

During a custody battle with his wife three years ago, he wrote, he "got wickedly drunk [and] set our house on fire." Once the fire was going, he climbed out the window. He heard his daughter scream, then go quiet. He climbed back into the burning house, picked up her semi-conscious body, and listened to her wheezing breath. He then dropped her and climbed back out the window, practicing expressions of shock and horror until the police arrived. He told them his daughter's dying screams had awakened him and enabled him to escape the fire. "Those last two screams that I tell everyone saved my life—they are wounds on my soul that I can't heal and that I'm sure I'm meant to carry with me," he wrote.

There were dozens of responses on the list, as well as personal e-mails to me, begging for advice. I was considered a leader on the list because of my success with the program. "What can we do?" pleaded one. HELP ME HERE!, another was headed. One woman who barely knew Larry forwarded a personal e-mail he had written to her at the same time he had confessed. "Honey, I can make a difference for you," it ran, "if you give me a chance. I would love to try being close to you." As I sat there, stunned, "Instant Message" notices popped up on my monitor like firecrackers. Another list member, a woman from the South whom I'll call Lucy, sent me her telephone number. We suddenly felt unsafe writing anything on the Internet. I called right away, and after some brief agonizing, we agreed that we had to notify the police.

Larry didn't say where his crime had taken place—I dimly remembered his once mentioning that he now lived in San Diego—but he did admit in his confession that he had been flown to Rapid City, South Dakota, for observation shortly after the fire. The next morning, Monday the 23rd, praying I was doing the right thing, I faxed copies of his confession to the Rapid City and San Diego police. On Tuesday, I received a phone call from a Rapid City detective who told me that three years earlier, Larry's 5-year-old daughter had died in a house fire in Bowman, North Dakota (population 1,700). My stomach dropped. All along I had been hoping it was a hoax, that Larry had made it all up as a deranged cry for help. But the re-



THE ACCUSED KILLER Larry Froistad, a 29-year-old computer programmer, confessed to an online support group for problem drinkers that in 1995 he intentionally set a house fire that killed his daughter, Amanda.

THE VICTIM Five-year-old Amanda Froistad.

Photograph: top, Fred Greaves.

sponse to my fax suddenly made it real. I had prompted a homicide investigation.

The North Dakota police called on a daily basis, asking for all the postings Larry had sent to the list after making the confession. None of them quite understood how the Internet worked, so I had to explain. They told me that the police chief of Bowman had been the officer who answered the call the night of the fire, and that all of the local police had known Larry and his family well. That was one reason they'd ruled the fire accidental, even though some aspects of the blaze hadn't added up. No one believed he could have done such a thing. Not poor Larry, who'd gone through such a rough divorce. "You've done the right thing," the officer in charge of the investigation assured me. "He might have gone out and done the same thing all over again."

The officer asked me to go on posting to the list as if nothing had happened, and to please not let anyone know that the police were involved.

I was unreasonably frightened that Larry would find out about me somehow and perhaps even come after me. The officer mentioned that out of 200 or more people who had read the confession, only two of us had contacted the police (I later learned a third person had also come forward). He said, "We're asking ourselves, what sort of group is that?"

What sort, indeed? The morning after his confession, apparently realizing what he had done, Larry had started writing e-mails suggesting that he had imagined the whole thing. "This situation is very confusing to me," he wrote. "Is there a chance I'm not the horrible person I feel like?" He mentioned his mother was schizophrenic, and he later maintained that he had been on medication. Many people on the list commiserated with him and lashed out at the few who admitted they were disturbed by the confession. "Frankly, I'm offended," went one e-mail. "This is a SUPPORT group."

People I had come to trust were eagerly circling the wagons around a man who said he had murdered his daughter. One group member defended him as "one hurtin' puppy." Another counseled Larry, "Please don't blame yourself." And Frederick Rotgers, the professional therapist who acted as the list-keeper and whom we called Fred, maintained that not only was Larry mentally ill, but the child probably never even existed!

The police told me they would swear out a warrant for Larry's arrest the following week but still needed to do some legwork "to get all their ducks in a row."

Meanwhile, feeling I needed advice, I phoned the founder of Moderation Management, Audrey Kishline, and told her what was going on. I expected she would understand what I had done and support me. Instead, she was shocked to learn that the police were involved. She admitted that she hadn't wanted to go to authorities in part because of possible adverse publicity. Our controlled-drinking support group was controversial enough already, Audrey felt. And besides, she added, "what's done is done. I mean, the child has been dead for a while, hasn't she?" Reached later, she insisted that she was not sure the crime had actually happened or "whether it was our responsibility to do anything about it."

IN THE DAYS FOLLOWING LARRY'S CONFESSION, all I could do was sit in front of the computer and obsess. As I was speaking to the detective one afternoon, my call waiting went off. It was Lucy, hysterical.

"Fred outed me to the list!" she said, referring to the list-keeper. "He told the list I went to the police!" Quickly, I went online. She had accidentally sent the list-keeper a personal e-mail that she meant for me, with a derogatory note about his "sucky" attitude. Enraged, the list-keeper responded on the list—to all 200 subscribers—making it clear it was Lucy he was replying to. He again pointed out that the child probably did not exist, and he stated that his 25 years of experience as a therapist had taught him how to read people pretty well and that Larry was no criminal. Then he announced that the police had been notified.

The next day, Friday, March 27th, Larry was arrested in San Diego, where he was held without bail. After his arrest, the police told me, he acknowledged feeling responsible for his daughter's death and having memories of setting the fire. I asked Audrey to put out a statement saying what had happened. I thought this would settle things down on the list.

How wrong I was. Audrey's statement read, in part, that the group had initially "decided not to take any outside action. The event had already occurred, and there was no discussion about 'planning' to commit a crime." She added, with evident disapproval, that "several members independently took this matter to the authorities."

That night, the list erupted into an orgy of finger-pointing, wild accusations, character assassination, the works. "Have fun with this, you cads and hen-peckers," one woman wrote. "[You] have afforded him the opportunity to occupy that rack he has so long sought."

For most, the issue was not the murder of a 5-year-old girl but whether it was ethically right to turn in "one of our own," as Larry was called repeatedly. "What bothers me is the apparent judgmental and unforgiving attitude," wrote one. I stayed online reading until the wee hours, as did many of the other list members. A man I knew from my live meeting wrote a profanity-laden letter lashing out at the "meddlesome tight-assed ratfink minimus of an oozing worm turd" who had turned in his good friend. "This cyber canary will be discovered," he continued, "and will get whatever measure of curse or blessing that karma has to give." I shuddered to think how he would react if he knew it was me. Finally, I left my desk and collapsed on the couch. It was three o'clock in the morning.

The next day, I arranged to stop receiving mail from the list. Larry has been extradited to North Dakota to face charges that he murdered his daughter. It appears from news reports that his lawyers will try to prove that his confessions, both to the police and to the list, were induced by alcohol and mood-altering drugs. Internet legal experts agree that as far as his confession to the support group is concerned, there's little or nothing he can do to have it suppressed on the grounds of therapeutic confidentiality. The police intimated to me that many new details would emerge over the next two weeks but declined to be specific. In any case, Larry Froistad willed this upon himself. If he is, in fact, guilty of murder, it seems clear to me that he wanted it known and that he wanted to be caught. For my part, I feel certain I will have to leave Moderation Management, not just the online group but the live meetings as well. That breaks my heart. Now when I need to talk, it will be only to my husband or to an old, trusted friend. Or I'll write it all down in a journal that I can close and put away in my desk. ■

A man I knew wrote a message lashing out at the "meddlesome tight-assed ratfink minimus of an oozing worm turd" who had turned in his good friend.

Cavorting onstage in pumps and a fright wig, John Cameron Mitchell has become one of the city's most wanted leading men. By Helen Eisenbach

PRETTY BOY

‘YOU MUST COME TO MY ROOM,” A handsome stranger commanded John Cameron Mitchell, the writer and star of *Hedwig and the Angry Inch*, one night after the show. Mitchell, who politely declined his suitor—an Israeli hustler who inhabited the hotel above the theater—was no stranger to groupies. After playing a wholesome dreamboat in *The Secret Garden*, the actor was besieged by smitten 14-year-old girls. Now, with *Hedwig*, a musical about an East German drag queen whose sex-change operation was less than a complete success, he is seducing an even more varied crowd, from blue-haired East Side ladies to blue-haired East Village types as well as a stream of celebrities from both coasts. Parker Posey has seen the show four times, Glenn Close twice. David Bowie blew off the Grammys for a night with Hedwig, an actress-model on each arm; Danny DeVito scaled six flights of stairs to meet the young phenomenon; Lou Reed and Laurie Anderson made out as Mitchell sang a love song (“I took it as a compliment,” he says).

You'd never know to look at him that the 35-year-old actor would drive preteen girls, punk-rockers, movie stars, and male prostitutes to near distraction. Or that he'd do it with such an eccentric vehicle—the story of a man-made woman-creature in exile from her country, soul mate, and self that unfolds nightly on a stage carved out of the former ballroom of the decrepit Hotel Riverview.

I almost don't recognize Mitchell when he walks in for our meeting. Stripped of his wig and skintight black ensemble, he looks all of 15, wholesome as Tom Sawyer, small and slender, a little shy. “People are shocked when they see him,” says *Hedwig's* musical creator, Stephen Trask. “He's *enormous* on that stage.”

Mitchell's flair for transformations may have been ingrained from birth. Born in El Paso, Texas, to an army general and his devout Scottish wife, Mitchell moved around so much he has only “strobelike memories” of his past. As a child he liked to sing but preferred writing to performing—though he *did* play the Virgin Mary in a musical production in his all-boys boarding school. “It was a big part,” he explains. At 10, living in Scotland, he listened to glam rock, terrified by David Bowie's “scary mixture of masculine and feminine” but fascinated by “the dressing-up. I was brought up very Catholic, so I dressed up a lot.” Not as a girl: “In flowing things, like priests and pirates.”

Signs of what Mitchell calls his “fringelike, adversarial” bent were evident early on. He recalls performing an interpretive dance to Fleetwood Mac at a school talent show. “There was a mimed crucifixion . . . We didn't win.” Later, he enlisted his prescient mother to direct him in a production of *Hay Fever*, though “she didn't cast me in the part I wanted,” he says. “*I* wanted to be the diplomat. She cast me as the fag.”

Mitchell was a student at Northwestern in the eighties when he received a surprise summons from New York: An agent who'd seen a picture of him as Huck Finn in *American Theatre* magazine asked the teenager to audition to understudy for *Big River*. “Just a picture,” marvels Mitchell. “It's so unlikely nowadays.” Mitchell left college for Broadway, but understudying soon proved underwhelming for the 19-year-old, and the city scared him. He fled to Los Angeles, which scared him even more: “Soulless. Spread out. Low standards. There's a lot of ‘You're the best actor we've seen!’ and then they cast some pretty boy.” He returned to Broadway in 1990 to do *Six Degrees of Separation* and stayed to win praise and prizes in a variety of theater roles—every girl's dream brother in *The Secret Garden*, a slinky toy-boy in *Hello Again*, an implausibly likable Larry Kramer in *The Destiny of Me*. All along he did sitcoms, voice-overs, and commercials to finance a pet project: the play that would turn into *Hedwig*.

He met the man who was to become his collaborator on a flight to L.A. Trask, a rock musician and composer, had been leading the house band at Squeezebox, a celebrated SoHo club that had spawned a gender-bending rock scene. “We were united by a common aesthetic right from the beginning,” Trask recalls. “John was the only other person on the plane who didn't have his headset on watching *When Harry Met Sally*.” The two men saw each other's work and decided to create a new kind of performance: a play that translated the visceral charge of live rock into theater that wasn't watered down or sanitized. Mitchell, inspired by Platonic theories on love and gender, invented Hedwig, basing the character partially on a childhood babysitter he later realized was a prostitute; Trask set her life to music.

The broken diva made her debut at Squeezebox, where the club's drag queens, wary of strangers, gave her a cool reception. “Getting them to accept John on that stage was Hedwig's first big struggle,” says Trask. Undaunted, Mitchell became a regular at the club, channeling and refining Hedwig before an eclectic crowd.

Trask and Mitchell tinkered with *Hedwig* for four years, all the while struggling to find the show a permanent home. They were dismissed by virtually every theater they approached. “We've always been sort of the ugly kid on the block,” says Mitchell. A limited run at the Westbeth had an ideal cabaret ambience but didn't get reviewed in time to keep *Hedwig* alive. Futilely hunting down a new venue and producers, the two found themselves considering a dinner theater at a Wall Street steakhouse when Mitchell stumbled on to the Riverview, once home to *Titanic* survivors and, rumor has it, Herman Melville. Its cheery decadence matched Hedwig's.

From its opening at Riverview's Jane Street Theater, the play garnered the kind of over-the-top accolades not seen since *Rent* debuted in 1996. “It crosses every line,” says actor John Heard, who was surprised to find himself “entranced” by what he assumed would be another camp drag revue: “I fell in love with Hedwig—I wanted to marry Hedwig. I don't see how anybody could walk out of this play without being totally affected and moved and changed.”

Three months into its run, the play Glenn Close calls “an orgy of talent” is selling out every night. Pleased if exhausted, Mitchell is ready to let someone else climb into Hedwig's oversize heels, though he and Trask are currently working on film and record versions. “I always had a strange premonition at any given moment that things would happen,” Mitchell says. “But I never knew quite what shape they would take.” ▬

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES SMOLKA

the LITE STUFF

Healthy takeout doesn't have to be an oxymoron anymore. These delivery services care as much about your heart, your weight, your blood pressure—*and* your taste buds—as you do.

BY KAREN ANGEL

Active Wellness
New York • Hampstons
212-219-0990
Luscious Fat Free
Chocolate Truffles
Low Fat • Fat Free Foods

SUCCULENT REWARDS: Active Wellness Gourmet's salmon with mashed potatoes and leeks, above, and fat-free chocolate truffles, left.

LIKE EVERYONE ELSE IN TOWN, YOU WANT good food, maybe you need to lose weight and rein in those numbers that keep making your internist raise his eyebrows every time you walk through the door, and these days, who has time to cook? Wake up and smell the chili-crusted salmon: Never before have so many varied, enjoyable, easily zappable meals come labeled with ingredients, calorie counts, and elaborate nutritional breakdowns on everything from fat to fiber. As easy as ordering in pizza, often tastier, and in some cases not much more expensive, wholesome home delivery is no longer a fantasy. You just have to know whom to call.

And now you will.

"I CALL HER MY 'NUTRITIONATRIX,' " says Peter Shaerf, a client of registered dietitian Gayle Reichler. Reichler does exert more control over Shaerf's life than the typical nutritionist would: For one thing, her business, **Active Wellness Gourmet** (29 East 32nd Street; 219-0990), actually prepares the ship broker's meals five times a week, a service the company provides for some 200 other clients as well. Both members of the team at Active Wellness—founder Reichler and executive chef Deborah Cohen—are graduates of the French Culinary Institute, but their prices are considerably lower than those you'd find at L'École: Dinner, includ-

ALL IN THE PACKAGING: Above, Healthy Palate founder Stephanie Sturiale and deliveryman Jacob Navarro; right, her mango spirals.

ing two side dishes, runs $9.50 to $14. The offerings, many of them ethnically inspired, include succulent soy chicken moo shu served with hoisin sauce and pancakes; rich roasted, herbed salmon on a bed of mashed Yukon Gold potatoes with leeks; and an elaborate roasted-chicken-and-vegetable roulade with a pistachio crust and mushroom-Madeira sauce. The secret behind the food's enjoyably indulgent taste is the use of fresh herbs and "flavor layering," Reichler explains: "When we cook orange chicken, we'll use orange rind, orange juice, and pure orange extract." By now, everyone's figured out that a single good cookie is better than three low-fat ones—at any rate, you'd have a hard time eating three of Reichler's ultrarich fat-free chocolate truffles (though, like me, you will be tempted). While it's not required, many of the business's clients meet with Reichler before signing on to a plan, which costs $150 for five lunches and five dinners or $200 for seven lunches and seven dinners. You can order the same day or a few days in advance; there is a $20 minimum. Delivery is available anywhere in Manhattan and is free between 14th and 96th Streets, $7 elsewhere.

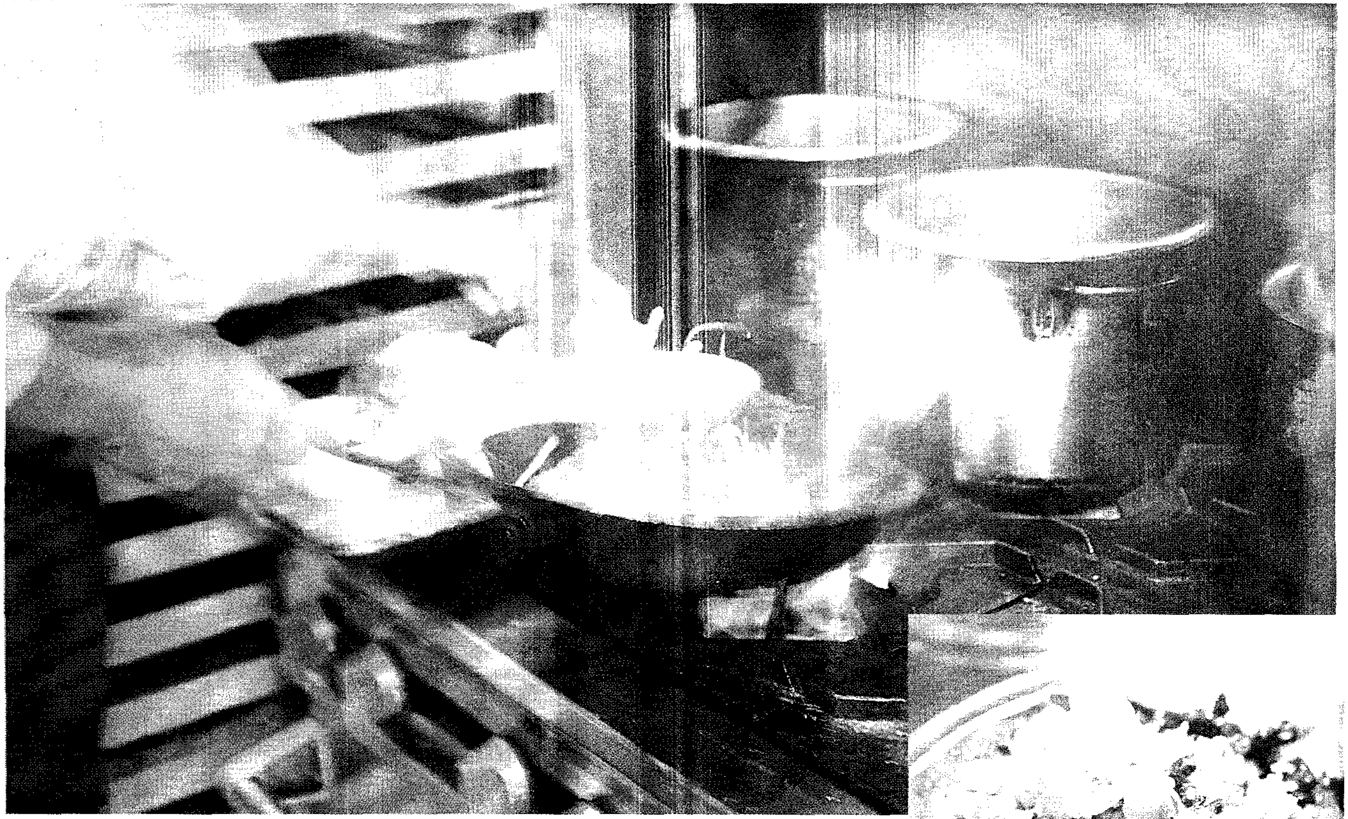
J.D., WHO LIVES ON KABONOSSI SAUSAGE, IS explaining his problem with low-fat food. "It's like a fly ball," he says. "The first part of the bite teases you because you think you might have a home run. But then it falls flat." Seven friends have convened to sample the concoctions of two-year-old **Healthy Palate** (195 Hudson Street; 941-4995), one of the more expensive services ($12 to $20 for dinner), which offers both nutrition counseling (encouraged for clients on the meal plan) and inventive, tasty dishes. Each course arrives in a clear plastic package listing calories, fat, and ingredients, and some of the containers are even brightly festooned with curling ribbon. Sausage isn't a regular part of my diet, so I think the food tastes good—reliable-neighborhood-restaurant good. I'm not alone. "I wouldn't have thought anything I had tonight was low-fat," Alex says. I sample spicy cucumber-wasabi salad; a persuasive low-fat pizza with light mozzarella; and a mango-and-salsa spiral that will please anyone who isn't turned off by sweetness in an entrée. There is the occasional miss—ratatouille and goat cheese wrapped in phyllo is overpowered by the dough—but the chocolate-decadence cakes, little spheres topped with red raspberries (185 calories and six grams of fat), are rich and smooth. Marianne Legato, a physician, lost 22 pounds in three months on the service's weekly-weight-loss plan, devised by founder Stephanie Sturiale. "Like most doctors, I was really not doing what I told my patients to do," says Legato. "This is the most successful thing I've ever done in terms of nutrition. And it's a much simpler investment than a face-lift." The weekly meal plan is $200 for five days of breakfast, lunch, dinner, and a snack. Delivery is $12 in Manhattan and varies for other boroughs, Long Island, and New Jersey.

A PRICEY PERSONAL-CHEF SERVICE, **Dine by Design** (252 Elizabeth Street; 965-9182) is best suited to the most idiosyncratic eaters. Opened in 1994, it tailors meals to its customers' tastes and restrictions. This means supplying macrobiotic dieters with "yin and yang foods" and accommodating quirky requests, says owner Belinda Clarke.

"We have a client—he writes for a famous pop musician—who describes all his food in colors," says Clarke. "He'll call up and say, 'I need a chicken cutlet with a mahogany-burgundy barbecue sauce.' . . . It's just the way he relates to his food."

Clarke's clients speak about her in a reverent tone. Ellen Stillman, a business consultant, argues that the expense is mitigated by huge portions that make five meals last for more like eight or ten. The food is laudably fresh but can occasionally skew dull. The gummy curry chicken and barley in spinach wraps somehow tastes a lot like oatmeal; turkey-tofu lasagna with ratatouille soaks in a watery red sauce. But salmon croquettes have a satisfyingly complex (pepper-onion-nutmeg) flavor, and the strawberry-chili pork tenderloin with sweet potatoes and string beans is a moist, low-fat feast that's not nearly as cloying as its components would have you believe. The weekly plan runs to $190 for five meals, and there is a minimum of $125 for two meals. Delivery is free in Manhattan, $20 an hour outside, including all boroughs, Westchester, and New Jersey.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ERIK RANK



FIERY: **Above, at the stove of Healthy Home Cooking; right, Herban Kitchen's chili-crusted salmon with rice, garlic greens, and salsa.**

Thin for a Fin

● A favorite of the working women of Estée Lauder and Chanel, the bargain-basement Skinny Lunch (195 Hudson Street; order at 718-388-9179) prepares a different $5 low-fat lunch every weekday, but the quality of its offerings is inconsistent—and the portion sizes sometimes conjure up a *skimpy* lunch instead. The Parma ham with Italian roasted cauliflower, green-bean salad, arugula, and red cabbage, for example, was a few slices of clammy ham on a bed of vegetables. Only slightly better was chicken with barbecue sauce on a bed of greens. But another expert—Sara Moulton, executive chef of *Gourmet* magazine and host of *Cooking Live* on the cable Food Network—insists that Skinny Lunch owner Charlotte Gould is "a genius at flavoring and seasoning" and says vegetable recipes are her real strength. She recalls a first-rate Turkish chickpea salad (with ground toasted cumin, jalapeño, cilantro, thyme, tarragon, and mint) and a lively Middle Eastern plate with roasted red-pepper hummus and a bulgur salad. Skinny Lunch rates high on cost and convenience. The meals have around 300 to 500 calories and three to ten grams of fat. Delivery in Manhattan is free now, though there will be a nominal charge beginning in the summer. K.A.

Healthy Home Cooking (215 COURT STREET, Cobble Hill, Brooklyn; 718-694-6244) is as haimish as its name suggests, providing the kind of food a particularly creative college co-op at, say, Wesleyan might cook up. Husband and wife David Jones and Lisa Derosby-Jones, both vegans, started the organic, vegan, kosher service six years ago in their Brooklyn loft. About two years ago, they branched out to include a 70-seat restaurant, Cafe Love. Healthy Home Cooking draws on a variety of ethnic cuisines, like the other services, but seasonal vegetables form the centerpiece of all its meals. Half a baked butternut squash with tofu, sourdough bread, and fennel-and-rosemary stuffing (served over a salad of mixed greens, mushrooms, and onions) is one savory example. My vegan friend Jennie gives the polenta bruschetta with fresh tomatoes, basil, and olive oil a thumbs-up. New spring offerings include lemon-and-fresh-tomato risotto with a basil broth, and chickpea-and-mushroom ragout with grilled asparagus in a light herb sauce. I can see why the dense, lightly sweetened carrot-corn bread with carrot butter is popular with patrons. Though desserts made with tofu "are often like lead," according to Jennie, the chocolate-vanilla cake with raspberry filling and mocha icing is light and satisfying. There is a minimum of $38.88 for three dinners, each with a sixteen-ounce soup and sourdough bread, as well as a onetime $49 membership fee paid with your second order. Delivery is $6.50, and the service extends to Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Queens.

ORIGINALLY AN ALL-ORGANIC DELIVERY company, **Herban Kitchen** (290 Hudson Street; 627-2257) followed the advice of its devotees and opened a restaurant in 1994, six months after the service had started. No wonder the creative food (all still available for delivery in Manhattan, although not through a meal plan) and the solicitous co-owners—Adam Ruderman and chef Jeanette Maier—inspire a loyal following. Seductive starters include velvety baby greens topped with sheep's-milk cheese, and sourdough bread with portobello-mushroom-lentil pâté (the latter is served in-house only). The "Un-Fried" line of chicken and potatoes—flavored and coated with copious amounts of herbs and spices—tastes like good fried food, plain and simple. My dinner companion gives the meal his highest accolade: "I feel like I'm eating junk food." Herban

Kitchen specializes in handling individual dietary needs, including those of "fat-phobics brainwashed into thinking they should eat fat-free food," says Ruderman. This health food doesn't always successfully transcend its genre—to me, the popular jam-dot cookie, for example, tastes suspiciously like a Nature Valley granola bar. But the meals are satisfying, if not as uniformly low-fat as some of the other services'. Selections range from $5 to $20. Delivery—available for dinners only—is free within a fifteen-block radius, $5 anywhere else in Manhattan up to 96th Street.

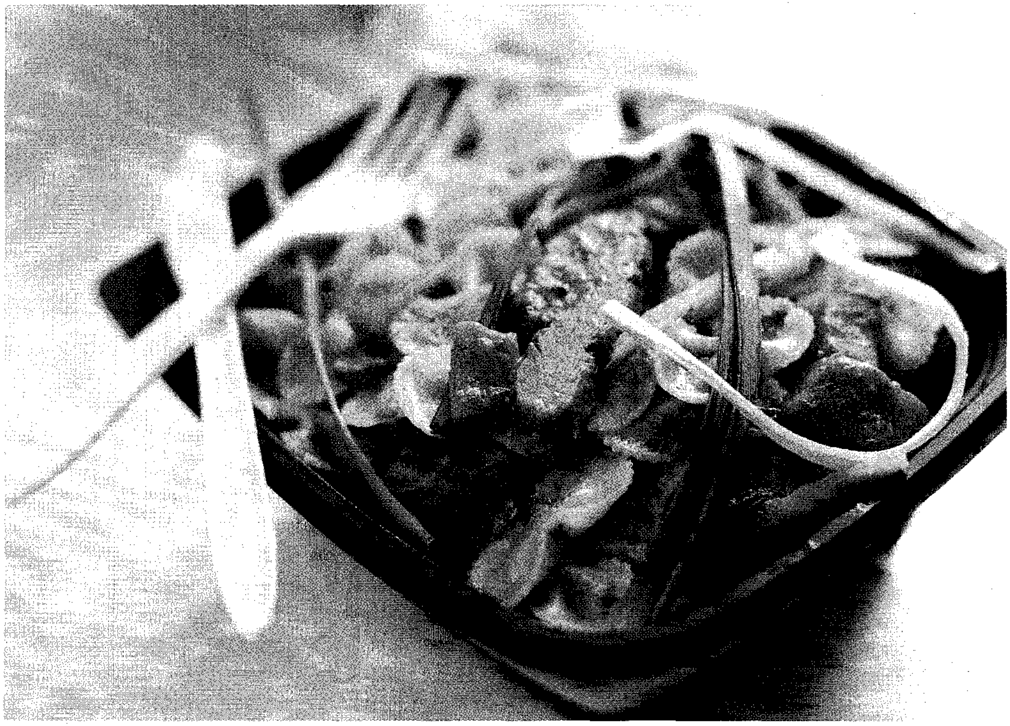
Have It Our Way

● Thali (28 Greenwich Avenue; 367-7411) does not believe in confusing its customers with choices. The one-year-old dirt-cheap delivery service ($6 per lunch; $10 per dinner) and tiny sliver of a restaurant serves everyone the same thali, or tray: one daal (or lentil soup), one appetizer, two vegetables (perhaps Chinese okra, arvi, lotus flower, or bitter gourd), rice, roti bread, mango chutney for dipping, and a dessert. "All my thalis come back clean," boasts co-owner Kumi Kalantri. Thali works with several chefs from different regions of India. The food is low-fat, but the portions are huge. The minimum order is $42 for seven lunches. Delivery in Manhattan up to 86th Street is free. K.A.

Gourmet the Natural Way (306 RUMSEY Road, Yonkers; 888-834-6880), a four-year-old organic, vegan service, offers exceptional value and eclectic dishes, delivering all over Westchester as well as to Manhattan, the Bronx, southern Connecticut, and northern New Jersey. Gourmet goes one better than the jam dot, offering a moist carrot cake with coconut-cream-and-soy-milk icing and a kiwi-blueberry fruit tart with a creamy tofu-almond filling. Owner Liz Mantione learned to make dishes like hearty Tunisian couscous and creamy eggplant moussaka by studying with Middle Eastern chefs while traveling through Saudi Arabia. Mantione works some magic to make tofu taste like cheese—as in her eggplant rollatine and desserts like the fruit tart. Gourmet the Natural Way changes its menu every week and offers five dinner entrées, three lunch entrées, a dessert, and a muffin, plus organic free-range chicken, and tailors to individual needs too. There is a minimum of $38 for three dinners with soup and salad. Delivery is $6.50 in Westchester and the Bronx, $7.50 in Manhattan, $8.50 in Nassau County, and $9 in southern Connecticut and northern New Jersey.

THE LESS-POLISHED **Healthy Gourmet-to-Go, Inc.** (101 West 12th Street; 627-0466), an organic, vegan service in Manhattan, tends toward the lumpy and macrobiotic. Handwritten labels on each dish—and low prices—reinforce the homey feel. The red-bean burger with spicy apricot ketchup is a zesty blend of kidney, cranberry, and adzuki beans, served with round lavender-roasted potatoes. The miso soup features large chunks of tofu, carrots, onions, and parsnips. But the salad of sticky brown rice, olives, and sun-dried tomatoes with a side of tempeh sausages has the consistency of Play-Doh. There's a minimum of $39.50, including tax and delivery, for three meals with soup, salad, appetizer, or dessert. Delivery is $2 for Manhattan above 80th Street and Brooklyn.

FINALLY: IT'S WORTH TACKLING THE LANguage barrier to order from **Bachue** (36 West 21st Street; 229-0870). A five-year-old restaurant and twelve-year-old delivery service run by a group of Colombians, it prepares some of the most inventive, mainly organic, vegan meals around. I bring Julie, a vegan, and Raj, a vegetarian, for a tasting at the 45-seat restaurant, which has vivid portraits of nudes hanging on its brick walls. We start with a quirky Adventures From the Sea salad, which blends different types of seaweed. Cold soba noodles with spicy peanut sauce are lightened with tahini. The dull-gray wheat gluten with red-wine sauce, capers, and red pepper tastes a lot better than it looks. "Fake meat things can be super-chewy, but this is tender," Raj comments. By the time I'm finished, Raj is still stubbornly planted in front of a stuffed acorn squash, and Julie is concentrating on the last of a mixed-fruit tart with a walnut-kiwi-and-maple-syrup filling. Bachue offers one special entrée and a macrobiotic platter for home delivery in addition to all the items on its menu ($6 to 10 for lunch entrées, $7 to $11 for dinner). It allows comparable substitutions for soup, salad, and dessert. There's a minimum of $19.50 for one dinner with a sixteen-ounce soup, a choice of four salads, an entrée, and dessert. Delivery is free from 14th to 34th Street, $3 elsewhere in Manhattan. ■

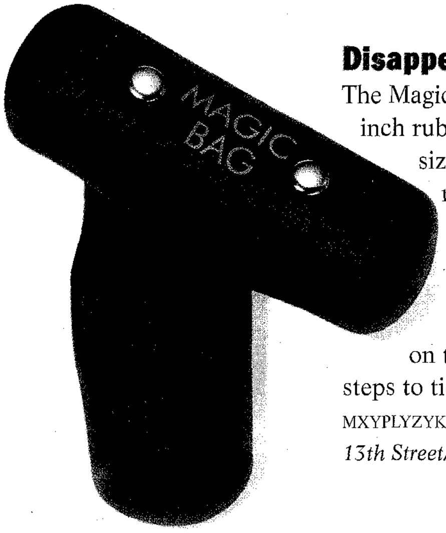


PASTA PERFECT: Healthy Home Cooking's farfalle with red-pepper pesto, seitan, leeks, and fennel.

BEST BETS

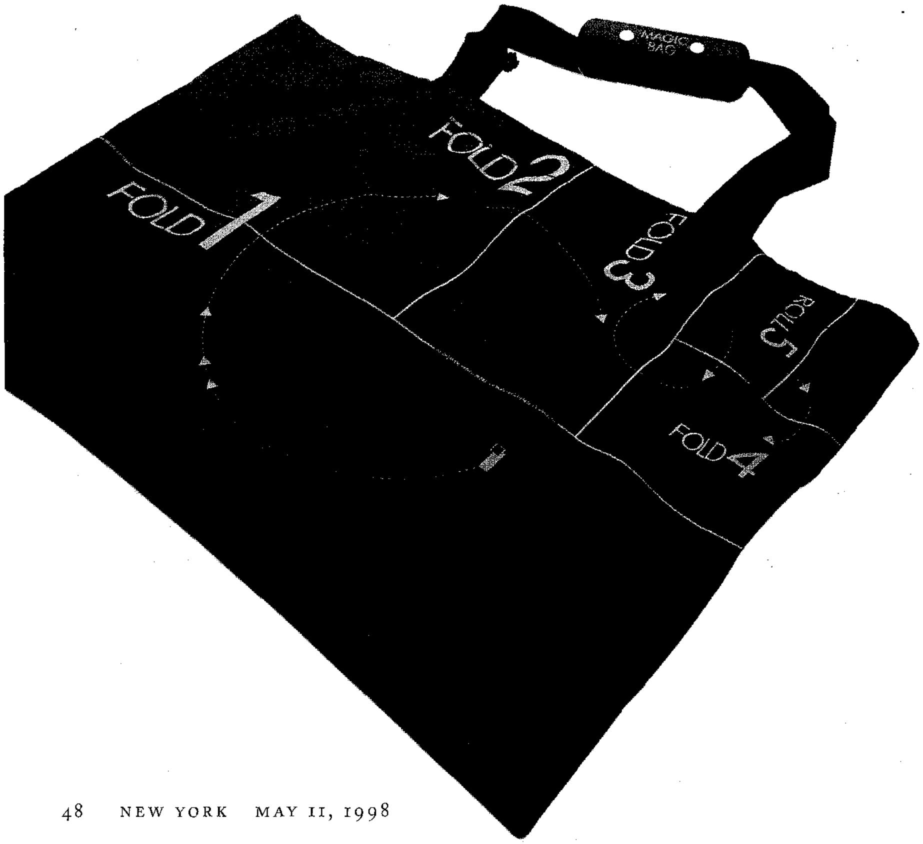
The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



Disappearing Act

The Magic Bag emerges out of its four-inch rubber handle to become a full-size nylon tote. But unlike those raincoats you're supposed to fold into their own itty-bitty pockets, it won't wind up a lumpish mess when you attempt to put it back. Printed on the tote itself are the five steps to tidy re-shrinking ($9.95). MXYPLYZYK/*125 Greenwich Avenue, near 13th Street/989-4300*

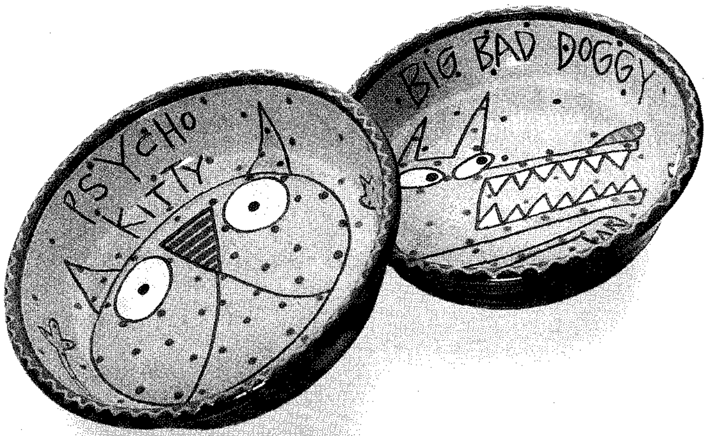


Small-Minded

One could get very long-winded talking about Susan Lane's new shop, Bu and the Duck (pet names for her daughter and son): about the Raggedy Ann dolls in handmade outfits, the Italian suede sandals for tots, the swell hats, the vintage toys and children's furniture, and—yes—the pretty dresses for infants to 4-year-olds. Though Lane's fashion credentials include Esprit and British Khaki, she's been designing kids' wear (much of it inspired by the thirties) for the past year. An aficionado of crocheting and silk, Lane often mixes the two and she uses silk for everything—rompers, shirts, and dresses ("It washes so well and looks so great wrinkled"). Eventually, Lane and her partner, James Shan (formerly in the garment industry), plan to manufacture vintage-inspired children's furniture. (From $30 for cotton-flannel pants to $62 for suede sandals to $80 for a silk-and-crochet dress to $210 for a hand-crocheted cotton blanket.)

BU AND THE DUCK/*106 Franklin Street/431-9226*

Photographs: clockwise from top right: Nedjaliko Matura; Steve Wisbauer; Steve Wisbauer (3); Kenneth Chen; Steve Wisbauer.



Monster Mash

Talk to most dog and cat owners and they'll tell you they're the proud possessors of near-perfect animals. But for those who have not lucked out in the feline and canine personality department, Karen Pritchett and Todd Shelby of Animalia (a small New Mexican ceramics company) have created lead-free ceramic cat and dog bowls dedicated to troublesome pets ($60).

HOSHONI/*309 East 9th Street/674-3120.*

Wrap Artist

The exceptionally clued in know how to wrap and tie a pareo sleekly; the rest of us end up with unsightly bulges on stomach, hip, or butt. To alleviate our ineptness, Ann Ross of Leggiadro—a posh little accessories shop—has designed a preshaped version that slips on like a skirt and ties at the waist. Ross does handkerchief-hemmed mini-, knee-, and ankle-length versions, and she does them in sunny Supplex or cotton voiles ($130 and $140).

LEGGIADRO/*700 Madison Avenue, near 62nd Street/753-5050*

Jet Sitter

John Eaton travels incessantly, most recently circling the globe in two weeks to find choice stuff for Geomancy, his shoebox of a store. And, like a nomad, Eaton is passionate about portability. A case in point is his Kuba seats, which are so adaptable they'll serve time in every room of the house. The metal frames are made in New York; the appliquéd woven-raffia Kuba fabric is from Congo. Since Eaton uses one piece of cloth to cover four stools, there's a neat play of pattern throughout each foursome ($275 apiece).

GEOMANCY/*337 East 9th Street/777-2733*

SALES & BARGAINS **ONDINE COHANE**

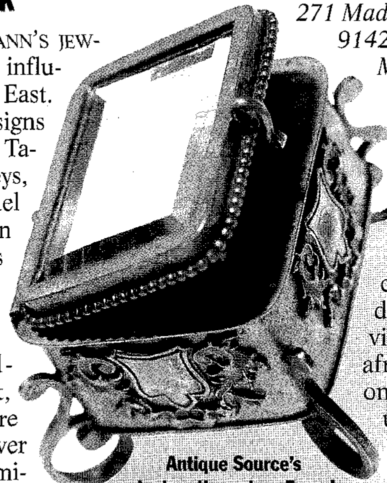
Mother Lode

Mom's Day *shopping, S&B–style: Hermès's classic accessories, Susan Ciminelli's pampering—and hey, for a real treat,* **take her to the dentist.**

HERMÈS—YES, YOU READ CORRECTLY—is having a first-of-its-kind sale. Men's and women's jackets, were $2,100, now $400; women's shoes, were $550, now $100; men's shoes, were $675, now $150; bathing suits, were $350, now $50; gloves, were $450, now $50. What more could you want? *The Millennium, 145 W. 44th St., eighth floor (800-441-4488); A.E., M.C., V.; Thurs.–Tues. 10–6, Sun. 12–6; 5/7–5/12.*

The Asia Desk

KATRIN ZIMMERMANN'S JEWELRY is strongly influenced by the Far East. Her Ex Ovo designs sell at places like Takashimaya, Barneys, and Henri Bendel and have been featured in tons of fashion magazines. At her trunk show: sterling-silver-and-ebony bracelet, retail $1,200, here $960; sterling-silver rings with semiprecious stones, retail $190–$220, here $135–$171; stackable wooden bangles, retail $30–$65, here $15–$40. *Atmosphere Gallery, 81 Greene St. (343-9115); A.E., M.C., V.; Fri.–Sat. 11-6:30; 5/8–5/9.*



Antique Source's nineteenth-century French baubles (above); Ex Ovo's decidedly more modern bangles (below).

Dressing Room

BILL BLASS, CHANEL, HALSTON, PUCCI, VERSACE, and Gucci are just a few of the designers whose clothing will be featured at this Phillips auction. With estimates like $800 to $1,000 for a Versace couture strapless dress and $700 to $900 for a Halston "cloud" dress, we don't know what bargains—or bidding wars—will be had. *Phillips New York, 406 East 79th St. (800-825-2781); Tues. 2:30; M.C., V., checks; 5/5.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Our Source Says

ANTIQUE SOURCE USUALLY SELLS ITS UNIQUE objects at major antiques fairs open to the trade only. A large selection of jewelry, desk accessories, boxes, watches, and the like comes from the Victorian and Art Deco periods. Prices are now 10 to 50 percent off wholesale. *Antique Source, 271 Madison Ave., near 39th St. (681-9142); Mon.–Fri. 11–6; A.E., M.C., V., checks; 5/4–5/8.*

Two Heads Are Better

DENTAL CLEANING FOR two! Dr. Rob From, a personable dentist who specializes in cosmetic procedures (those of you who fear visits to the chair need not be afraid), is offering a two-for-one cleaning. So what would usually cost you $150 each, you now get for $75 a head. And those of you coming alone can get the cleaning for $112.50. *Dr. From, 315 W. 57th St., Suite 404 (957-6453); Tues. and Thurs. 8–5; Wed. 9–6; Fri. till 5; A.E., M.C., V., checks; 5/4–6/15.*

Gold-Plating

FOR A HUGE SELECTION OF tableware, Fishs Eddy has always been a first choice for selection and price. At its "gold rush" sale, expect 30 percent off all gold-banded plates, bowls, cups, saucers, and such as well as some logo plates (those of the Waldorf-Astoria and the Helmsley Palace, among others). Items that retailed for $1.95–$14 will now be $1.37–$9.80. *Fishs Eddy, 889 Broadway, at 19th St. (420-9020); 2176 Broadway, at 77th St. (873-8819); 41 Jobs Lane, Southampton (516-287-2993). Mon.–Sat. 10–9, Sun 11–8; A.E., M.C., V.; 5/4–5/10.*

Maternal Care

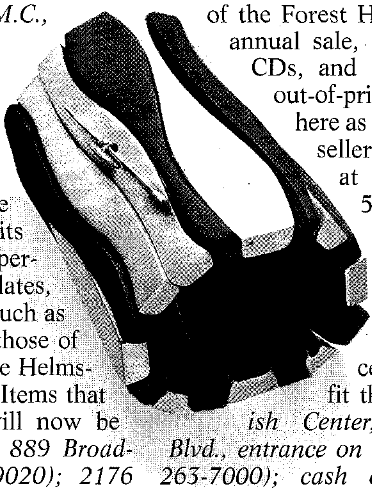
FOR A MOTHER'S DAY PRESENT THAT'S ALL about sybaritism, Susan Ciminelli's package (the certificate can be used for up to a year) includes a mineral-salt scrub, an aromatherapy facial and an hour-long massage, was $320, now $270. You also get a travel-size gift. *Susan Ciminelli Salon, Bergdorf Goodman, 754 Fifth Ave. near 58th St., ninth floor (872-2650); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 8–8, Sat. till 7; 5/4–5/10.*

Home Sweet Home

TRADITIONAL NEEDLEPOINT PILLOWS AND rugs, imported linens for the crib, and table linens are among the offerings of Katha Diddel's home collection. Small needlepoint pillows, retail $100, here $40; needlepoint rugs, retail $660–$8,000, here $200–$2,000; crib linens (five-piece set), retail $500, here $130; tablecloths, retail $150–$700, here $54–$260. *Delmonico Hotel, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (725-6045); checks accepted.; Tues.–Thurs. 9–7; 5/5–5/7.*

Volume Sales

THOUSANDS OF BOOKS LINE THE SHELVES of the Forest Hills Jewish Center's annual sale, as well as records, CDs, and videos. You'll find out-of-print and rare editions here as well as current bestsellers. Hardcovers start at $2; paperbacks, at 50 cents. At the bargain weekend (Saturday night and all day Sunday) everything will be cut an additional 50 percent. Proceeds benefit the Center. *The Jewish Center, 106-06 Queens Blvd., entrance on 69th Rd. (call 718-263-7000); cash only; Mon.–Thurs. 10–7, Sat. 9:30 P.M.–midnight (special $1 admission), Sun. 10–7; 5/4–5/10.* ■



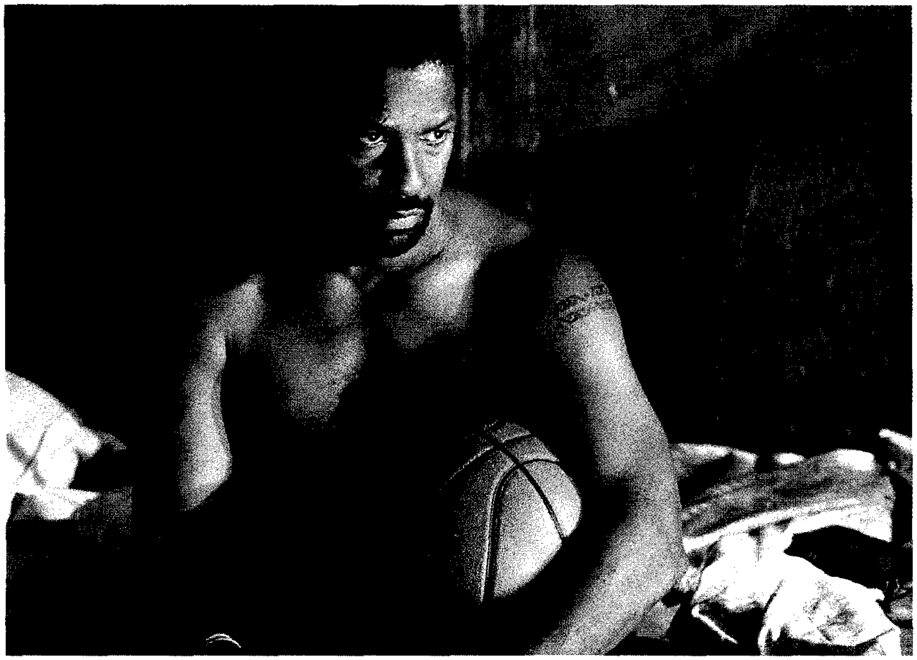
Photographs by Steve Wisbauer.

Katia
po eart. The frag that captures Katia.
KATIA
ilable at Target.

MOVIES **DAVID DENBY**

Goal Tending

In Spike Lee's 'He Got Game,' hoop dreams and the American dream are intertwined in a blistering morality tale about making the big score.



Time out: Jake Shuttlesworth (Denzel Washington) behind bars in Lee's *Game*.

SPIKE LEE'S AMBITIOUS NEW MOVIE, **He Got Game,** begins with a montage of basketballs slowly flying through the air and landing in the sweet embrace of hoop and net. The shooters, solitary teenagers, practice on outdoor courts all over America—in city playgrounds, in the suburbs, and in the country, too, with lush farms and fields in the background. The sequence is accompanied by Aaron Copland's music—Copland, the most American of American classical composers, whose work, with its mixture of hymns, homely western tunes, and pounding rhythms, seems at once pastoral and urban. Okay, we get Spike Lee's point: Basketball is now the American national game, the unifying sport. It is also a game that at the professional level has come to be dominated almost entirely by blacks, a game that increasingly seems an emanation of African-American style. (That opening montage pauses every once in a while for a close-up of a black basketball player staring proudly at the camera.) In *He Got Game,* Spike Lee celebrates basketball as the apotheosis of black-American glory without lying about the game's effect on the black community. The movie is startlingly candid. In the real world, removed from the idealism of lonely shooters, basketball is drenched in money, envy, and betrayal. The movie is a volatile combination of ambitious mythmaking and nasty reality, and like most of Spike Lee's work, it is also an inextricable combination of good and bad.

Lee, who also wrote the screenplay, has a slightly gimmicky story to tell. Jake Shuttlesworth (Denzel Washington), a man serving time in Attica for murder, receives a weeklong leave. The warden gives him a task: Jake has to persuade his own son, the star of Abraham Lincoln High School in Coney Island and the hottest prospect in the country, to accept an athletic scholarship from the alma mater of the governor. If he is successful, his prison time may be shortened. But the son hates Jake, a good athlete who failed to make the pros; Jake drove the boy too hard, and after one of their combative court sessions, a fight spilled into the kitchen, and Jake accidentally killed his wife. The center of the movie is a tug of war between a guilty father and a vengeful son who has lost his mother. But around this drama, Lee, in his abrupt, throw-everything-in-the-mix style, arrays the spectacle of enormous success in a poor and depressed neighborhood. Jake's son, a presumptive basketball millionaire, is leaving home, and people want to grab a piece of him—or pull him down.

The kid's name is Jesus Shuttlesworth, and he's a peculiar kind of American savior: He's going to succeed in order to redeem his fallen neighbors; he's going to play for everyone's sins. Spike Lee trained Ray Allen, the 22-year-old Milwaukee Bucks guard, to take on the role, and Allen, graceful and fast in the basketball scenes, gives a somberly effective minimalist performance. Jesus is a serious young winner, with the inflexibility and humorlessness of youth; his head is screwed on so tight he can see nothing but what's right in front of him—his career and his role as guardian of the kid sister left with him after his father was sent away. He's fanatically insistent on doing the right thing, and he regards his father as a destroyer and a loser. As Jake, Denzel Washington gives a confident and wide-ranging performance. In the flashback scenes, we see Jake's anger and frustration as he dominates the boy he knows is going to surpass him. (The only thing worse than a stage mother is a sports dad.) But after years in prison, he's a man who has mortified his instincts, and Washington is quiet, even abashed, his steps tentative, his body held in. His Jake doesn't want trouble, but he's hungry for any kind of love he can get. The prison officials (including a frighteningly unsympathetic Jim Brown) drop Jake in a Coney Island fleabag hotel, where he meets and sleeps with a beaten-up whore (Milla Jovovich). The scenes between Washington and Jovovich—not airborne this time, as she was in *The Fifth Element*—are about the most tender Spike Lee has ever filmed.

Jake approaches his son, tries to master him and can't. The father-son relationship—the missing connection in black life—has shown up in a number of recent movies, and although it has a slightly corny feeling

Photograph by David Lee/Touchstone Pictures.

FOOD*fight!*

Ok.
Fork it over.

REUBEN SANDWICH THE BRONX CHICKEN SOUP EGGS BENEDICT VICHYSSOISE CHICKEN DIVAN KNISHES THE GIBSON BAGELS BAKED ALASKA FROZEN CUSTARD THE MANHATTAN SELTZER IN A BLUE BOTTLE

TOOTSIE ROLLS BLACK & WHITE COOKIE LUCHOW'S MATZOH BALL SOUP LOBSTER NEWBERG

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3 ☐ Matzoh Ball Soup

D. CLASSIC ENTREES
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2 ☐ New York Strip Steak
3 ☐ Lobster Newberg

E. MOST MISSED RESTAURANT
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F. GOTHAM GOODIES
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G. LIQUID NIRVANA
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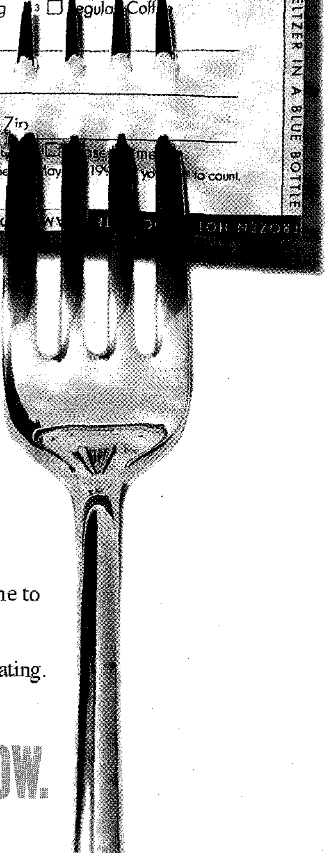
NEW YORK STRIP STEAK NEW YORK HOT DOG CLASSIC CHARLOTTE RUSSE EGG CREAM OWDER FROZEN HOT



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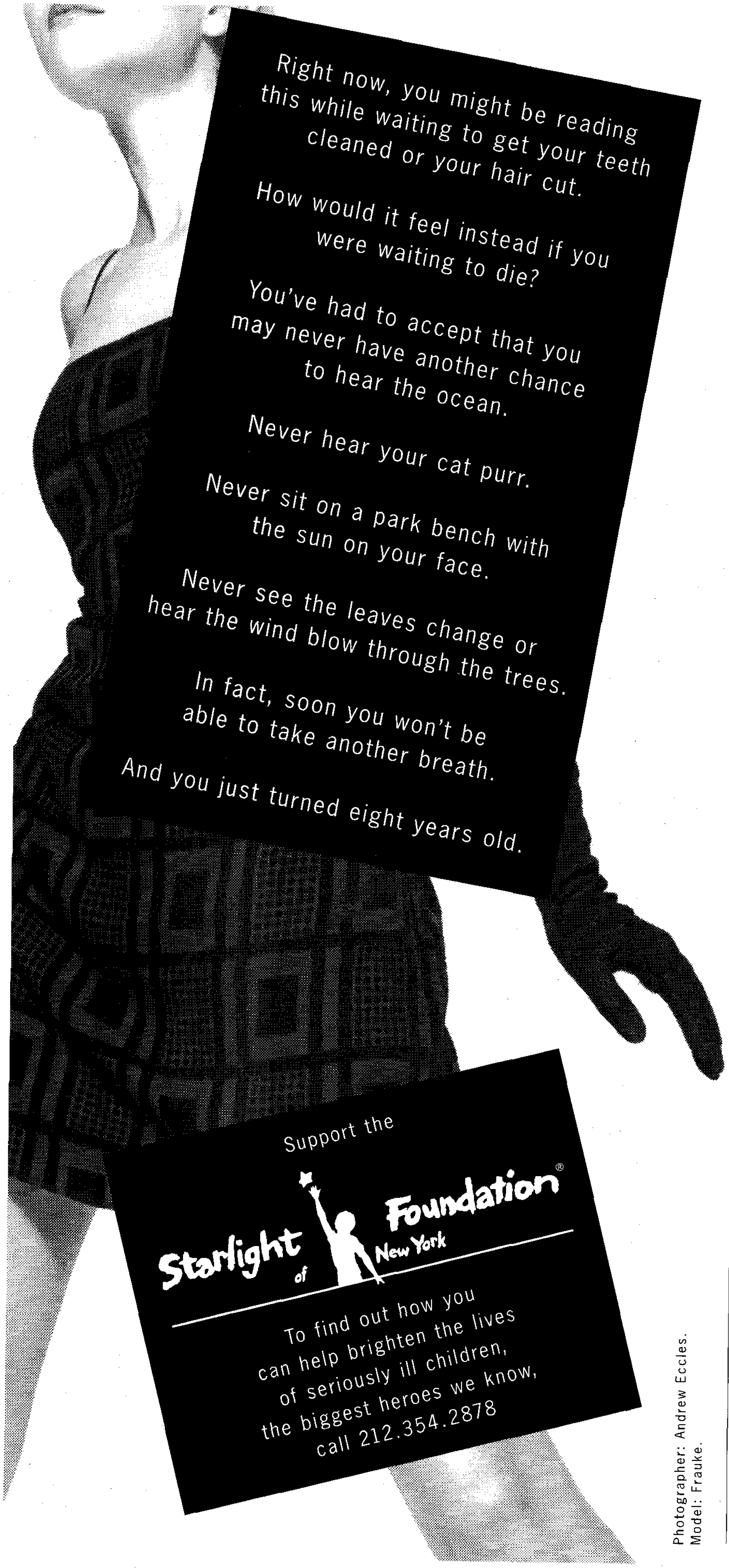
Right now, you might be reading this while waiting to get your teeth cleaned or your hair cut.

How would it feel instead if you were waiting to die?

You've had to accept that you may never have another chance to hear the ocean.

Never hear your cat purr.

Never sit on a park bench with the sun on your face.

Never see the leaves change or hear the wind blow through the trees.

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Photographer: Andrew Eccles.
Model: Frauke.

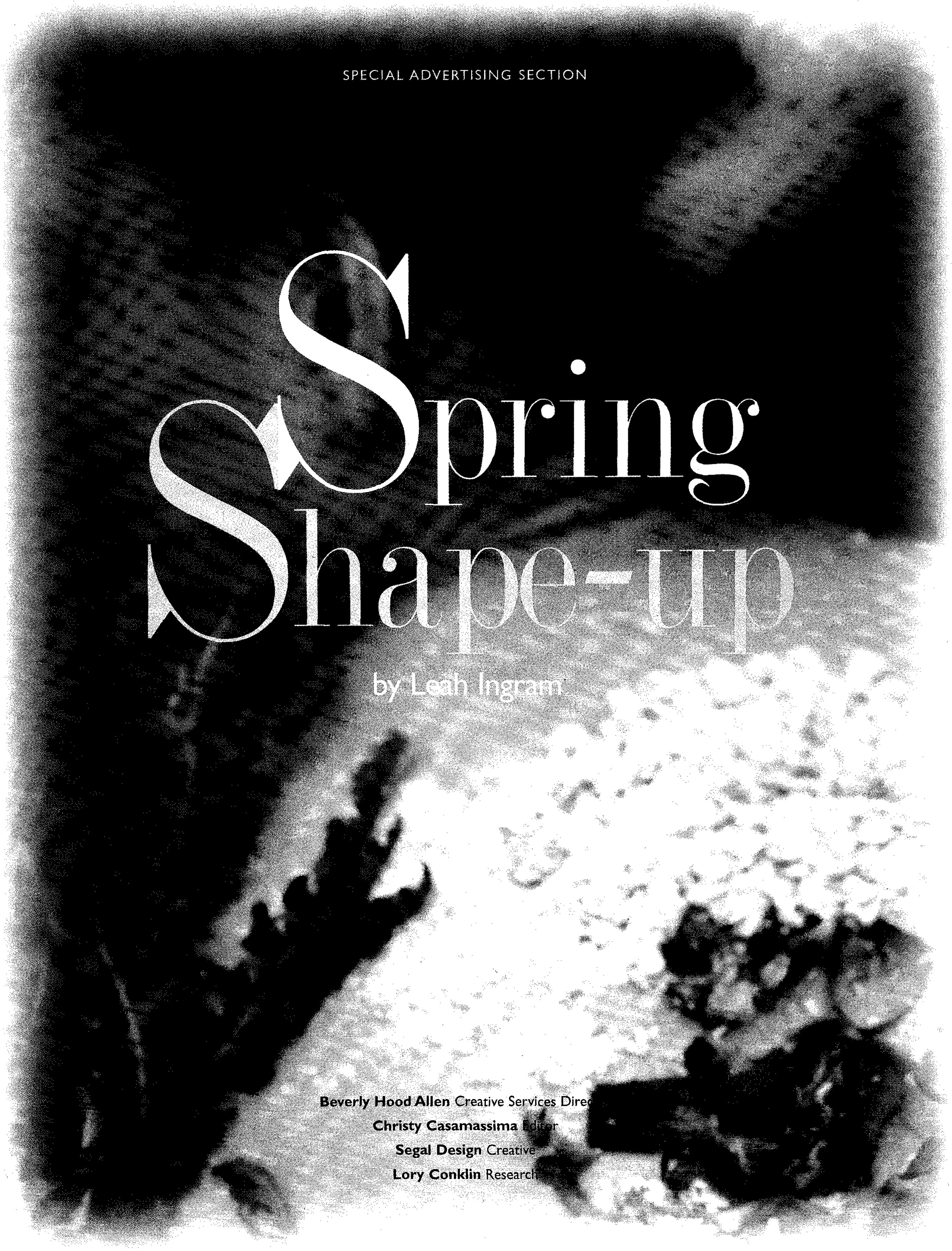
here, as of a thrice-told tale, at least it's strongly acted and brilliantly staged. The inevitable climactic game of one-on-one, with Copland's music throbbing under it, reverses the earlier father-son games. This time, Jake knows his son has to beat him if they are ever to have any kind of reconciliation.

At times, *He Got Game* has the feeling of a black morality play. More and more, Spike Lee exercises his citizenly function of telling the truth to the African-American audience, but always, of course, in his own style of flashing collage. He wants to get people to face things; he hardly ever lets up on his tense, aggressive, hectoring manner. Jesus Shuttlesworth is surrounded by people who try to cash in on him—not only his uncle but his girlfriend, his coach, a sports agent, all want a piece of the action. And other people want to pull him down. These creeps jump into a scene or two and recede. There is, for instance, an ambiguous local gangster who taunts Jesus with the dangers of drugs and whores, and Lee throws onto the screen little scenes of degraded people in crack dens. In his own antic way, Lee reinforces the disastrous impression among some black teens that they have no serious alternatives between overwhelming success as athletes and overwhelming catastrophe as crackheads.

Spike Lee is a very literal-minded moralist, and he's not above luridness. The hero has to face more temptations than the biblical Jesus did when he was under siege from Satan. In the movie's worst scenes, a sports agent rants on and on about money (his house has more fancy red cars than a Park Avenue showroom); later, Jesus goes off to look at a prospective university, only to be thrown by another black basketball player into bed with two sluttish blonde coeds. All the white college girls at this particular U appear to be pathetic whorish suck-ups, oohing and aahing over Jesus. Lee is offering some easy laughs to the black audiences here—the scenes are unworthy of him.

But just when the movie seems overwrought and cheap, something great will turn up—a series of straight-into-camera appearances by actual NBA and NCAA coaches, for instances. The men are so square that they are far out—obsessive, insanely emphatic, their faces contorted by the relentless desire to impose themselves on others. The comedy of pro basketball is produced by the big-money pressures and competition. The movie looks at all that with wary amazement, but Spike Lee knows there's no way of going back to the ecstasy of the single shooter, alone on his court somewhere in the city or way out in the country at dusk. ▬

David Denby's 1998 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com,** *along with movie news, a schedule of upcoming openings, and more.*



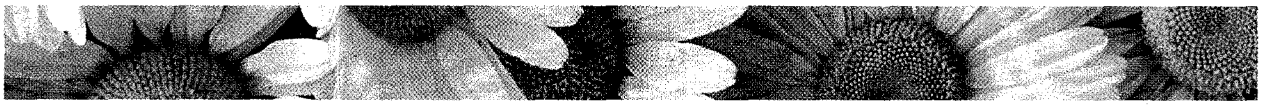
Spring Shape-up

by Leah Ingram

Beverly Hood Allen Creative Services Direc
Christy Casamassima Editor
Segal Design Creative
Lory Conklin Research

Spring
Shape-up

Time for rejuvenation.

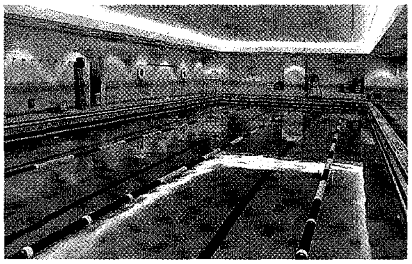


Nothing can make you panic more than watching the mercury rise and realizing that all winter long your skin and body have been neglected. With bathing suit season just around the corner, you'll need help fast to tone your thighs, flatten your stomach, and recontour your curves as well as smooth out any rough edges that winter weather may have left on your face and feet. To help you shape-up in a flash, we've chronicled some of the best spa treatments, health clubs, plastic surgeons, and other health and beauty wizards.

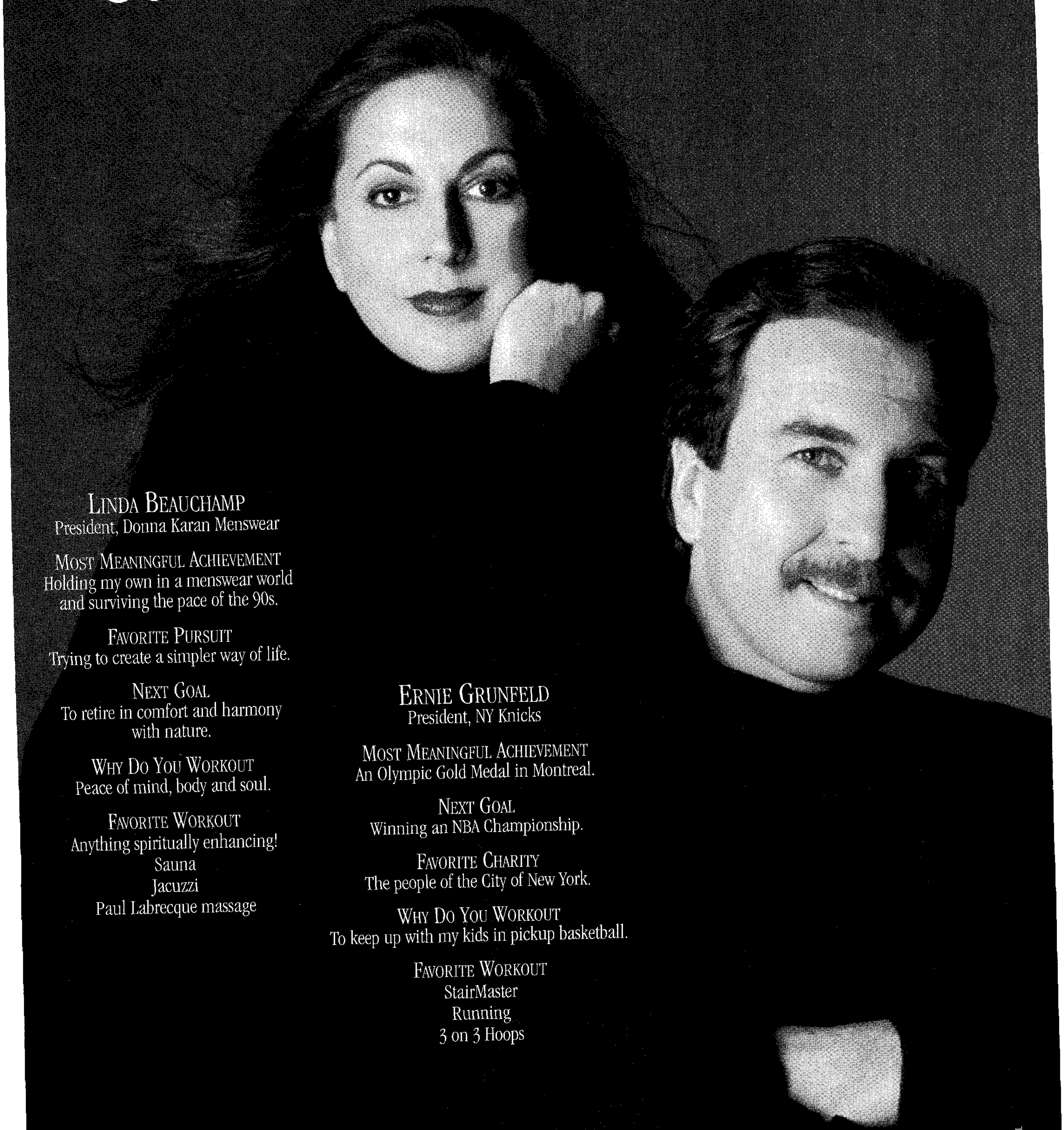
LET'S GET PHYSICAL

"There's a simple formula for losing weight: eat less and exercise," says Jason Barnette, fitness director at **Manhattan Plaza Health Club** (482 W. 43rd St., 563-7001), which has an outdoor pool, a tennis and racquet club, and a rock climbing wall. Sounds easy enough, right? Well, unfortunately for many men and women, it isn't. "What happens is that people don't understand proper portions, so they eat more than they should," says Marie Elena Scioscia, M.S., a registered dietitian at Manhattan Plaza Health Club, with whom all members get a free consultation. In addition, many don't eat enough whole grains and cereals, protein, fruits, and vegetables. If your job requires that you attend power breakfasts, working lunches, and client dinners, you can still eat light and lose weight. "Remember, one serving of protein should be the size of a deck of cards," says Scioscia, who advises eating only half of what a restaurant serves.

Another problem is that people stop exercising too soon. "They get bored because no one is motivating them," says Jennie D'Arrigo, operations manager at **Reebok Sports Club/NY** (160 Columbus Ave., 362-6800), a 140,000-square-foot sports and fitness complex, "or the exercise program they've chosen isn't motivating enough." The key is finding a range of exercises you like to do so that when you grow bored with walks in the park, you can take a Spinning® class at your gym, or work out with a personal trainer. The Reebok Sports Club/NY offers all of this and more. Here, you can shoot hoops in the club's 9,600-square-foot gym, Rollerblade around the outdoor track three stories up (which offers awesome views of Broadway and Columbus Avenue), or get centered in a 60-minute Tai Chi class. Another way Reebok Sports Club/NY keeps clients motivated is through its Private Trainers System and six-week fat-loss program. "This program has been phenomenally successful," says D'Arrigo. It includes sessions with a certified personal trainer and a registered



REEBOK SPORTS CLUB/NY


TIMOTHY WHITE

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President, Donna Karan Menswear

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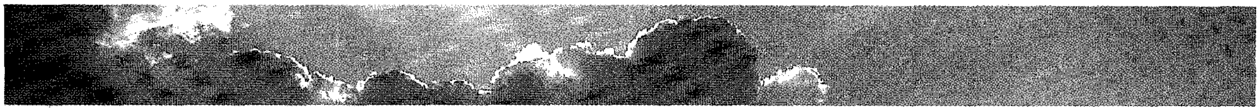
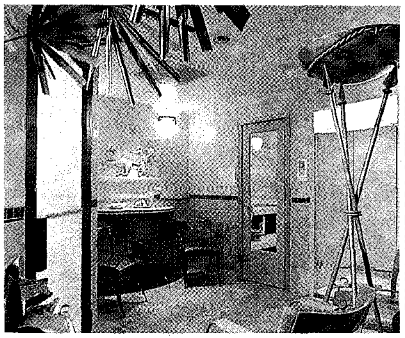


dietitian. “We’ve made the program easy to follow so you can get the results you want,” D’Arrigo adds, “whether that be getting ready for your summer share in the Hamptons or getting in shape for the rest of your life.”

Getting in shape forever doesn’t mean having to go to the gym all the time. “For good general fitness, all you need is three hours of exercise a week,” advises Ken Fitzgerald, owner of **Lift Gym** (139 E. 57th St., 688-3304). One of the 35 personal trainers at the Lift Gym can pump you up and slim you down with an every-other-day program of 20-30 minutes of muscle conditioning, 20-30 minutes of doing something cardiovascular and then 10 minutes of stretching. When the weather is nice, Fitzgerald suggests moving your workouts outdoors. “We have trainers who take their clients out for power walks in Central Park,” he says.

Uzi Shademan, spa director at **Park Avenue Spa & Fitness** at the **Swissôtel** (440 Park Ave. at 56th St. in The Drake, 756-3968), also believes in exercising outdoors whenever possible. “If you’re self-conscious about breaking a sweat in front of others, find a gym that offers an intimate, motivating setting, like Park Avenue Spa & Fitness. You can work one-on-one with a personal trainer and have no one else around you,” says Shademan. The staff here acts like a well-meaning mother. “If you miss a workout, we call and make sure you’re OK,” he says. They also do your laundry for you. “We put your clean gym clothes in your locker,” Shademan says. “That way you can’t say, “Oh, I forgot my gym bag, so I can’t work out today. Bottom line, start somewhere, be consistent, and you will really see results.”

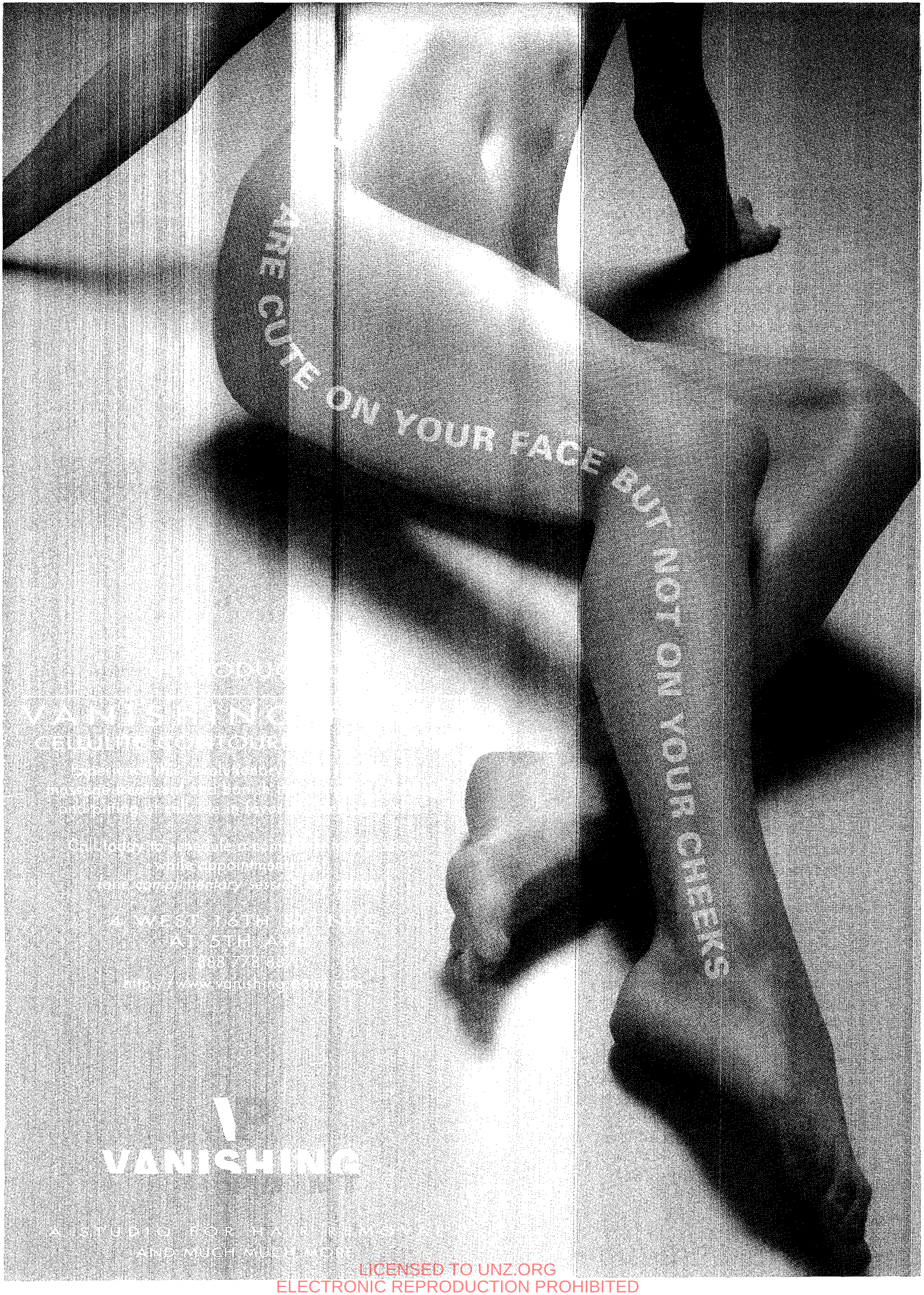
Good health means good smarts.



PARK AVENUE SPA & FITNESS

If you’re not big on joining a gym, check out **Hanson Fitness** (826 Broadway at 12th St., 982-2233; 63 Greene St., 431-7682), where you can get exercise â la carte. Hanson, located in two downtown lofts, doesn’t have a membership fee; you just buy blocks of sessions with a personal trainer as needed. “Someone who wants to spend six weeks getting in shape would buy 18 sessions, use them, and be done,” says owner Harry Hanson.

Here are two very effective weight-loss options: First, there’s Ruth Jefferies **Callanetics Studios of Manhattan** (Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St., Studio 832, 765-2900).This unusual form of exercise intensely works the deep muscles, trimming inches in places women tend to store fat. Combined with ballet-like and yoga stretching, it ensures no bulk. “Your waist and tummy come in, your breasts lift, and your saddle bags disappear,” says Jefferies. “People see results in as few as 10 classes.”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Get that inner glow.

BEAUTY INSIDE OUT

As you peel off your winter clothing, you may discover that your skin looks a little sallow. To rejuvenate, spend a day at **Millefleurs** (130 Franklin St., 966-3656), not just a spa but an entrance into the exotic, outfitted in alabaster and sheer linen. Here, you are transported back to an age where beauty was integral to lifestyle.

Millefleurs offers alternatives to revive winter-worn skin–from marine algaes to synergy creams and essentials oils. All aspects of the plant and flower kingdom are used to enhance and uplift the immune system, simultaneously promoting a radiant complexion. "We take into account the body's natural alchemy and its need to be accommodated seasonally," says spa director Gina Michael. Her global travels have inspired an intriguing Temple atmosphere and international beauty mystique. Among the spa's gems is the herbal mineral body wrap with 111 herbs and minerals, a great way to lose inches and release toxins, giving one an incredible lightness, while leaving the skin toned, silky smooth, and radiant. Their massages and facials are among the best in the city. Candle lit rooms and corridors welcome you even before the wonder of treatments begin. Among other treats offered at Millefleurs: tarot reading, yoga classes, acupuncture, Tai-Qi, Qi Gong, aromatic gifts to take home, belly dancing classes, and even henna tattoos applied by a traditional artist from North Africa.

Another great way to get your skin glowing is to exfoliate dead cells from the face and body with fruit enzyme peels, such as those offered at **Allana Day Spa & Laser Institute** (160 E. 56th St., 980-0216). "We use all natural products and techniques," says owner Alice P. Abernathy. The fruit peels, for example, are made with orange, banana, peach, cantaloupe, or mango, based on a client's skin type. "We've elevated skin care to a science and made facials an art form," Abernathy adds.

Lia Schorr Skin Care (686 Lexington Ave., 4th Fl., 486-9670) also recommends a fruit glycolic facial treatment, one of seven at her namesake spa. "It's a wonderful way to shed layers of skin that have been exposed to months of cold weather," says Schorr, who has been making New Yorkers beautiful for more than 30 years.

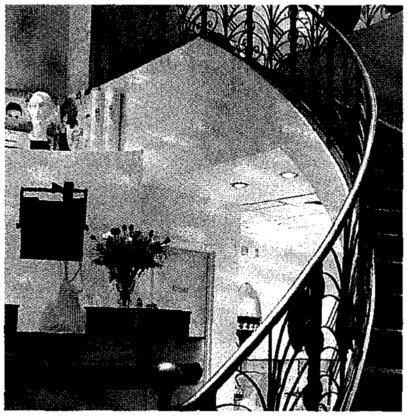
Also essential is a facial for your back, for both men and women, to get rid of impurities and blemishes. With summer's barely there fashions, you'll want your exposed areas looking great.

One of the best things about summer is shedding your socks and sporting sandals. “Everyone looks at your feet during the summer,” says Nicole Caruso, spa coordinator at **Frasada Salon & Day Spa** (301 Long Beach Rd., Oceanside, NY, 516-766-7076). “Of course, you'll want to start summer with a pedicure.” She recommends Frasada's Sea Scape pedicure, which includes a seaweed mask for your feet, alpha hydroxy acids to get rid of calluses, and a foot massage using ylang ylang, sandalwood, and coconut oils. For easy summer maintenance, spruce up your hair color with highlights and a new style.

THE MANE EVENT

Nothing seems more romantic than riding to the beach with the wind blowing through your hair. But for women and men with thin hair, the image of wind-blown hair is neither attractive nor idyllic. “Thin hair becomes a big issue in summer,” says Elline Surianello, president, founder, and a client of **LeMetric Hair Center** (124 E. 40th St., Ste. 601, 986-5620, 1-800-217-9052), which specializes in women's hair replacement systems. “*It's the most visual time of the year.* You spend a lot of time outside, and your hair has got to look good not just some of the time, but all of the time.”

“Women want flexibility and ease with



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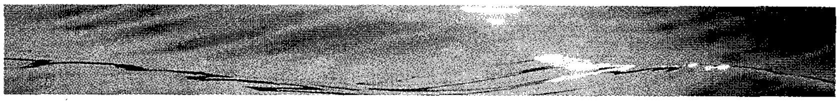
Spring Shape-up

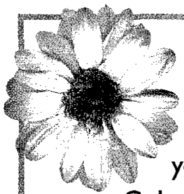


their hair during the summer," says Dino Dondiego, president and founder of **Sequence** (106 Grand Ave., Englewood, NJ, 1-888-BLEND-88), and also a licensed hairdresser for more than 23 years. Sequence blends thin hair with 100 percent human hair to add more balance and density. "Your hair will have more vibrancy, bounce, and will move around more easily after blending," Dondiego explains.

"For people who have thinning hair, every day is a bad hair day," says James Costa, inventor of the Microdot™ Processes (nine in all) used at **DonCosa Images** (475 Grand Ave., Englewood, NJ, 1-800-IMAGES-3). "We have non-surgical processes that take points of fixation of fine hair and blend human donor hair so that you have more volume, density, and length," says Costa, who stocks hair for women and men of all races. Best of all, the Microdot™ Processes last three years, so you'll look gorgeous through summer 2000!

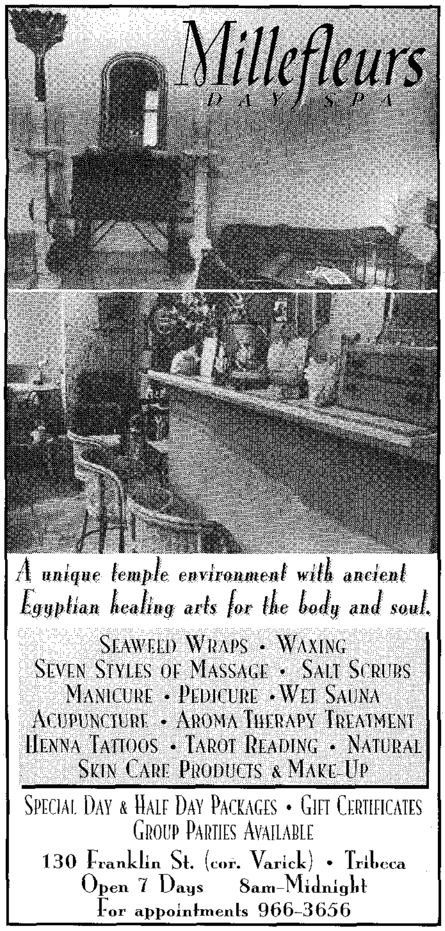
SUMMER RX

Everyone wants to look good in a bathing suit, yet diet and exercise by themselves often don't do enough to create the desired results. That's where a plastic or cosmetic surgeon can help. "Spring is the busiest time for plastic surgeons because people want to look their best for summer," says **George Lefkovits, M.D.** (9 E. 62nd St., 750-9494), a plastic surgeon who can remove bulges from all the places fat exists, like saddle bags, stomach, inner thighs, and knees. "The second most common procedure for summer is breast surgery," he says. "Often women seek breast augmentation and liposuction so they can fill out their top and trim their bottom." Dr. Lefkovits also has a large percentage of male patients who come in for a variety of procedures. He uses liposuction to trim overly feminized male breasts, love-handles and stomach rolls to get male patients ready for summer.



Smiley **Face**

"The first thing someone looks at when they meet you is your eyes. The second is your teeth," says Dr. Gabriel Golan, president of Teledontics, which runs the East Coast **1-800-DENTIST®**(1-800-336-8478). 1-800-DENTIST® has approximately 200 participating dentists in the New York area, many of whom offer cosmetic dentistry, such as teeth bleaching. So why not get your teeth in shape before you hit the beach? "You'll feel better about yourself with white teeth," Golan adds.



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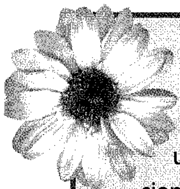

Fat Chance

It's always wise to be under a doctor's supervision while you lose weight. That's what **Paul Fox, M.D.** (17 E. 76th St., 717-4800) does. He's a Board Certified internist and cardiologist who specializes in medically-controlled weight loss. "With the combination of FDA approved medication and supervised exercise in our private gym," he says, "weight loss is achieved."

Rhoda S. Narins, M.D., a dermatologic cosmetic surgeon at **Dermatology Surgery and Laser Center** (1021 Park Ave., 348-1800; 222 Westchester Ave., White Plains, NY, 914-684-4000) also sees a fair share of male and female patients look to trim around the edges. "You have hereditary fat deposits that you can't get rid of even though you diet and exercise," she says. "That's what liposuction is made for." Dr. Narins believes that body contouring through liposuction is best for people in good shape or who are

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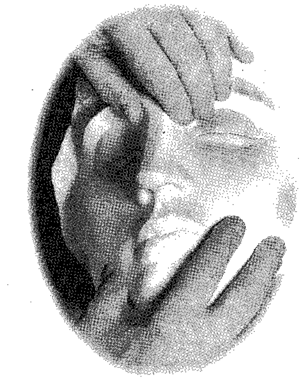

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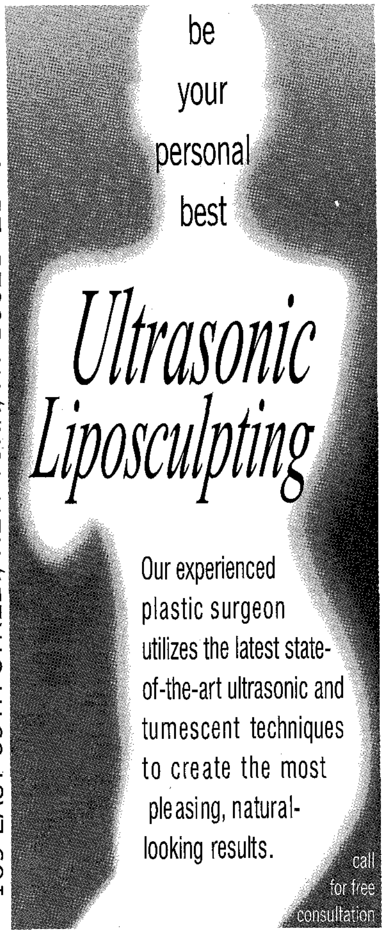

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Spring Shape-up

The **Eyes** Have It

You know to protect your skin from ultraviolet rays with sunscreen, but did you know that you should protect your eyes, too? Sunglasses should have an ultraviolet coating on them. "Ultraviolet light can cause eye disease and deterioration," says Ruth Domber, owner of **10/10 Optics** (168 Fifth Ave., 366-1010; 1010 Second Ave., 753-7733; 187-10 Union Tpke., Jamaica Estates, NY, 718-454-0770). During summer, you should also be concerned about how your glasses will hold up during your outdoor activities. Domber recommends getting glasses with polycarbonate lenses, which won't break, and silicone nose pads to prevent your glasses from sliding off a sweaty nose.

Hair Today, Gone Tomorrow

Many men and women favor waxing as a hair-removal technique because it allows them to go relatively hair-free for up to three weeks. However, others prefer more long-term solutions, like the Vanishing Point System at **Vanishing Point** (4 W. 16th St., 1-888-778-8870). Utilizing a hand-held device, similar to a bar code scanner, a technician shines an intense light at unwanted hair. This light releases a burst of energy that destroys the hair follicle, shaft, and root. Called photo-epilation, it used to be available at dermatologists' offices only. Most of Vanishing Point's technicians are nurses, and the office is under a doctor's supervision. While you won't leave your appointment hairless–it takes about 10 days for the dead hair to fall out–you should be hair free after three or four treatments, with a touchup session needed only every 18 months.

only five to 20 pounds overweight. It is safe, painless, and done under local anesthesia. "It's not meant for weight loss or to treat obesity," she says. Dr. Narins also offers laser resurfacing to get rid of wrinkles and acne scarring.

There are other schools of thought, however "I'm known for doing large volume liposuction, such as 25 pounds, as a way for people to jump-start their weight loss," says **Douglas Taranow, M.D.,** plastic surgeon at **Taranow Plastic Surgery** (169 E. 69th St., 772-2100). Studies have shown that people are born with a finite number of fat cells. Liposuction permanently removes those cells and helps you get on your way to a new, slimmer you.

Stanley Taub, M.D. (737 Park Ave., 628-8585) can work wonders as well. An award-winning sculptor and Board Certified plastic surgeon, he performs face, neck, and eyelid lifts, as well as liposuction, body contouring, and breast reshaping.

Patients are also pleased with the work of **Eli Milch, M.D.,** a Board Certified plastic surgeon at **Park East Plastic Surgery** (114 E. 71st St., 988-2500). He specializes in tumescent liposuction, minimal incision breast augmentation, nasal surgery, and face lifts.

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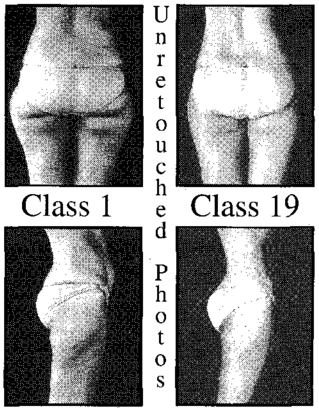

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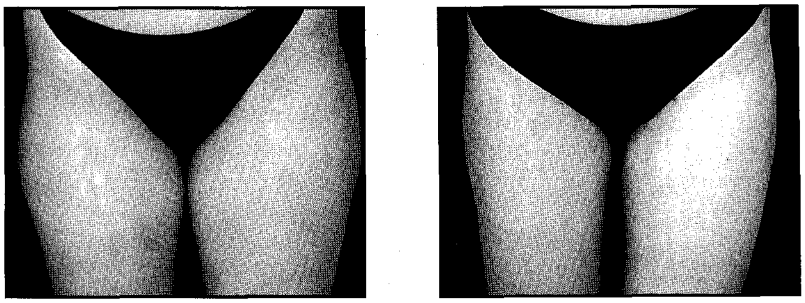

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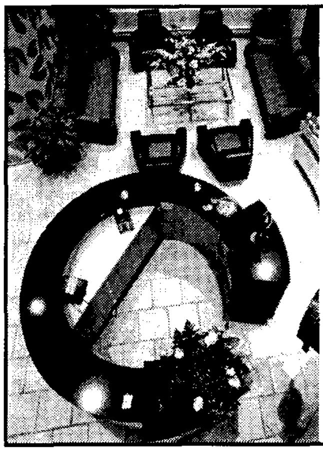

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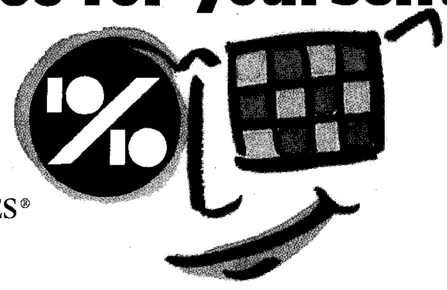

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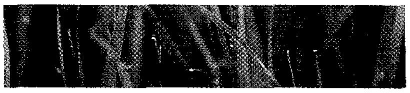

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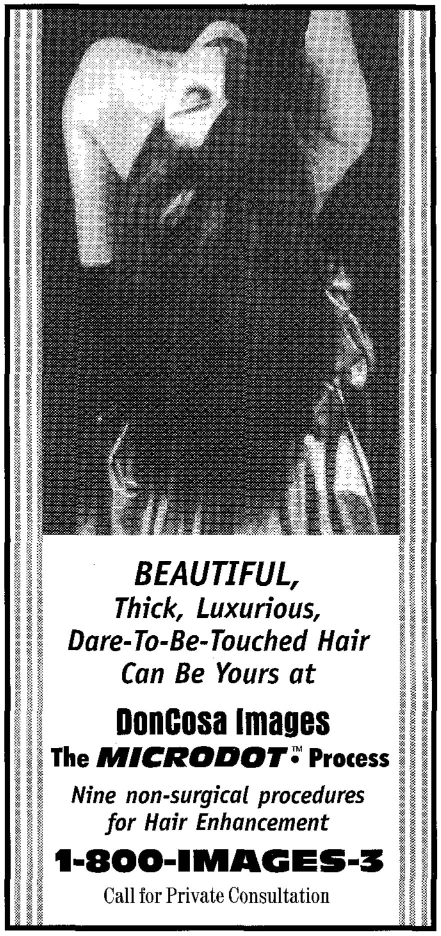

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A Kiss Before Dying

In 'The Judas Kiss,' a miscast Liam Neeson portrays Oscar Wilde's twilight reunion with his lover; 'High Society' is downwardly mobile.

THE EXQUISITE IRONY OF IT! A CENTURY AFTER his fall from grace into penal servitude, penniless exile, and premature death, Oscar Wilde is more famous and fêted than in all his years of glitter and glory. Does even a month go by without a new book, movie, or play about him, or at the very least an article of critical reappraisal? The man and his works, whom the powers that were and the public at large had condemned to instant oblivion, resurface to an insistent afterlife of endless fascination. Oscar has won; too bad he couldn't live to see it.

Among the latest tributes are the film *Wilde* and David Hare's play **The Judas Kiss,** the one rehearsing the known facts, the other trying to forge ahead. Hare invents what might have gone on at the Cadogan Hotel just before Wilde's arrest, about which a good deal is known. Also what happened in Naples—after Wilde's release and reunion with Lord Alfred Douglas (his beloved Bosie)—about which nothing very reliable is known. The play imagines what their last night and dawn together may have been.

Wilde at heart: Liam Neeson in *The Judas Kiss.*

Hare must be given credit for his omissions: He has resisted rehashing all those echoing epigrams, the stuff the cognoscenti never tire of rehearing and that reduces neophytes to helpless guffaws. As the play moves into its more revelatory second act in Italy, and Hare improvises even more freely than in the first, the end of the long affair comes into sardonic, often witty, and intermittently philosophical focus. There are some nice patches of dialogue, with Bosie acting the rather devious straight man to Oscar's now more subdued and rueful but still not unstinging sallies and wry reflections on the follies of the world and the frailty of relationships.

Act One, however familiar (even from John Betjeman's 1937 poem, which sums up the events in a mere 36 lines), manages at any rate a certain sense of urgency. Act Two has all the interesting ideas but remains static, despite some nude cavorting by Bosie with a young Neapolitan fisherman implausibly named Galileo. The able director, Richard Eyre, does his level best, but with Wilde mostly collapsed in an armchair, Galileo crouching befuddled on the bed, and Bosie scurrying skittishly but aimlessly about, things resist enlivening. It's all rather like a staged Socratic dialogue, only a little less platonic. Some of the facile jokes apropos Galileo ("See stars, did you?") and uncharacteristically raunchy lingo ("We can't live on cock!") may delight the groundlings, but are unworthy of Hare and Eyre, let alone Wilde.

Casting Liam Neeson as Wilde is a calamity. Though Oscar, by all accounts, was not effeminate, Neeson is too butch for a longshoreman. He is enormous, with a caveman's backward-sloping brow, a hawklike proboscis, and a lumbering walk. His voice is rough-hewn, often a growl; his attempt at a Wildean coiffure misfires and makes him look more like a Dutch burgher or Puritan divine. When he tries for the occasional airy flippancy or minuetish caper, he is best described by the Marquess of Queensberry's card deposited at Wilde's club: "posing as a sodomite."

Against this giant, tiny Tom Hollander's frizzy-haired pixie of a Douglas is equally wrong. Here the playwright, too, falsifies, substituting for the character's imperious rages and poseurish languors a sniveling, subaltern whininess. And I seriously doubt whether Robert Ross—Wilde's most solicitous friend—was as fussily schoolmarmish as the script, rather than the capable Peter Capaldi, makes him out to be.

There are moments when the acting—as often as not of such minor characters as a hotel employee amusingly embodied by Alex Walkinshaw—takes off and the dialogue provides something to bite into. Bob Crowley's sets, though more restrained than usual, are not without allure, especially as lighted by Mark Henderson. But sorely lacking for me is the drama so well anticipated by John Webster's lines: "Thou hast led me like an heathen sacrifice, / With music and the fatal pomp of flowers, / To mine eternal ruin."

Photograph by Ivan Kyncl.

AFTER SUFFERING THROUGH **High Society,** I wondered how far back one had to look for a like disaster. Actually, no further than *The Capeman.* There, too, an unpromising subject was tinkered and tinkered with, handed over to new directors and choreographers, leading to an end justified by any means, and by no means justifiable.

The problem is serendipity, which must never be toyed with. If something works so flawlessly as the beloved movie version of Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story,* which basked in the feeling of rightness down to the last detail, you had best leave it alone. The memory of Hepburn, Grant, Stewart, and the rest—impeccably cast and sailing at full tilt—will always defeat subsequent incarnations. Against the mere afterglow of Hepburn, even so beautiful a woman as Grace Kelly, so gifted an actress as Blythe Danner, have proved powerless. And Melissa Errico, despite some good points, is not in their league.

Cole Porter wrote only a few numbers for *High Society,* the movie-musical version of Barry's opus, which transposed the action from Philadelphia's Main Line to Newport's stately mansions. The current avatar, scripted by Arthur Kopit, transports it to Oyster Bay, although none of the actors can manage the Locust Valley lockjaw that could have made it funny. To eke out the minimal score (Grace Kelly couldn't sing), the Broadway musical draws on numbers from various Cole Porter shows. But three hurdles promptly spring up. First, some numbers are too well known in their original contexts; second, some are forgotten for good reason and do not justify reuse; third, all feel in their new surroundings like the guest lecturer at a nudist camp who strips naked only to confront a courteously fully clad audience.

Susan Birkenhead has come up with additional and even some new lyrics, but those, too, feel dragged in. So the heroine, Tracy Lord, must become Tracy Samantha Lord to accommodate the song (in this case unrevised) "Samantha," which sounds rather like naming a famous character Huckleberry Horatio Finn or Calamity Corinna Jane. Miss Birkenhead is not to blame, nor are Des McAnuff, who took over the direction from Christopher Renshaw, and Wayne Cilento, who refurbished Lar Lubovitch's choreography. Renshaw strikes me as a flash in the pan, and Lubovitch was simply the wrong choice. Even Loy Arcenas, the set designer, was miscast. A specialist in inexpensive, bare-bones scenery, he is not the man for elegance, to say nothing of sumptuousness. Howell Binkley gets a few nice light effects, and Jane Greenwood's costumes will do, though some who wear them seem ill at ease. That goes especially for that solid actor Daniel Gerroll, miscast as the father, Seth Lord, a thankless role for which he is much too young.

But back to Miss Errico, erroneously cast as the ice goddess with a heart of lust. The actress is superficially animated but cold underneath, the opposite of what is called for. As the debonair C. K. Dexter Haven, Daniel McDonald gives us a nice, all-American juvenile looking for his June Allyson. As the serious writer reluctantly reduced to society journalism, Stephen Bogardus suggests nothing so much as a purringly contented tabloid columnist. Mark Kudisch is a rather too muscle-bound George Kittredge, conveying not so much rise from the working class as an artistically shady background playing Gaston in *Beauty and the Beast.* In their supporting roles, Lisa Banes and Randy Graff do whatever is possible, and Anna Kendrick makes the precocious brat Dinah very nearly bearable.

I can think of only one reason for seeing *High Society,* a show in which the singing and dancing servants outclass the masters: John McMartin. This wonderful actor, often underrated and even maligned, does the aging satyr Uncle Willie with a poise, charm, physical agility, and verbal deftness (no one throws a throwaway line with such Frisbee-like perfection) to make all past and future Willies redundant. But even he is finally defeated by material whose frayed edges are as far from haute couture as from high society.

LITTLE NEED BE SAID ABOUT **Honour,** WHICH even with that added *u* remains infra dig and non-U. A pallidly contrived exercise in marital-infidelity comedy-drama, the Australian Joanna Murray-Smith's opuscule proves only that David Mamet dialogue is now being imitated even at the antipodes. Wasted are the considerable talents of Robert Foxworth, Laura Linney, and an auspicious newcomer, Enid Graham; and the even greater one of Jane Alexander, whose appeal not even years as a culture commissar in uncultured Washington have managed to dim.

Sad for Miss Alexander to choose *Honour* as her comeback vehicle. But few straight plays open on Broadway these days, and both actors and audiences are at the mercy of tasteless producers. *Honour* is written by someone capable of such solecisms as "knowing who each other used to be," a poor augury.

But dear Miss Murray-Smith wrote this in New York City while studying at Columbia University, presumably not English grammar. As an earnest of her cosmopolitanism we get such lines as "Every life has its tragedies, like the day Tina Brown took over *The New Yorker.*" I wonder how that played in Sydney. ■

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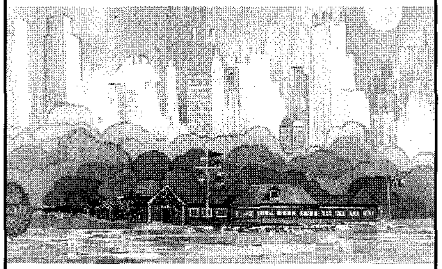

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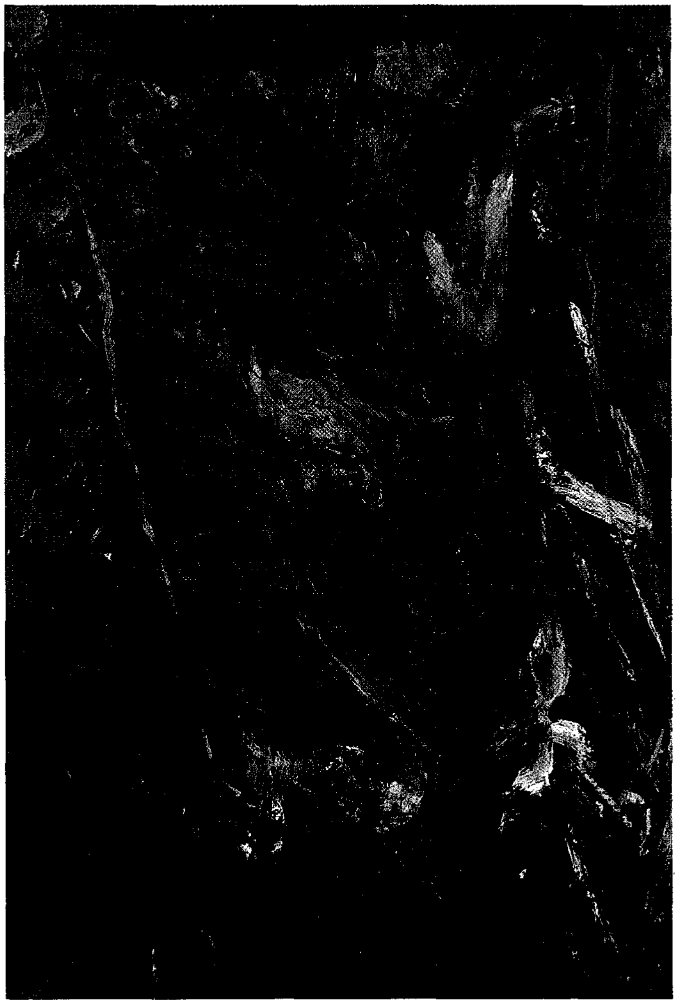
ART MARK STEVENS

Here's the Beef

At the Jewish Museum, the visceral paintings of Chaim Soutine, one of the century's essential outsiders.



Chaim Soutine's *The Beef* **(ca. 1925).**

Photograph courtesy of the Stedelijk Museum.

WHILE WALKING THROUGH A GALLERY, I once asked an artist with me to define her disappointment in some elegant landscapes. There was something hollow about them, she said, then added: "They don't seem necessary." Her observation haunted me as I went through the **Chaim Soutine** show that opened last week at the Jewish Museum. Few artists in this century have made work that looks so necessary. Each Soutine is an avowal as well as a picture; in this respect, his work resembles that of his masters, Rembrandt and Van Gogh. At the same time, Soutine's interest for us is not merely that of a *cri de coeur,* as it would be if he were just a passionate eccentric. Soutine also matters in a more emblematic sense—as one of those necessary figures who set modernity itself into stark relief.

Organized by Norman L. Kleeblatt and Kenneth E. Silver, this is the first museum exhibition of Soutine's art in New York since 1950. The show of 56 paintings is small by contemporary standards but includes characteristic examples taken from each of his major series: the Céret landscapes, the animal carcasses, the portraits of friends and uniformed servants. Instead of stressing chronology or theme, the curators emphasize the three main ways of regarding Soutine that have evolved during the course of this century. He was by turns a Jewish primitive, a master in the French tradition, and a "prophet" of Abstract Expressionism. This curatorial approach can be awkward—many pictures fit all three categories—but it has the important advantage of stressing the wide-ranging role that Soutine plays in the modern mind.

The tenth of eleven children, Soutine (1893–1943) grew up in a small shtetl not far from Minsk. His family was impoverished and his childhood miserable. He received little encouragement as a young artist; indeed, a religious distrust of the visual in his community led to constant criticism and, on one occasion, to a severe beating. Not surprisingly, Soutine fled the shtetl, eventually settling in Paris in 1913. In many ways, his art represents a violent rebellion against the culture of his childhood. Yet it also reflects the intense emotional fervor that was one characteristic of Jewish culture in Eastern Europe. Extremes of feeling rarely have much shading: It is part of Soutine's genius, however, to have infused his heated art with such ambivalence. He himself was aware of this, telling his biographer, "Once I saw the village butcher slice the neck of a bird and drain the blood out of it. I wanted to cry out, but his joyful expression caught the sound in my throat." Soutine then patted his own throat, according to the biographer, and said, "This cry, I always feel it in there."

Soutine tried always to "liberate" that cry, he said, whether the subject was a person or a beef carcass. In a small picture of a girl clutching a doll, for example, he can convey a powerful sensation of inchoate longing; even the girl's doll seems wrapped up, mummified. And no pictures of dead animals, of course, are more alive than those by Soutine. In Rembrandt's great depiction of a beef carcass, which inspired Soutine, the animal is turned to one side. But Soutine unflinchingly confronts the splayed carcass dead-on. Here is a revelatory image of the twentieth century, one that conveys a shattering vulnerability. (The carcass could almost be a bloody heart torn from a chest.) In the *(continued on page 74)*

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Borscht Belters

The Met's new guest conductor, Valery Gergiev, is already the toast of the town, but his visiting Kirov Opera turns out to be a mixed bag.

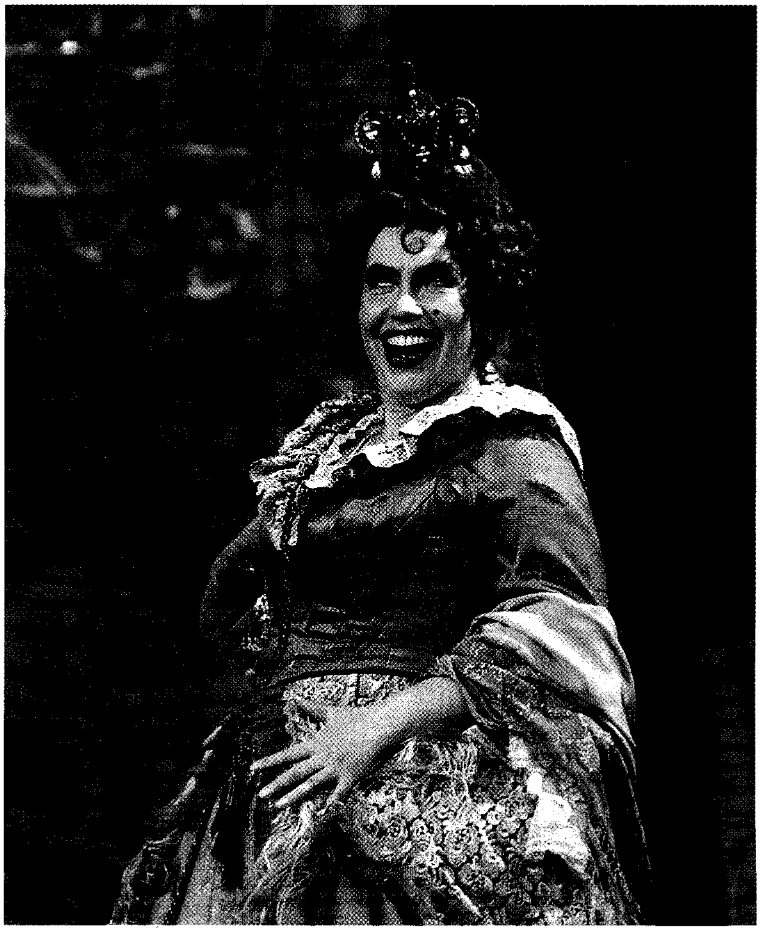
THE METROPOLITAN OPERA'S LOVE AFFAIR WITH **Valery Gergiev** has now, it seems, reached high noon. A week before the Russian maestro's current visit to New York with his Kirov Opera, the Sunday supplements were awash in Gergieviana, and each article made his most-favored status as the Met's newly appointed principal guest conductor abundantly clear. And why not? No other podium personality today generates a comparable aura of tantalizing mystery, the sort of magnetism that conductors of yore exuded the moment they came into view. Like those high priests, Gergiev and his mesmerizing powers elude precise analysis. Even wondering American journalists were at a loss to explain exactly what it is that makes him so special or the most charismatic figure to emerge from St. Petersburg since Rasputin.

That said, the Met has apparently found several weeks of unfamiliar Russian opera a bit of a hard sell—even Gergiev's potent powers could not guarantee full houses for a repertory of Glinka's *Ruslan and Lyudmila,* Borodin's *Prince Igor,* Tchaikovsky's *Mazeppa,* and Prokofiev's *Betrothal in a Monastery.* Some of us, though, were eagerly anticipating all four, important works scarcely known here and unlikely ever to be staged by the Met itself. Beyond that, there was an opportunity to experience the Kirov up close and in depth. The report at midpoint is mixed, but a company that can triple-cast opera productions with ease is not to be lightly dismissed, further testimony to Gergiev's ability to create communities and command loyalties in an art form that long ago lost its sense of national identity.

After a lengthy and rather leaden opening-night "gala," the Kirov unveiled a new production of *Prince Igor* that turned out to be a weak calling card. If any opera mandates old-fashioned pageantry, it is this sprawling epic of ancient Russia, basically a concert in costume that can be grand fun when presented in style, even if the action never makes much sense. This Igor frankly looks appalling. Yuri Kharikov's sets and costumes, mostly Mylar, evoke the cheap glittery spectacles one used to see at the Ice Follies circa 1950, and Georgi Isaakian's traffic-cop stage direction is not much more inventive. Great voices to sing Borodin's luscious tunes would have helped, but Galina Gorchakova's soprano sounded worn and colorless in Yaroslavna's laments, Nikolai Putilin's rough-edged baritone drained Igor of his heroic vigor, Yuri Marusin's in-and-out tenor did no favors for the lovelorn Vladimir's music, and Vladimir Vaneev's drab Khan Konchak lacked both suave menace and low notes. Only Larissa Diadkova's sensuously sung Konchakovna was a consistent pleasure.

After this depressingly provincial exercise, the Kirov's sophisticated production of *Betrothal in a Monastery* came as almost a shock. Some Prokofiev specialists maintain that this adaptation of Sheridan's *The Duenna* is the composer's finest opera, and after seeing the work so wittily presented I'm inclined to agree. Written during the early forties, around the time of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Cinderella,* the score shares the grace and bittersweet lyricism of those two great ballets along with their harmonic pungency and rhythmic élan. Alla Kozhenkova's sets are a delicious fantasia of Spanish motifs, dominated by a huge fan at the rear that occasionally rises and falls as if in loving benediction on all the frantic intrigues that make up Vladislav Pazi's brilliantly observed direction. Diadkova is again the vocal standout, and she proves herself a comic actress of considerable resource. But then, all the voices respond eagerly and expertly to Prokofiev's inviting vocal lines, while Gergiev and his orchestra positively scintillate. More about the Kirov next week.

THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC'S WEEKLONG **Variations on a British Theme** celebration unfortunately coincided with the



The Kirov Opera's Larissa Diadkova as Margaret in Prokofiev's *Betrothal in a Monastery.*

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

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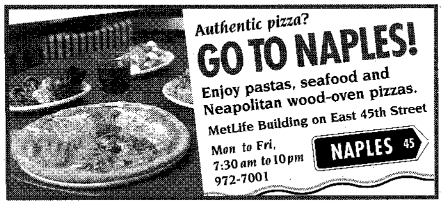

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Kirov visit, but those who cared could catch the final event, an afternoon concert of chamber music featuring recent works by English composers. Right now, the contemporary-music scene in Britain is lively, diverse, and much discussed—if only it were possible to say the same about new-music trends here, despite our composers' desperate attempts to be accessible at all costs. Two young British talents are riding especially high at the moment: Thomas Adès, only 27 and already proclaimed England's most versatile and precocious composer since Benjamin Britten; and Mark-Anthony Turnadge, who is eleven years older than Adès and whose works are mainly characterized by their confrontational, in-your-face ferocity.

It therefore came as no surprise to find Turnadge addressing the subject of murder in his 30-minute monodrama *Twice Through the Heart,* reflections from a woman who has killed her husband after long periods of violent abuse. Turnadge embroiders Jackie Kay's unflinchingly direct text with a declamatory vocal line that is musically involving, emotionally true, and lyrically expressive, effectively bolstered by a battering accompaniment that shows a keen ear for instrumental color and dramatic pacing. It's a powerful piece, and Mary Phillips gave a riveting account of it. After hearing a dozen or so scores by Adès, I find the praise lavished on him back home rather extravagant, even if his compositional talent is undeniable. The prodigy himself was on hand to play his cleverly spaced-out piano piece, *Traced Overhead,* and the terse *Concerto Conciso.* Both are ear-catching and well made, but neither proclaims the arrival of a staggeringly original genius; hype from Britain's overeager musical Establishment should continue to be carefully monitored.

BY 1877, WHEN HE HAD COMPLETED THE DEfinitive version of his opera **The Two Widows,** Bedrich Smetana was deaf and on the road to madness. None of that can be heard in this quiet, warmhearted tale of how one high-spirited girl prods her more retiring cousin (both are widows) into marriage with the handsome landowner of a neighboring estate. The Manhattan School of Music did us a favor by reviving this lovable opera recently and giving it an enchanting production. Jay Lesenger's direction, subdued but inventive, brought out all the gentle humor of the piece, and conductor Steven Crawford shaped the lyrically conversational score with real affection. The fresh young voices of Raquela Sheeran (soprano) and Georgia Jarman (mezzo) were nicely contrasted, while tenor Brandon Jovanovich melted all hearts as the lovesick suitor, and Matthew Burns provided just the right touch of rustic humor as the local gamekeeper. ■

Stevens *continued from page 72*

indignities of death, Soutine found a way to express the shaming terror of being utterly exposed—and of suffering a kind of psychological castration. He seems to reach gut bottom.

Of course, Soutine does this not through imagery alone but through turning the paint itself into a kind of turbulent human clay. The paint seems tangible, literal, basic. It could be mixed with mud and blood; it looks as undeniable as clotted earth. That makes the metaphysical tremors in his art—the fiery wind whipping through his landscapes; the burning eyes and churning bodies of his portraits—all the more powerful. Soutine's own life enhances the impact of his art, for it unites the same opposites. He often seems both mired and inspired, trapped in the muck of poverty while painting hot-eyed visions. He never really finds a point of quiet or safety. His death from perforated ulcers—a painfully telling end for this most visceral of painters—came in 1943, during a period when he was forced to hide from the Nazis.

Soutine helped inspire many of the painters who began making important work in the late forties and fifties, notably Willem de Kooning and Francis Bacon. Young painters today can also learn a great deal from him. The radical way Soutine handles paint is captivating; yet one of the fascinations of the show is how schooled, how carefully constructed, his pictures actually are. (Some are even too tasteful.) In stark contrast to those painters who think it enough to splatter their feelings across the canvas, Soutine was a perfectionist who worked hard to create what look like spontaneous eruptions of paint. Soutine's approach to being an artist also seems particularly radical today—more naked in its way than all the pierced and poked flesh in the galleries—because he denied himself the smart and fashionable protections of irony.

Soutine is one of the essential outsiders of the twentieth century, an artist without final home or place. He doesn't fit the conventional categories of art, as the curators suggest. He insists upon what his society ignores, rejects, or forgets. He is a figure like Nietzsche, Dostoevski, or Kafka, one whose heated imagination seems to flare out—prophetically—from marginal rooms and cramped circumstances. In many of his pictures, there is something ungainly, even goofy, which is why the public has never really taken to his art. That lovely awkwardness—like a badly tailored suit—only deepens the contrast between Soutine and his society. Soutine cannot finally adjust to a materialist culture losing both its earthly rootedness and its spiritual power. His paint refuses to settle and speaks for a century of loss and abiding restlessness. ■

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

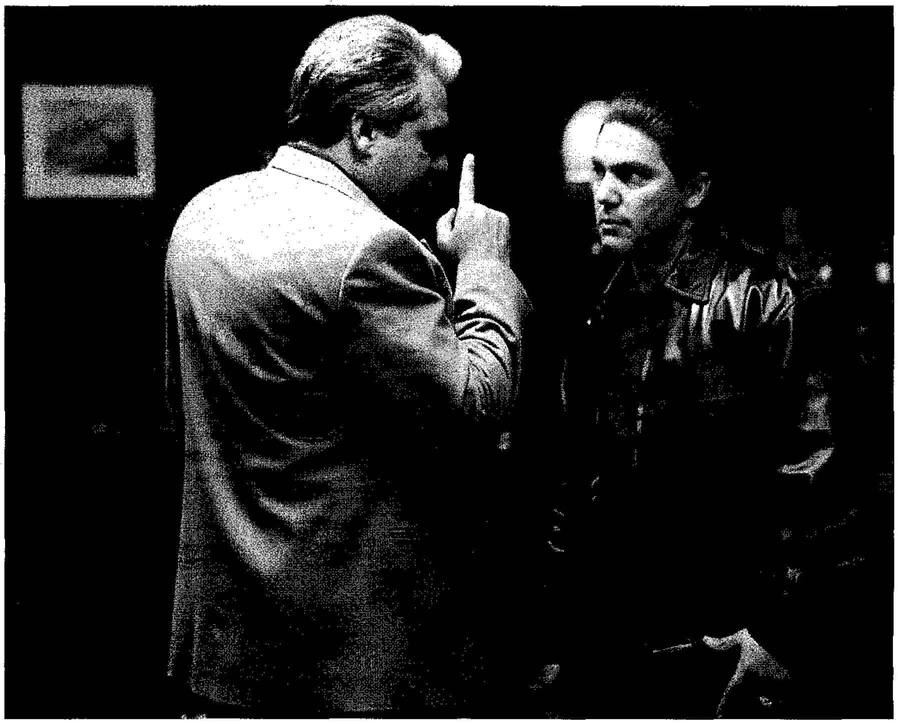
Family Secrets

'Witness to the Mob' is just so much (Sammy the) Bull in biopic drag; Paloma Baeza is a ravishing siren in 'Far From the Madding Crowd.'

AT LEAST NETWORK CRIME FAMILIES GIVE EACH other some respect. Had it aired one sweeps week earlier, the NBC Mafia mini-series **Witness to the Mob** (Sunday and Monday, May 10 and 11; 9 to 11 P.M.) could have gone paisan-to-paisan with the CBS Mafia mini-series *The Last Don II*. On the other bloody hand, with so many Cosa Nostrums, maybe the great American viewing public would have begun to wonder about our chemical dependency on olive oil and Sinatra. It might even occur to us that the mobsters themselves are going to Mafia movies to pick up tips on how to patter, spiff, and swag. About the most one can say for *Witness,* the biopic of a killer-snitch, is that it's got a saving grubbiness. Whereas both Puzo mini-series, like Coppola's *Godfather* trilogy, pretended to grand opera, with their tragic heroes doomed to dondom and the long-distance loneliness of the Murder Inc. CEO—you know, like Oedipus blind at Colonnus or Lear raging on the blasted heath—*Witness* sticks to a thug's-eye view of the neighborhood.

Growing up gang-related on the mean streets of Bensonhurst, all Sammy "the Bull" Gravano (Nicholas Turturro) seems ever to have aspired to become is a made man, which means a tough rep, a house in Jersey, and a horse for his moll (Debi Mazar). John Gotti (Tom Sizemore), with whom Sammy allies himself in the patricide of Gambino boss Paul Castellano (Abe Vigoda), has loftier ambitions—dazzling threads, TV sound bites, his mug on the cover of *Time.* They have a snappy line in verbal yard goods, doing the Tarantino. ("You bark, I bite." And: "Sometimes I think you live where the buses don't run.") They speak of "the street" as if it were Darwin's Galapagos or Dante's *Inferno* or Olduvai's Gorge, and as if no one else who grew up there had entered instead law school or the priesthood. But between extortions, pasta, and pops, what they are really best at is sitting around in their social clubs drinking coffee, playing cards, and betting on pro football games while the Justice Department bugs them. Until, of course, the wrath of RICO, after which Sammy the Bull rats out everybody for a plea bargain and a sabbatical in the Witness Protection Program (that Brigadoon).

So much for the Code of *Omertà,* which has gone the way of Captain Midnight's Secret Decoder Ring. What *Witness to the Mob* lacks in redeeming social value, it tries to make up for with unsavory buzz. But why should Robert De Niro and Tribeca Productions want to associate themselves with the seedy proceedings, unless De Niro's doing penance? Why should Turturro, such a good guy and a pleasure on *NYPD Blue,* want to bulk up and bullyboy as the ungulate Gravano, unless he couldn't refuse De Niro? Why, after what Ray Liotta did to her in *Goodfellas,* should Debi Mazar want to sleep with another hoodlet, like a swine-flu booster shot, except that she had terrific times with Nick on the Spike Lee sets of *Jungle Fever* and *Malcolm X*? If there were no Mafia movies, could there be an Abe Vigoda? I don't know the answers to any of these questions, any more than I know why Murray Kempton used to let the Dapper Don get away with murder in his columns, or whether the families of Sammy's many victims, who are suing under Son of Sam to prevent his profiting a penny from the Peter Maas biography *Underboss,* will be at all happier with a TV mini-series based on the electronic journalism of John Miller. All I know is that these stand-up guys have always done their standing up on other people—our dead bodies are their platform heels and elevator shoes.



Why the caged boid sang: Gotti (Tom Sizemore) vs. Gravano (Nicholas Turturro) in *Witness.*

On the plus side, we get to see Frankie Valli, very late of the Four Seasons, impersonate a Gotti apparatchik. On the minus side, we have to listen to "Volare." I promise to write an essay someday on the boundary situation of the snitch, including field notes on the site contestations and inscripted body languages of the transgressive songbird in *Miami Vice* versus the Lacanian squeal in *Night Heat,* after which I'll elaborate a theory *(continued on page 78)*

Photograph by Michael Ginsburg/NBC.

POP MUSIC BILLY ALTMAN

Axes to Grind

Geezers with guitars: Jimmy Page and Robert Plant grow up, Eric Clapton grows boring, and Van Halen grows ever more irrelevant.

GIVEN THE EPIDEMIC OVER THE PAST FEW YEARS of seventies artists rising from the classic-rock graveyard and pretending they'd never really left—not that there's anything intrinsically wrong with reunions; you just wish the Eagles, Fleetwood Mac, et al., wouldn't act as if they'd somehow attained sainthood in the interim—it's rather startling to listen to Jimmy Page and Robert Plant's **Walking Into Clarksdale** (Atlantic). Startling because the two ex–Led Zeppelin warhorses not only sound good but also sound their age. After going a few rounds with their bloated legacy on *No Quarter,* the 1994 live album that found them twisting many a Zep classic into an Egyptian-spiced musical pretzel, the two have returned with a (dare one say it?) mature work that is both understated and subtle—and if you think those words have ever passed these lips over the years in discussing either of these blokes, I've got a couple of used runes to sell you after you finish reading this.

To wit: no up-the-ladder vocal histrionics or lemon-juice-down-the-leg braggadocio from Plant, and no superfluous guitar pyrotechnics or even simple excess wattage from Page. In fact, the closest they come to the knuckle-dragger clichés of yore is on the title track, which does indeed include the words *levee* and *mama.* Then again, the song *is* about the mythic Mississippi Delta location of Robert Johnson's "Crossroads," so why not? Especially when the always-warped Page has grounded it with a suitably bron-y-aur–stomping riff that makes the whole thing sound like a blues boogie that's been seriously whupped upside the head.

Instead, there are trancelike, leisurely paced items like "Blue Train," which waxes positively Byrds-like via Page's eight-miles-high-and-still-going twelve-string, and "Heart in Your Hand," which approximates the spacey/twangy vibe of Chris Isaak backed by Duane Eddy. There are contemplative ballads of love ("When the World Was Young," a raga-rolling trip into the old Zeppy mystic), dewy reflections on youth (the tremolo-laced "When I Was a Child"), and, in general, a host of pacifying images of soft breezes, gentle rain, and warm suns set to what is surely the most sedate and lyrical guitar playing Page has done since he was a studio pup back in the mid-sixties. All told, this work will perplex as many of the countless millions who'll scarf it up as it will please. In any event, dancing days are here again.

On *Walking Into Clarksdale,* Plant, left, and Page sound mature, understated, and subtle. Really.

Photograph by Ross Halfin/Retna.

LIKE *WALKING INTO CLARKSDALE,* ERIC CLAPTON'S **Pilgrim** (Duck/Reprise) finds the erstwhile guitar god invoking his own plentiful supply of "natural" images, mostly of the waterlogged variety (tears falling like rain, turning into rivers—you get the picture), as he beats himself up over assorted failed or failing relationships (child-father, man-woman, human-divine, etc.). In this gloomy context, his emphatic declaration, on the blues classic "Going Down Slow," that "I have had my fun" sounds as if he's trying to convince himself more than us. One thing we need no convincing of, though, is how painfully slow Slowhand's new album goes down. Talk about giving you his "dull surprise": On *Pilgrim,* which is his first collection of original material since 1989's *Journeyman,* Clapton makes the minutes feel like hours—and at a soporific 75 of them, we're talking sluggishness of (pardon the expression) titanic proportions.

What's particularly confounding is that the album does contain a handful of worthwhile compositions—"My Father's Eyes," "Circus," "Fall Like Rain," and "Needs His Woman"—songs that, significantly, were all composed solely by Clapton, not co-written (as were all but one of the other originals) with keyboardist and co-producer Simon Climie. Between the annoyingly flat drum programs, pop-tarty female backup vocals, and string

(continued on page 78)

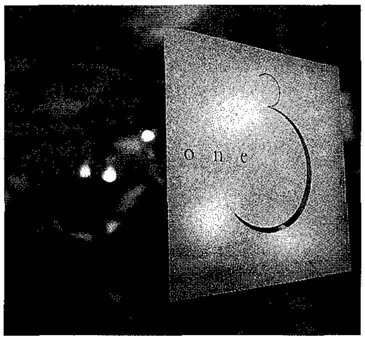
THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Eating by the Numbers

Whaddaya want on your pizza? Peking duck, smoked salmon, and tandoori chicken at One3 in the Village prove it's a small world after all.

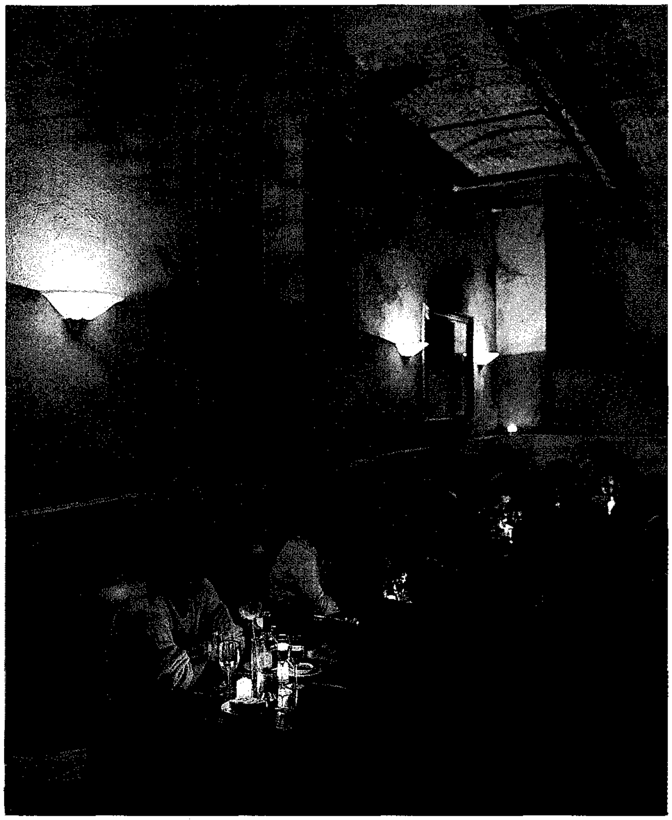
WHAT KIND OF EPICUREAN SLOUCH WOULD truck with a Peking-duck pizza? Me, I confess, though I wish I had more class. This feckless love affair began when I first encountered John Tesar concocting that sort of cultural free-for-all at 13 Barrow and I was determined to trash it. But something about the luscious crunch and crackle of laminated duck skin, the trickle of hoisin sweetness, got to me. After all, it's not a totally preposterous stretch from the bird's classic Chinese-pancake wrap or sesame pocket to a pizza crust. Well, 13 Barrow is gone. Now the same Village storefront is reborn as **One3.** New owners. Nice lilting sounds from the tape deck. New paint job: deep salmon with purple splotches looking like serious water damage or Gorbachev's forehead. And, with good sense and poetic logic, Tesar is still in the kitchen.

The neighborhood crowd is back again, too. Or maybe it never left. Cool in dress-down duds and unisex eggbeater bobs, they are still young enough to read the menu by the votive flicker in the challenging murk. They lean into the pillows on the resurrected banquette, perhaps sharing a pizza, too. Bubbly free-form rounds are baked to stand up without a curl or a dribble. Three cheeses and truffle oil are the only bow to convention. A field of pizza strewn with truffle-oil-scented potato slices and Parmesan is my favorite, but too-sweet mango-fig chutney spoils the tandoori-chicken number. By the time I felt strong enough to brave foie gras with apple sauce, fate stepped in. It had been eighty-sixed for the night. Prefer something classic? Just ask, says Tesar.



No sense of boundaries: John Tesar's kitchen takes a spin around the globe at One3.

During the six months the Village storefront was closed, the chef took his mouth to France for inspiration. At Alain Ducasse in Paris, "I was amazed to see how old-world straight-up it really is," Tesar confides. But he was already too far gone mixing cuisinary metaphors to find his way back. *Fusion* is not even a word he wants to use. The juxtaposition of clam risotto with spring peas and crispy bacon lardons on the menu as a starter along with the stir-fried baby squid, carrots, shiitake, bok choy, and sunflower sprouts in chili oil and lobster broth is, he suggests, simply American. "It's what I do. What everyone is doing. It's global—like the economy."



If anything, he's now jacked up his flavoring a notch and also plays skillfully with texture. Starters like the yellow-split-pea soup swirled with Indian-curry butter and ginger-jalapeño yogurt, and the potato-and-goat-cheese-stuffed cannelloni with caramelized onions and fennel on carrot juice and vanilla oil, are complex but don't look overfussy. He pairs sashimi tuna with melting bits of crispy sweetbread girdling a frisée-and-rocket salad that hints of soy. Lao beef-noodle soup with roasted garlic and mint stirs memories of Vietnam and is so filling, I'd come back and make it dinner, perhaps with the sprightly candy-cane beet salad.

At times, there is no acid touch to temper recurrent hits of sweetness. That's definitely a flaw for me. And though I don't mind a fine scattering of star-anise dust on the edge of the Peking-duck-pizza plate, I think it's time to hide the confectioners'-sugar shaker from bamboozled cooks who think it's not dessert without a drift of powder coating the china.

Too bad the gentle prices that made 13 Barrow worth a $20 taxi ride in 1995 are no more as we lurch toward the millennium. Pizzas and other starters are $7 to $12 now ($20 for the smoked-salmon-caviar-pie option). And entrées that once began at $13 run from $18 to $24. But if cash is tight, four can share an $11 pizza to begin, and two can split the scallop-

Photographs by Steven Freeman.

and-celeriac-ravioli appetizer that looks like an entrée on its mound of celeriac purée with shiitakes in a port reduction.

Food this good in a casual and romantic setting is just what New Yorkers are always seeking. One if by Land, Two if by Sea has been thriving a few doors down on beef Wellington and candlelight in a 1786 townhouse for decades. Tonight, Tesar's Muscovy duck is a Jayne Mansfield—its buxom breast roasted whole ought to be rarer, but I'm taken by the flavor, the sweet-potato hash, and even the apricot-fig chutney. Lemon-pepper gnocchi, savory olives, sweet pepper, and roasted tomato are a savory accent to monkfish osso buco served on the bone.

Pot-roasted chicken picks up extra luster with a tart Cambodian dipping sauce and wonderful sticky rice. Pan-seared sea bass with carrots in a spicy carrot sauce strikes me as bland. And a swamp of basil-scented ricotta with tomato and cardoon under a sheet of pasta is a misstep not even sweet spring-pea sauce can mitigate. Better choices: Seared cod with crisp artichokes and fava beans in tomato broth. Vinegar-braised flank steak and short ribs with butter-bean mashed potatoes. Crusted salmon with zucchini fritters (ask for the fish really rare).

Tesar is his own dessert chef. Edible spoons—in pastry or chocolate—are his signature alongside the malted-milk flan with vanilla-egg-cream brûlée and chocolate sorbet, and atop berry and yogurt sorbets in the bracing berry soup that is a tonic after so much richness. But it's worth saving a corner of appetite for the banana Tatin with Barbados-rum-raisin clotted cream, or warm chocolate pudding on chocolate mousse with Grand Marnier ice cream.

Nightbirds will want to know they can swoop in after midnight and still find the Lao beef-noodle soup, crab cakes, risotto, steak-frites, and a meal-on-a-pizza. Let's hope the guardian of the date book at the maître d' stand isn't already getting jaded. The place was empty early one weekday night when she told our guests she couldn't find their reservation. A couple of a certain age, he in tweed, she in sexy gypsy shawl, were genuinely hot in a quadrant where the mantra is cool. "You're probably looking for the place down the street," she insisted. "One if by Land." The president of a major model agency got the drift of her thinking, but he's too much of a rhinoceros to be offended.

One3, 13 Barrow Street (633-6337). Dinner, Sunday through Wednesday 5:30 to 11 P.M., Thursday through Saturday till midnight; late menu, Thursday through Saturday midnight to 3 A.M. Brunch, Sunday 11:30 A.M. to 3 P.M. A.E., M.C., V.

Altman

continued from page 76

arrangements so unimaginative that you half expect everyone to suddenly break into a few choruses of Stories' "Brother Louie," each overproduced track flounders about, gasping for air, and gives half-whispered lyrics like "I don't know where I'm going" and "I'm standing at the edge of nothing" an embarrassing, unironic meaning.

Considering that this album contains some of Clapton's most expansive instrumental work in years—long, leaning solos ("River of Tears"), folkie finger-picking ("Circus"), countrified runs ("Fall Like Rain"), stately blues riffs ("Sick and Tired")—listeners may well feel compelled to weep while his guitar gently sinks under all the sonic sludge. Notably innocent among the guilty parties is Paul Carrack, who, on the five tracks he guests on, attacks his Hammond organ with such wit and vitality that it sounds like he's playing on a different album. If only Clapton were on that one instead of this one—*Pilgrim* might then have turned out to be a tale of pride, not woe.

SPEAKING OF WOE, ONE SHUDDERS TO THINK OF what's probably going through David Lee Roth's mind (what's left of it, anyway) as he listens to **Van Halen 3** (Warner Bros.) and hears his former band's newest lead singer, ex-Extreme frontman Gary Cherone, further demolishing the loopy heritage of the onetime hard-rock kingpins. If it seemed as if the group had lost its collective mind (whatever there was to begin with) when they dumped Diamond Dave in '85 and brought in Sammy Hagar, Cherone's derivative yelps will probably have longtime fans pining for the return of even Hagar the Horrible. As for Cherone the lyricist, all you really need to know about his talents in that regard is neatly encapsulated on "Dirty Water Dog," wherein he states that he's "uncomfortable in the realm of the political . . . preoccupied purely with the physical . . . when heavy is the weight of the world . . . I'm a peek-a-boy, looking at girls." (Of course, recent history has made such sentiments seem downright presidential.)

True, Cherone's utter lack of personality does shine the spotlight ever stronger on guitarist Eddie—excuse me, Edward—Van Halen, which may very well be what all of this has been about since the days of Van Halen 1. For better or worse, though, Van Halen–Roth—like Richards-Jagger, Perry-Tyler, and, of course, Page-Plant—was a guitar-vocal tandem that just worked, plain and simple. As one can hear throughout *Van Halen 3*, E.V.H. can still play rings around the competition technically. But without a worthy foil of a motormouthpiece like Roth, he's well on his way to becoming Keely Smith without Louis Prima.

Leonard

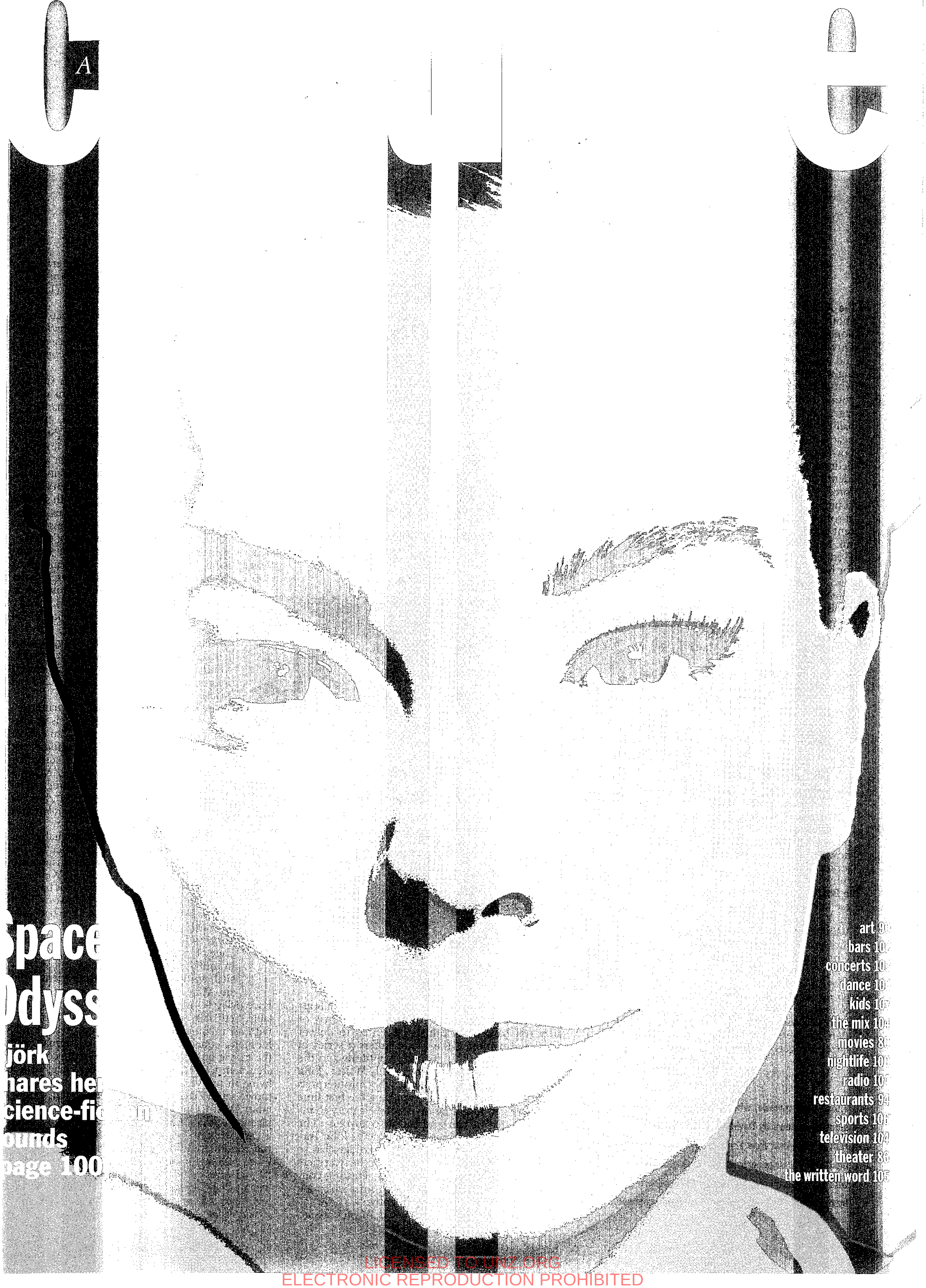
continued from page 75

of meat-machine interface that's almost Gnostic. But not this morning.

YOU MAY NOT REMEMBER THE LAST ATTEMPT to turn Thomas Hardy's novel **Far From the Madding Crowd** into a movie. In 1967, John Schlesinger directed Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Peter Finch, and Terence Stamp in an adaptation by Frederic Raphael. The cinematographer was Nicolas Roeg, than whom Christie has no more passionate admirer except maybe me. That such a cast and crew could make a film nobody wanted to see is still a mystery to Leonard Maltin. The problem, as Pauline Kael among several others would point out, was that Hardy took a long while, including a marriage and a murder, to get to the final clinch. And John Schlesinger was far too sophisticated to resort to the usual Hollywood shorthand of dissolves and/or montages to signal the passing of collapsed time. So the melodramatic passions, the obsessions and the compulsions, seemed to arrive by ambush, like a sucker punch. Besides which, some of us found it impossible to imagine Julie Christie farming sheep.

The new version for Mobil Masterpiece Theatre (Sundays, May 10 and 17; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) has four hours to play around, with a week off between halves for us to contemplate the domestic blisslessness of sexpot Bathsheba Everdene (Paloma Baeza) and regimental bounder Frank Troy (Jonathan Firth), before the erupting of libidinal seethe from a repressed Mr. Boldwood (Nigel Terry), which clears the way in Hardy's "Wessex" for the return of noble yeoman Gabriel Oak (Nathaniel Parker). There is longitude and there is lassitude, not to mention lots of rocks and a lot of weather. Rustic humors punctuate and leaven the boxlike patterns of the plot, which gathers itself before each action as if for an aria. That Parker, Terry, and Firth should fall so hard for Baeza is no more mysterious than that Bates, Finch, Stamp, Roeg, Maltin, and the rest of us should have fallen so hard for Christie. In downtown black, by turns diffident, mischievous, impulsive, even arrogant, she's scrumptious, and the sheep aren't.

I'm not about to make hyperbolic claims for *Far From the Madding Crowd* as a novel *or* a mini-series. It was a young man's book, published when Hardy was 34 years old and rather more comfortable with village tradition and resourcefulness than he would be when he so fatefully discovered despair—when he would obscure Jude. Compared with D'Urbervilles Tess, Bathsheba is a teenybopper. But she will grow up, from one Sunday to the next, as if to earn the devotions of her sturdy Oak. And while we are left to suspect that Gabriel will run her farm, at least he won't be paying protection money to the Wessex mob.



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movies 8
nightlife 10
radio 10
restaurants 94
sports 10
television 104
theater 86
the written word 105

movies

The Hanging Garden...Toni Collette...Deep Impact

New Films

★The Apostle—This is the best movie ever made about a man of God—which is to say, the most honest and morally the most ambiguous. Robert Duvall plays Sonny, a Texas Pentecostal preacher, and he's completely on top of what he's doing. One night Sonny has a vision: His wife (Farrah Fawcett, who is perfectly good) is sleeping with a handsome young minister. He returns home in a drunken rage, and, with half the town watching, takes a baseball bat to the minister's head. Sonny has to disappear fast, so he hits the road and emerges as a newborn itinerant man of God. He settles into a bedraggled but pleasant Louisiana town, where, identifying himself as "E.F., The Apostle," he joins forces with a retired black minister and builds a congregation from the ground up. *The Apostle* gets at something authentic and challenging—the insistent goodness of a man never free of dishonesty or sin. Sonny is too much a sinner simply to possess God. He remains an eternal suppliant, a candidate for blessedness, and therefore, despite everything, a hero. (Denby; 1/12/98) (About 1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Artemisia—The story of pioneering painter Artemisia Gentileschi. Starring Valentina Cervi and Michel Serrault. Directed by Agnes Merlet. (1 hr. 36 mins; R) *Opens Friday.*

★As Good As It Gets—In James L. Brooks's new picture, Helen Hunt plays Carol, a straight-talking single mother obsessed with the care of her severely asthmatic young son. Carol has neglected herself, and she falls into the one thing in the world that she needs least—a relationship with a matchlessly rude writer, Melvin (Jack Nicholson), who suffers from obsessive-compulsive disorder and torments his Manhattan neighbor—a gay artist (Greg Kinnear). But the movie, as we can tell early on, is a Scrooge story. The question is not when Melvin will melt but how. A superbly written and acted tear-jerker. (Denby; 12/29/97) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Gemini.*

The Big Hit—Four hit men kidnap a Japanese heiress (played by China Chow) with mob connections. Starring Mark Wahlberg, Lou Diamond Phillips, Antonio Sabato Jr., Bokeem Woodbine, and Christina Applegate. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; Gemini; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld.*

The Big Lebowski—Jeff Lebowski, known as the Dude (Jeff Bridges), shuffles through life in a pothead haze. He gets involved in a bizarre intrigue involving another man named Lebowski, a millionaire with a promiscuous young wife who may or may not have been kidnapped. Hired to deliver the ransom money, the Dude suffers a series of disasters, the result of his own ineptitude and the interventions of his bowling buddy Walter (John Goodman), a Jewish paranoid who misinterprets everything he sees. It's only amusing the first time the Dude gets lost in his own story—a story so incoherent that he can't explain it to anyone. (The funniest thing is a cameo appearance by John Turturro as a gay Latino bowler.) Jeff Bridges has so much dedication as an actor that he sacrifices himself to the Coen brothers' self-defeating conception. Even Bridges can't open up a character who remains unconscious. (Denby; 3/16/98) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Metro Cinema.*

The Big One—Michael Moore takes a camera crew on his book tour and stops at various *Fortune* 500 companies to question their downsizing. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *Village East.*

Black Dog—Patrick Swayze is an ex-convict trying to get clean (1 hr. 30 mins; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld.*

★The Butcher Boy—Francie Brady (Eamonn Owens) grows up in a small Irish town with a drunkard and liar for a father and a beautiful madwoman for a mother. The boy receives no guidance at all—just the fervent guilty nonsense of his dad (Stephen Rea), a forlorn trumpet player who never finishes a tune. Francie and his friend Joe put together a mental life that is part fantasy, part role-playing, and Francie is an irrepressible entertainer. Jordan's direction is incisive and at times electrifying, with sudden outbreaks of violence that should warn us something bad is coming. Part of the ominousness is produced by sheer incomprehension. Much of the dialogue is delivered in the deep accents of County Monaghan, and I understood no more than half of what Eamonn Owens says. So I find myself in an embarrassing position: I think this is a great movie, but I'm not sure. (Denby; 4/13/98) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Beekman; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

Character—A man's lifelong struggle with his overbearing father ends in a murder. Nominated for an Academy Award for best foreign film. (1 hr. 54 mins.; NR) *62nd and Broadway.*

Chinese Box—A dying British journalist (Jeremy Irons) living in Hong Kong is in love with a former prostitute he can't have when he meets an equally engaging street hustler while videotaping the city for memory's sake. With Gong Li, Maggie Cheung, and Ruben Blades. Directed by Wayne Wang. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

City of Angels—The drearily inevitable has come true—an original and rather haunting poetic conception has been turned into a literal-minded love story. Wim Wenders's 1987 movie—on which this film is based—was set in Berlin when the Wall was still up and, for better or worse, the movie had a super-earthly delicacy. This movie is a love story right from the beginning. Nicolas Cage plays an angel named Seth who hangs around the operating rooms of an L.A. hospital, waiting to take away the patients who die. When a wired-up surgeon, Maggie Rice (Meg Ryan), loses a patient on the operating table, Seth falls in love with her, comforting her with an invisible hand as she weeps (it's a lovely moment, equal to anything in the original). But the movie quickly takes a tumble—it becomes an argument for life, for sensuous experience, for not living in the vacuum of immortality. But this is a movie set in Los Angeles, not in shattered, soulful, guilty Berlin. Could anyone possibly argue against pleasure in the sunlit paradise? The movie becomes a compellingly photographed advertisement for the good life, and nothing, in this setting, could be more redundant or banal. (Denby; 4/20/98) (2 hrs. 32 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; 72nd St. East; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.*

One-Shot Memories of Mom

Appreciating one's own mother on Mother's Day may be made easier by attending Christina Crawford's presentation of 'Mommie Dearest,' the camp classic that documents the mean-spirited swimming races and freakish closet inspections that were a big part of life with mom Joan Crawford. Then Christina shares more with the audience during an onstage interview. At the Town Hall, Wednesday, May 6. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

'CUE' COVER PHOTOGRAPH FROM OUTLINE

Clockwatchers—Toni Collette, Parker Posey, Lisa Kudrow, and Alanna Ubach are temp workers who bond over their second-class status in the office. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Opens Friday at the Angelika Film Center.*

Deep Impact—A meteorite is about to decimate Earth and the president (played by Morgan Freeman) must try to stop it—or prepare for it. With Téa Leoni, Elijah Wood, and Vanessa Redgrave. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Opens Friday.*

Déjà Vu—Victoria Foyt is an American woman who questions her love for her fiancé when she meets a man she feels she's known forever. With Stephen Dillane, Vanessa Redgrave, and Rachel Kempson. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Didn't Do It for Love—A documentary of the life and times of dominatrix turned therapist Eva Norvind. Directed by Monika Treut. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Enter the Dragon—Bruce Lee is a martial artist hired by the CIA to bust an opium-dealing ring. Hollywood's first kung-fu film—released 25 years ago—made Bruce Lee an American star. Directed by Robert Clouse. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Everest: The Movie—The first-ever IMAX footage from Everest documents the 1996 summit climb of an international expedition. Directed by David Breashears and Ed Viesturs. (45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

Fireworks (Hana-Bi)—Ultra-talented Takeshi Kitano is a good cop trying to right the injustices around him with a heavy, violent hand. Written and directed by Kitano. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

A Friend of the Deceased—A black comedy set in a new Ukraine ruled by entrepreneurs, mobsters, and the black market. Starring Alexandre Lazarev and Tatiana Krivitska. Directed by Vyacheslav Krishtofovich. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Go Now—Robert Carlyle is a day laborer whose life turns upside down when he discovers he has multiple sclerosis. Also starring Juliet Aubrey. Directed by Michael Winterbottom. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Regency.*

★**Good Will Hunting**—Mopping up at M.I.T., Will Hunting (Matt Damon) casually solves problems left on the blackboards, problems intended to stump the best mathematical minds in America. The formidable Professor Lambeau (Stellan Skarsgård), recognizing Will's uncanny talent, takes the boy under his wing, keeping him out of jail by agreeing to get him into therapy. Will lands in the office of Lambeau's old friend and rival Sean McGuire (Robin Williams), a bit of a screw-up himself but perhaps the one shrink in Boston who can understand Will. This movie has wit and temperament to burn—there isn't a dead scene in it. In the end, however, the script takes a disastrous turn toward conventionality. What I will always remember is an edge of temper. The film persuades us that genius is of incalculable worth but utter hell to live with. (Denby; 12/8/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Waverly; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Grease—The reissue of the 1978 musical. Starring Olivia Newton-John and John Travolta. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG) *Main Street Cinemas.*

Grey Gardens—The 1976 Maysles documentary of a branch of the Bouvier family (specifically, Jackie O's aunt "Big Edith" and cousin "Little Edie") that lived in squalor in East Hampton. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Hanging Garden—A gay man returns home after a ten-year absence and reconciles his past with his present. Starring Sarah Polley, Kerry Fox, Peter MacNeil, and Chris Leavins. Directed by Thom Fitzgerald. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

He Got Game—See Denby, page 52. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2–3; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Centre Sunnyside.*

Healing by Killing—Inspired by the book *Nazi Doctors*, Israeli filmmaker Nitzan Aviram analyzes the role of doctors and psychiatrists in early Nazi experiments and the role this history plays on today's medical ethics. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

I Think I Do—Five years after graduation, six college friends reunite to attend a classmate's wedding. With Alexis Arquette, Maddie Corman, and

NEWSWEEK

"SOLID AND HANDSOMELY MOUNTED!

Savor the heft the well-cast Liam Neeson brings to the role. Marvel at Geoffrey Rush's reptilian, dead-eyed stillness."

LES MISÉRABLES

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PG-13

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Opening
Small Town Boy

In 'The Hanging Garden,' an overweight and in-the-closet Nova Scotian boy grows into a thin, openly gay, and relatively happy man—despite a grating family life and an overprotective sister (played by Kerry Fox, below). Opens Friday, May 8.

Photograph by Chris Reardon/Goldwyn Films.

Guillermo Diaz. Directed by Brian Sloan. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★**L.A. Confidential**—The best American movie of 1997. Based on James Ellroy's 1990 novel about corruption and honor in the L.A.P.D., it's set in 1953 after the local Mafia boss has gone to prison. A crumbbum named Sid Hudgens (Danny DeVito) is the publisher of a tabloid scandal sheet; he alerts the police to trivial forms of vice and then photographs for his magazine a celebrity cop, Jack Vincennes (Kevin Spacey), making the bust. A bullheaded cop, Bud White (Russell Crowe), is a tool of the seemingly benevolent but actually vicious chief of detectives, Dudley Smith (James Cromwell). Ed Exley, played by Guy Pearce, is a straight-arrow cop, all ambition and calculation. Kim Basinger, soft and saddened, is very touching as a guilty hooker, a good-bad girl worthy of the high forties. The movie is filled with wonderful actors—David Strathairn, in a pencil-line mustache; Simon Baker Denny as an eager-to-please young actor-stud. This violent story truly earns its quiet, ambiguous final note of exhausted calm. (Denby; 9/29/97) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Little Men—The screen version of Louisa May Alcott's book. Starring Mariel Hemingway and Chris Sarandon. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG) *Opens Friday.*

Lost in Space—The sixties television show comes to the screen with William Hurt, Matt LeBlanc, Gary Oldman, Heather Graham, and Mimi Rogers. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Olympia Theatre; Movieworld.*

★**Love and Death on Long Island**—A crusty English writer, Giles De'Ath (John Hurt), falls in love with an image—the face of an American actor, a teen idol named Ronnie Bostock (Jason Priestley). De'Ath is a London widower, a creature of routine who regards the world outside with hauteur and fear. One day he wanders into the wrong auditorium at the multiplex—the one playing "Hotpants College 2"—and is about to leave when Ronnie Bostock appears. De'Ath's astonished face, caught in the reflected light of the screen, suggests a man ravished from soul to bowels by an emotion he has never experienced before. The joke, of course, is that Jason Priestley—sideburns, full wavy hair, rotten-angel smile—looks like a second-rate teen fave from about 1954. But De'Ath becomes obsessed, rushing to eastern Long Island, where Ronnie lives with his girlfriend (Fiona Leowi), and turns himself into a seducer of considerable guile. Writer-director Richard Kwietniowski's debut effort is a triumph, a buoyant and elegant achievement—romantic and ruminative yet always precise, a comedy of longing propelled by a strong current of satirical observation. (Denby; 3/16/98) (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

Marius and Jeannette—A working-class love story between a cement-factory guard and a vivacious supermarket cashier. Starring Ariane Ascaride (winner of the 1998 César for best actress) and Gérard Meylan. Opens Friday at Lincoln Plaza and Quad Cinemas. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Midaq Alley—The award-winning story of various characters living in the same poor Mexico City neighborhood, as told in four *Short Cuts*-like episodes. Starring Salma Hayek, Ernesto Gómez Cruz, and María Rojo. Directed by Jorge Fons. Based on the novel by Egyptian Nobel Prize winner Naguib Mahfouz. (2 hrs. 20 mins.; NR) .

The Odd Couple II—Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau are Felix and Oscar again in Neil Simon's new chapter on the cranky couple. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) *59th Street East; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas; The Movies at Bayside.*

Parallel Sons—An small-town guy connects with a city boy who has escaped from the local prison. Starring Gabriel Mann and Laurence Mason. Directed by John G. Young. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Paulie—When a talking parrot talks too much to his little-girl owner, he gets thrown out of the house and has to make his way cross-country to find her again. With Gena Rowlands, Tony Shalhoub, Cheech Marin, and Buddy Hackett. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Guild 50th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

The Players Club—A young mother putting herself through college by stripping finds it's not so easy to separate herself from the sleaze. Starring Bernie Mac and Monica Calhoun. Written and directed by Ice Cube. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; New Coliseum; Nova.*

A Price Above Rubies—Renee Zellweger is an Orthodox woman who gets a job in the jewelry business and begins to question the religious community she's living in. Also starring Julianna Margulies and Christopher Eccleston. Directed by Boaz Yakin. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Paris Theatre; New York Twin.*

★**Primary Colors**—This entertaining but rather peculiar movie (adapted from Joe Klein's novel by Mike Nichols and his longtime collaborator, Elaine May) asks extraordinary questions, and I wish it were better equipped to give the answers. The narrator is a rather bland African-American political operative—Henry Burton, the grandson of a civil-rights leader. Burton, played by Adrian Lester, is forever worrying about the governor's honor. The president-to-be and his circle are portrayed as foul-mouthed and sexually active. The candidate and his wife, Susan (Emma Thompson), are not exactly cooing lovebirds—their relationship is scandalously funny, at times pathetic, at times noble. Physically, Thompson is hard and linear, while Travolta is all rolling ease, his body swiveling, rocking—he seems to carry ball bearings in every joint. Billy Bob Thornton is entertaining as Richard Jemmons, the James Carville stand-in; Kathy Bates, as the Betsey Wright figure Libby Holden, is like a pile driver with superb timing—she's mesmerizing. It's Libby's job to cover the governor's tracks (one gets the impression she's kicked a ton of dirt). But is the portrait accurate? Though I enjoyed all the smart talk and profane irreverence, I didn't take the picture all that seriously. That is, I took it not as reality but as an entertaining convention, a movieish fantasy of what political life is like—quarrelsome, colorful as hell, unburdened by drudgery and nagging detail. (Denby; 3/23/98) (2 hrs. 23 mins.; R) *Coronet; Ziegfeld; Orpheum 7.*

Shooting Fish—Two con men meet a pretty medical student who helps them into—and out of—trouble. Starring Dan Futterman, Kate Beckinsale, and Stuart Townsend. Directed by Stefan Schwartz. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Coronet; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Sliding Doors—Gwyneth Paltrow is a London girl who gets to answer the eternal question (What if?) when her life heads down two different paths at the same time. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Crown Gotham; Lincoln Square.*

Sour Grapes—Two cousins' lives are ruined when one wins the slots after borrowing quarters from the other. Written by Larry David, co-creator of *Seinfeld.* (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *19th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Spanish Prisoner**—Campbell Scott, of the serious brow and the serious cleft, plays a young inventor, Joe Ross, a self-made man uneasy among the rich and powerful, yet secretly eager to join their ranks. What it is that Joe Ross has invented we never find out—"the process," it is called, some sort of technological masterpiece that will earn untold millions for Joe's company. A shadowy international businessman (Steve Martin) shows up and flatters Joe and the trap has been set. Mamet has made Rebecca Pidgeon (his wife) quite extraordinarily dislikable as a secretary who claims to be Joe's ally. As Joe gets more and more isolated, Mamet takes us deeper into fear than he ever has in the past, and that's an achievement. Hitchcock is the model here, but to become Hitchcock's equivalent, Mamet has to learn to trust the camera more than he does; he has to stop trying to control everything with language; he has to just give in to the fluency, the ease, the free-flowing pleasure of making a movie. (Denby; 4/13/98) (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Species II—An American spaceship returns from Mars carrying an alien species intent on taking over the earth. Starring Natasha Henstridge. Directed by Peter Medac. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; 84th Street.*

Suicide Kings—A group of prep-school boys kidnap a Mafia kingpin and hold him for ransom. Starring Christopher Walken, Denis Leary, Jay Mohr, Johnny Galecki, Henry Thomas, Sean Patrick Flanery, and Jeremy Sisto. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Tarzan and the Lost City—Casper Van Diem is Tarzan and Jane March is Jane, in the continuing story of the man raised by apes. (1 hr. 15 mins.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Plaza.*

The Kingdom Part 2—The much-awaited sequel to Lars Van Trier's surreal (and super-long) soap opera about the goings on in a Copenhagen hospital. Shown in two parts. (2 hrs. 30 mins each; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Object of My Affection—Stephen McCauley's novel has been adapted for the movies with disastrous panache by playwright Wendy Wasserstein and director Nicholas Hytner. Jennifer Aniston plays Nina, a snippy-snappy young social worker in Brooklyn who takes as a roommate a lovable gay teacher, George (Paul Rudd). When Nina is made pregnant by her overbearing and unsuitable boyfriend (John Pankow), she asks George to raise the child with her. But Nina wants George's sexual love as well, and although George is willing to be daddy, he cannot be lover. Poor Nina is left with nothing to do but throw fits and turn her back in sorrow and furiously wash the dishes. This film is one of those cases, I think, in which the audience is so frustrated by an untenable situation onscreen that it shuts down on the movie: Paul Rudd is charming, and some of the scenes are intelligently written and played, but dramatically, the film has nowhere to go. (Denby; 4/27/98) (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

★**Titanic**—Writer-director James Cameron has pulled it off. This fabulously expensive watery epic is actually a very good movie. *Titanic* begins with a treasure hunter, Brock Lovett (Bill Paxton), who is obsessed with the sunken hulk. Lovett's submersible robot enters one of the deluxe staterooms to retrieve not the famous diamond he was looking for but only a drawing of a naked young woman wearing the stone. It turns out that the woman, Rose, is still alive; she's an articulate 100-year-old beauty (Gloria Stuart) who joins Lovett at his ship and then holds him and his crew of techno-ruffians in thrall with her story of what happened. Back in 1912, the 17-year-old Rose DeWitt Bukater (Kate Winslet) boards the ship in utter misery. Rose is accompanied by her awful fiancé, Cal Hockley (Billy Zane), a domineering steel-baron heir from Pittsburgh, and her snobbish mother (Frances Fisher). Onboard, Rose meets her soul mate, Jack Dawson (Leonardo DiCaprio). A gambler, Jack has the wit to see that Rose's unhappiness hides a bold, deeply romantic and sexual nature. Except for the crude, good-hearted Denver millionairess Molly Brown (Kathy Bates), the wealthy are unspeakably rude or just frightened and starchy. Jack, the interloper, takes Rose down to steerage, where the real people are having themselves a fine time drinking and dancing up a storm. This sort of cheesy stuff is redeemed only by the romantic charge between Winslet and DiCaprio. The sinking is lovely—detailed, agonizingly slow at first and then rushed and panicky and grandly gruesome at the end. As Jack and Rose hang at the railing, people lose their grip and go crashing down the deck or fall from the heights into the water. After the ship goes under, Cameron has his finest, cruelest moment—the survivors left in the vast expanse of freezing water wailing in confusion. As for Rose, she is delivered into an active and brilliant life. The ship may be ponderous, but Cameron's conception stays light in the water. (Denby; 12/29/97) (3 hrs. 17 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld; Plaza.*

★**The Truce**—In Francesco Rosi's awkward but moving epic about the chaotic aftermath of World War II, Primo Levi (John Turturro), a young Italian chemist, has been left behind in Auschwitz by the Germans. Through sheer luck, Levi has survived. He is later to become a superb writer—the outstanding memoirist of the Holocaust—but in the winter and spring of 1945, he cannot make his way home from Poland. He travels with Italian and Greek fellow survivors—a ragtag group of the larcenous and the merely fortunate—through a European civilization that has simply disappeared. The survivors reacquaint themselves with food and sleep (but never a sleep without nightmare—Levi committed suicide 42 years later, in 1987); then they take up sensual pleasures of every kind. Turturro gives a sincere, entirely committed performance as Levi, but one feels he is attempting to hold our attention by sheer force of will, by an exercise of high-mindedness rather than imagination. *The Truce* is not as exciting as other epics, but it preserves the memory of a man who discovered himself at the moment of Europe's dissolution and in his quiet way triumphed over the worst the century had to offer. (Denby; 5/4/98) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

Two Girls and a Guy—Two young women (Heather Graham and Natasha Gregson Wagner) think they are the girlfriend of the actor Blake (Robert Downey Jr.), and each has been lied to. The two women break into Blake's loft and wait for him. James Toback shot the movie very cheaply and quickly (in eleven days), and he's moved in a little too close to his actresses and forced them to run through their lines under great pressure. But when Downey enters, the camera backs off, and Downey fills the loft with his personality. He sits down at the piano and sings a torch song. The women come out of hiding, jump all over him, and he lies and retreats. His defense is that he's telling an actor's truth in sexual relationships—he can be whatever he needs to be; therefore, he means what he says when he tells each woman that he loves her. This is nonsense, of course, but it's very revealing of Downey himself. *Two Girls and a Guy* isn't a satisfying movie, but Downey is alarmingly brilliant in it—a man locked in torment who can't find the way out. Let's pray this isn't one of his last performances. (Denby; 5/4/98) (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

The Ugly—A pretty New Zealand psychiatrist gets drawn in by a serial killer as she determines whether he's fit to stand trial. Directed by Scott Reynolds. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

★**Wild Man Blues**—Woody Allen travels from around Europe, playing concerts at night while residing with Soon-Yi Previn in hotels filed with marble and burnished wood, and everything has to be just so. In each hotel, the couple takes a suite so Woody has at his disposal a separate bathroom in which to perform unknown rituals and ablutions. Crowds wait outside his window, as if he were a royal personage. It's the hard easy life. *Wild Man Blues*, directed by Barbara Kopple, is a portrait of a man caught out of his milieu—out of New York, where Woody can work and rest exactly the same way every day. He has plenty of helpers—his sister is along for the ride, and Jean Doumanian, his producer, shows up now and then. Of those present, Soon-Yi Previn is actually the toughest on him. She's a strong-willed young woman, but she doesn't have a lot to say—as far as we can see, conversation between Woody and Soon-Yi centers on his moods, his reputation, his comforts. He plays the neurotic to entertain us, but he's also genuinely cut off and self-protecting, and there isn't much sign here that he sees anything the slightest bit wrong with his situation. (Denby; 4/27/98) (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Wild Things—It is my dreary duty to report that this film lacks fantasy and flamboyance, that it lacks, precisely, wild things, and that most of it is just flat. Matt Dillon plays a guidance counselor at what appears to be a very backward high school at the edge of the swamp. The boys are louts, and literally every girl in the school makes eyes at Mr. Dillon. One of them (Denise Richards, of the big pouty lips) accuses him of rape. Is he a louse who sleeps with students? An honorable guy framed by an imaginative teen? Or is there some larger game at stake? And the druggy girl with short dark hair (Neve Campbell), a dropout who sits in a bungalow reading Céline—obviously she's up to no good. The movie's most prominent feature is a series of sudden plot twists. The press has been sternly advised not to give any of these developments away, and I shall obey, though I can't help pointing out that the twists are so abrupt and mechanical, and so little related to character, that they may very well have been devised by a dirty-minded 10-year-old diddling an interactive video game before nodding off to sleep. (Denby; 4/6/98) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Main Street Cinemas.*

Wilde—Stephen Fry is the Irish playwright in this exploration of his life and his passionate affair with the young, handsome Lord Alfred Douglas (Jude Law). Also starring Jennifer Ehle, Vanessa Redgrave, and Tom Wilkinson. Directed by Brian Gilbert. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Butcher Boy; Chinese Box; Gummo; The Spanish Prisoner; The Truce; Two Girls and a Guy; The Ugly; Wild Man Blues.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Black Dog; Love and Death on Long Island.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Enter the Dragon; Who the Hell Is Juliette?*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Fireworks (Hana-Bi); Grey Gardens; Healing by Killing; The Kingdom Part 2.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Déjà Vu; A Friend of the Deceased; I Think I Do; Marius and Jeannette; Wilde.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Parallel Sons.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *The Big One; He Got Game; Les Misérables; The Players Club; Shooting Fish; Sliding Doors; Tarzan and the Lost City; The Object of My Affection.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *The Big Hit; The Big Lebowski; City of Angels; Lost In Space; Paulie; Species II; Titanic.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Good Will Hunting; Scream 2; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *The Big Hit; Lost in Space; The Players Club; Sour Grapes; Species II; Tarzan and the Lost City; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *The Big Hit; Les Misérables; Titanic.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Black Dog; City of Angels; He Got Game; Paulie; Sliding Doors; The Object of My Affection; Titanic; Two Girls and a Guy.*

Opening

Until the End of the World

In the summer, many New Yorkers head to the water. But in this season's first movie, the water, in the form of a giant tsunami, comes to us. *Deep Impact* is a spare-no-effect disaster story of a reporter (played by Téa Leoni) who digs around for a presidential sex scandal—and instead finds news of Earth's impending doom by a meteorite from outer space. Starts Friday, May 8.

Photograph by ILM/Paramount Pictures.

Talent

The Collette Chronicles

Though Australian actress Toni Collette made her career choice at the age of 14, she thinks it's unfair to expect others to do the same. "I've got this book called *The Unconscious Civilization*," she explains, "and it's about government bodies making young people think they have to know what they want to do with their lives by the age of 18. Without even realizing it, society is being *manipulated*. I think young people should just go and travel and live before they actually figure out what they want to do every day." Happily, Collette chose a travel-friendly job (she's spent the last six months visiting Tibet, Mexico, and Nepal) and her free-spiritedness is paired with a healthy amount of motivation. Collette's worldly energy was turned way down for her latest role, as a mumbly temp in the dead-on office environment of *Clockwatchers* (opening May 8). She plays Iris, a woman falling fast into corporate oblivion until she's buoyed by new, spirited co-workers (played by Parker Posey, Lisa Kudrow, and Alanna Ubach). Work is even fun, for a while, until missing desk paraphernalia prompts an office-wide witch-hunt and, ultimately, the break-up of her new-found clique. That's not all bad, says Collette: "When their friendship disbands, Iris takes something from each of them and creates a braver Iris. It's so beautiful." Currently, Collette is in Los Angeles, doing what actresses must do ("chatting, meeting, charming, all that . . . " she says, laughing), and she's looking forward to Cannes, where she'll attend the premiere of her next release, *Velvet Goldmine*, with Ewan Macgregor. "It'll be great. Like a fantastic reunion." At 25, Collette is also entertaining opportunities beyond acting. "I'd like to study iridology," she says. "It's a form of holistic medicine where you look into a person's eye and you can tell exactly how they're functioning inside. I just find that amazing." But it's just a possibility—for the very distant future. "For the time being," she says, "acting is kind of turning me on."

PATRICIA FALVO

Photograph courtesy of BMG Independents.

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Les Misérables.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *City of Angels; He Got Game; Sliding Doors; The Object of My Affection.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The Odd Couple II.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Big Hit.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Lost in Space; The Truce; Two Girls and a Guy.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Primary Colors; Shooting Fish.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Les Misérables; Mercury Rising; The Players Club; Species II; Tarzan and the Lost City; The Object of My Affection; Wild Things.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Sliding Doors.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Chinese Box.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *He Got Game.*

Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *He Got Game.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Paulie.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *A Price Above Rubies.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Black Dog; City of Angels; Lost in Space; Titanic.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *He Got Game.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *The Apostle; Dark City; The Gingerbread Man; Great Expectations; L.A. Confidential; Senseless.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Primary Colors.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *City of Angels.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Black Dog; The Object of My Affection.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *The Butcher Boy.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Black Dog; Paulie; Scream 2; The Spanish Prisoner; Suicide Kings; Tarzan and the Lost City; The Object of My Affection; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *As Good As It Gets; The Big Hit; Les Misérables.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Good Will Hunting; A Price Above Rubies.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *The Big Hit; City of Angels; He Got Game; Lost in Space; Primary Colors; Tarzan and the Lost City; Titanic.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Les Misérables.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Character.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *The Big Hit; He Got Game; Lost in Space; Species II; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Chinese Box; A Friend of the Deceased; Marius and Jeannette; Shooting Fish; The Spanish Prisoner; Wild Man Blues.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Black Dog; The Butcher Boy; City of Angels; Good Will Hunting; Les Misérables; Paulie; Sliding Doors; Sour Grapes; Tarzan and the Lost City; The Object of My Affection; Titanic; Two Girls and a Guy.* IMAX: *Across the Sea of Time; Everest; L5: First City in Space.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *The Big Hit; The Big Lebowski.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *He Got Game; The Players Club; Tarzan and the Lost City; Titanic.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *He Got Game; The Players Club; Titanic.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Lost In Space; The Object of My Affection.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Go Now.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Barney's Great Adventure; The Big Hit; City of Angels; Lost in Space; Major League: Back to the Minors; Mercury Rising; My Giant; The Players Club; Ride; Scream 2; Species II; Tarzan and the Lost City; Titanic.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Barney's Great Adventure; Lost In Space; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; The Players Club; Ride; Species II; Titanic; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Barney's Great Adventure; City of Angels; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; My Giant; The Players Club; Ride; Species II; Titanic; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Les Misérables; The Odd Couple II; Paulie; Scream 2; Sliding Doors; Tarzan and the Lost City; The Object of My Affection; Titanic; Two Girls and a Guy.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Black Dog; He Got Game; The Players Club.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *The Big Hit; Black Dog; City of Angels; He Got Game; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *The Big Hit; He Got Game; Lost in Space; The Players Club.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *City of Angels; Primary Colors; Tarzan and the Lost City.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *The Big Hit; Black Dog; He Got Game; Paulie; The Players Club; Species II.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *City of Angels; Les Misérables; The Odd Couple II; Tarzan and the Lost City; The Object of My Affection; Titanic.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Barney's Great Adventure; City of Angels; Scream 2; Tarzan and the Lost City; The Object of My Affection; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Barney's Great Adventure; Black Dog; The Butcher Boy; City of Angels; Les Misérables; The Odd Couple II; Tarzan and the Lost City; The Object of My Affection; Titanic; Two Girls and a Guy.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *The Big Hit; Black Dog; He Got Game; Titanic.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *The Big Hit; Black Dog; City of Angels; He Got Game; Les Misérables; Lost in Space; Paulie; Species II; The Object of My Affection; Titanic.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *The Big Hit; Black Dog; He Got Game; Species II; The Object of My Affection; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Barney's Great Adventure; The Big Hit; City of Angels; Good Will Hunting; He Got Game; Lost in Space; Species II; Tarzan and the Lost City.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *The Big Hit; Black Dog; City of Angels; He Got Game; Paulie; Scream 2; Tarzan and the Lost City.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *The Big Hit; City of Angels; He Got Game; Paulie.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Lost in Space; Paulie; The Spanish Prisoner; Titanic; Two Girls and a Guy.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Black Dog; Sliding Doors; The Object of My Affection.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *He Got Game; The Players Club.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *The Big Hit; Black Dog; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; Species II; Tarzan and the Lost City; The Object of My Affection; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *The Big Hit; He Got Game; Lost in Space; Titanic.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *City of Angels; Les Misérables.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Black Dog; Les Misérables; The Odd Couple II; Scream 2; Species II; Tarzan and the Lost City; The Object of My Affection; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *The Big Hit; He Got Game; Titanic.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Barney's Great Adventure; City of Angels; Grease; Les Misérables; The Odd Couple II; Paulie; The Object of My Affection; Wild Things.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *The Big Hit; Black Dog; City of Angels; Lost in Space; Paulie; The Object of My Affection; Titanic.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Gingerbread Man; My Giant; The Odd Couple II.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Tarzan and the Lost City; Titanic.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Les Misérables; The Odd Couple II; Paulie; The Object of My Affection.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *The Odd Couple II.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Barney's Great Adventure; The Big Hit; Black Dog; City of Angels; Les Misérables; Lost in Space; The Odd Couple II; Paulie; Scream 2; Tarzan and the Lost City; The Object of My Affection.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Black Dog; City of Angels; The Odd Couple II; Paulie; The Object of My Affection.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *The Big Hit; Black Dog; City of Angels; He Got Game; Les Misérables; Lost in Space; The Odd Couple II; Paulie; A Price Above Rubies; Sliding Doors; Species II; Tarzan and the Lost City; The Object of My Affection; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Two Girls and a Guy.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 6/28: "Indie New York." 5/9: *God Told Me To* (1976), *Who's That Knocking at My Door?* (1967), and *It's Not Just You, Murray* (1964). 5/10: *Killer's Kiss* (1955) and *Shadows* (1960). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $16 nonmembers; $8 members.

Anthology Film Archives—5/6–5/14: *Underground* (1995). 5/8 and 5/10: "Jim Davis: Restoration Premiere." 5/8: "Films by Jami Harrar." 5/9: "Essential Cinema." *Olympia* (1938) and *Alphaville* (1965). 5/10: "Essential Cinema." *Francesco, Giullare de Dio* (1949) and *Numero Deux* (1975). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"African Film Festival." 5/9: *When the Stars Meet the Sea* (1996) and *Taafe Fanga* (1997). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6; $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Different Light—5/10: *Some Kind of Wonderful* (1987). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"A Passage to Argentina." 5/5: *Return to the Nest* (1938), *Three Times Ana* (1961), and *Gaucho* (1954). 5/5 and 5/9: *Yellow Flowers in the Window* (1961). 5/6–5/7: *The Hand in the Trap* (1961) and *The Party Is Over* (1960). 5/8 and 5/10: *The Sleep of Heroes* (1998) and *Eva Peron* (1996). 5/9: *The Imposter* (1996) and *Ashes of Paradise* (1997). 5/11–5/12: *Beyond Oblivion* (1956) and *Rosaura At Ten O'Clock* (1958). "Independents Night." 5/7: *Totally Confused* (1997). "Movies for Kids." 5/9–5/10: *Julio and His Angel* (1996). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.50.

French Institute—"Ciné-club." 5/5: *Les Guichets du Louvre* (1974) and *Journal de Rivesaltes* (1996). 5/12: *Trois Vies et une Seule Mort* (1996). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, festival tickets $8.

Guggenheim Museum—"Dawn: Early Chinese Cinema." 5/6 and 5/9: *Song of the Fishermen* (1934) and *The Goddess* (1934). 5/8 and 5/10: *New Women* (1934) and *Song at Midnight* (1937). 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3587).

Museum of Modern Art—"Coming Apart: Films from 1968 and Thereabouts." 5/10 and 5/15: *Easy Rider* (1969). 5/10–5/11: *Weekend* (1968). 5/12 and 5/14: *Bonnie and Clyde* (1967). "Baby It's Cold Outside: Films From Finland." 5/8: *The Collector* (1996). 5/8–5/9: *The Market Place* (1963). 5/9: *Rally* (1970), *A Worker's Diary* (1967), and *One Man's War* (1973). 5/10: *Restaurant Patrons Seen Through the Eyes of a Camera* (1930), *When Father Has a Toothache* (1923), *The Village Shoemakers* (1923), *Christmas in the Distance* (1997), and *Take Care of Your Scarf, Tatjana* (1994). "New Documentaries." 5/7: *Facemania* (1997). 5/8: *Gratian* (1995). "The Unknown Alain Delon." 5/9 and 5/12: *The Swimming Pool* (1969). 5/9 and 5/11: *The Samurai* (1967). "Who the Devil Made It? Peter Bogdanovich." 5/8: *The Musketeers of Pig Alley* (1912) and *The Thief of Bagdad* (1924). "Eisenstein: The Centenary Year." 5/5: *Alexander Nevsky* (1938). "Big as Life: An American History of 8mm Films." 5/7: Films by Boston-based Pelle Lowe. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Month of May: *Skokie* (1978). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

The Museum of the City of New York—"Berenice Abbott's Changing New York." 5/10: *Berenice Abbott: A View of the 20th Century* documentary of Abbott's life and work. 1220 Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Free.

The Reel School—"Inside the Independent Film Scene: Q&As with the writer, director, producer, and actors." 5/7: Nick Veronis's *A Day at the Beach* (1997). 7 p.m.; the 14th St. Y auditorium, 344 E. 14th St., bet. 1st and 2nd (965-9444, ext. 240). Class, $10.

Symphony Space—"The Envelope Please: 50 Years of Foreign Film and the Academy awards." 5/5: *Kagemusha* (1980). 5/12: *Z* (1969) and *The Battle of Algiers* (1967). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400); $8, $5 members.

The Screening Room—Tuesday night dinner and a movie: *Like Water for Chocolate* (1991). Weekends at midnight: *Valley of the Dolls* (1967). Sunday brunch: *Valley of the Dolls* and *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

The Town Hall—5/6: "A Mother's Day Celebration with Christina Crawford." Screening of *Mommie Dearest* (1981) and an interview with Ms. Crawford. Tickets: $35 and $25. 123 W. 43rd St. (call 840-2824 for info).

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 5/9–5/10: *A Story of Floating Weeds* (1934). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $5 members, $6 nonmembers.

Festival

Time Passages

The turmoil of the late sixties produced obvious time capsules like 'Easy Rider' and 'The Graduate,' but it also helped to create stylized mob stories like 'Point Blank' (below, with Lee Marvin and Angie Dickinson) and "radical" documentaries ('America's in Real Trouble'). Ninety of the best films of the era (ca. 1966–1969) are presented at MOMA's "Coming Apart: Films From 1968 and Thereabouts," starting May 10. See "Museums, Societies, Etc.," for more info.

Photograph from Photofest.

theater

Paul Rudnick in *Marathon '98*... (Spin) Dr. Faustus

Onstage
Beyond the Fringe

Baby Monster Productions and Parallel Exit, two of last year's most exciting participants in the NYC Fringe Festival and the forces, respectively, behind 'Baby Redboots Revenge' and 'WHITE/NOISE/JUMP,' have teamed up for a tantalizing double bill called 'The Return of Avante-Vaudeville' opening May 7 at NADA. The first production, 'Performance Hell,' is a Philip-Dimitri Galas tribute to theater has-beens and misfits; the second, 'VELO/CITY,' is a mock silent film about the lives of corporate drones. Runs through May 17 only; for tickets ($12) and more information, call 420-1466.

Photograph by Dianna Last.

Broadway
Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue requires high-powered actors to animate it, and happily, it gets them. As Marc, Alan Alda puts to insidious use his ability to pester with polish. Victor Garber's dapper Serge harbors under the façade of a convivial man-about-town a defensive arrogance expressed with mounting bile. As Yvan, Alfred Molina is pure perfection. (Simon: 3/16/98.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. Lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100).*

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh, the 28-year-old Anglo-Irish playwright with the precociously long résumé, made his American debut with this drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. It was a huge hit at the Atlantic this spring; it now runs through 7/5 on Broadway. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cabaret—I question converting the Henry Miller Theatre into the Kit Kat Klub for this show, complete with poorer sight lines and tables for overpriced and distracting drinks. Otherwise, the Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The major performances are all at least a mite off, but the supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/19/98. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Chairs—This tragic Ionesco farce concerns a nonagenarian couple, caretakers of an abandoned tower on an isolated island. They are ready to die, and have invited everyone conceivable to hear the Old Man's testament, which he, unskilled with words, has hired the Orator to deliver for him. The guests—all invisible presences—start coming. The Old Man chats them up while the Old Woman knocks herself out dragging in seating for them. The stage fills up with more and more empty chairs. Geraldine McEwan's old woman may be a bit too singsongy, but Richard Briers's self-satisfied yet insecure dotard could not be more appropriately laughable or pitiful. I disapprove of the gratuitous final transformation by the Orator; otherwise this production incises itself indelibly on those privileged to view it. (Simon: 4/20/98.) $35–$60. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. (Simon: 12/2/96.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Deep Blue Sea—Edward Herrmann and Blythe Danner star in this 1952 Terence Rattigan drama about a woman who leaves a dependable husband for an undependable lover. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 5/17. *Roundabout Theatre Company Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

The Diary of Anne Frank—Natalie Portman, the electrifying teen cutie from *Beautiful Girls,* stars in this newly adapted version of the 1955 play. Also starring Linda Lavin, Harris Yulin, George Hearn, and Austin Pendleton. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/4/97. *Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Forever Tango—Or at least for a couple of hours: This marathon of tango dancing, as interpreted by Luis Bravo, is a testament to the sultry versatility of the Argentine form. $20–$75. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 6, and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Marquis Theatre, 211 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Freak—John Leguizamo has proved, in various mediums and genres, that he is versatile, witty, inventive, and charming. He writes and delivers funny dialogue within his monologues, interrupts his acting to execute nimble dance steps both elegant and satirical, and creates characters with facial expressions, vocal mannerisms, and body language that blend into a riotous lingua franca. He brings these skills to his Broadway show, which purports to be semi-autobiographical and is surely, in Anatole France's great phrase, a story truer than truth. (Simon: 3/2/98.) $17.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/4. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Golden Child—After returning to his Chinese hamlet from a business trip, Eng Tieng-Bin, the protagonist of this new memory play, proudly presents his three wives with a new waffle iron, a cuckoo clock, and a phonograph. But his less tangible acquisitions—a new faith, a changed outlook on education, and an overpowering desire to unbind his daughter's feet—do not blend so seamlessly into his traditional home. Directed by James Lapine; written by David Henry Hwang, author of *M. Butterfly.* $30–$50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

High Society—A hybrid of the 1956 movie musical of the same name and Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story.* Music and lyrics by Cole Porter; book by Arthur Kopit. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Honour—As the former chairwoman of the National Endowment for the Arts, Jane Alexander must have had her share of unpleasant media moments. But at no time, one suspects, did any journalist treat her as disrespectfully as the fictional one in this drama starring Robert Foxworth, Laura Linney, and the former Clinton appointee. Here, the bottom-feeding scribe shows up at Alexander's house to do a profile of her husband—and winds up having an affair with him instead. Written by Joanna Murray-Smith; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $25–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44 St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St.(239-6200).*

The Judas Kiss—David Hare's new play about the relationship between Oscar Wilde and his lover, Lord Alfred Douglas. Liam Neeson plays the condemned baron of bon mots; Richard Eyre directs. $15–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind,* is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St.(239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

The Old Neighborhood—Three interconnected one-act plays by David Mamet, starring Peter Riegert, Patti LuPone, Vincent Guastaferro, Mary McCann, and Jack Willis. Directed by Scott Zigler. $45–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, $357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

1776—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing but also with three very rich hours of life. (Simon: 8/25/97.) $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Opening

Long Live the Queen

Mr. Charles is a homosexual so powerful he can convert straight men with one withering, exfoliating stare. "Sometimes," he languidly confesses, "for a lark, I like to stroll through maternity wards, to upset new parents." This marvelous pink eminence, whom only Paul Rudnick could have invented, is the comic center of *Mr. Charles, Currently of Palm Beach,* which is the comic center of Ensemble Studio Theatre's twenty-first annual spring festival of one-acts, Marathon '98. "The play is a kind of response to the new gay wholesomeness," Rudnick cheerily explains. "Gay people are the only citizens left who are yearning to serve in the armed forces, get married, and have children. I wanted to write about the most proudly, flamboyantly, lasciviously, drenchingly gay creature available." Of course. But isn't Rudnick partially to blame for this alarming new trend in queer traditionalism? Wasn't his protagonist in *In & Out* a corn-fed ho . . . ho . . . homeroom teacher? "But gays on the right still disliked it," Rudnick protests, "because he liked Barbra Streisand. And show tunes." It's a battle one cannot win. "Whenever a gay political person says 'Not all gay people are screaming queens,' " says Rudnick, "I always think, *What's wrong with screaming queens?* Most of our political inroads have been made by screaming queens. They deserve our gratitude and our tribute." In this compact yet wicked little play, they get it. Mr. Charles, the host of a public-access-cable show called *Too Gay,* throws sissy fits, fantasizes about Colin Powell, and gives lectures on "shebonics," an emergent pansy patois. He employs a beefy young assistant named Shane, who frequently appears on set dressed as Robin. And he can summarize the history of gay theater in less than 60 seconds. Rudnick says he's been toying with the play, or at least the concept of it, for two years. Now that showtime is approaching, his sugar intake, already notoriously high—the man could kill a diabetic with a simple handshake—has soared off the charts. "Junk food is the entrée of the rehearsal process," he rues. "There's been a major Oreo harvest over here, and in-depth discussions about the glories of Olestra. It's the finest American product—an edible polymer." **JENNIFER SENIOR**

Marathon '98 runs from Wednesday, May 6 through Sunday, June 14. Tickets are $15. For performance schedules and more information, call 247-4982.

Peter Bartlett (left), as Mr. Charles, and Ross Gibby.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower captain. $50–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Sunshine Boys—This Neil Simon play is a triumph of strategy. (1) It is full of one-liners: easily detachable and portable laughs. (2) The main characters, a retired vaudeville team, now hate each other, hence ever-popular insult comedy. (3) Willie Clark and Al Lewis are also Jewish, so we get audience-tickling Jewish jokes. (4) The background is show business, providing cherished showbiz humor. Add the stage-screen-and-TV-enshrined duo of Jack Klugman (Willie) and Tony Randall (Al), and it's platinum-edged-securities time. This production at the National Actors Theatre revival is rattling good fun. (Simon: 1/5/98.) $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Opening

Spin Doctor Faustus

When the Spin Doctors were dropped from Epic Records a year and a half ago, Chris Barron, their lead singer, landed smack in the middle of hell—which, come to think of it, is probably a better place to relaunch a career than the pubs of Bleecker Street. He stars in and co-wrote the tunes for *Faust,* a rock musical opening May 7 at House of Candles on Stanton Street. Considering that Randy Newman famously adapted the Goethe story less than three years ago, it's a daring move, but this version has book and lyrics by Kirk Wood Bromley, the beloved bard of downtown. Presented by Gorilla Repertory Theatre; for tickets ($12) and more information, call 330-8086.

Photograph by Benjamin Heller.

A View From the Bridge—One of the most distressing tales Arthur Miller ever told. Anthony LaPaglia stars as Eddie Carbone, the longshoreman who lusts after his niece; Allison Janney plays his long-suffering wife. Michael Mayer directs. $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Wait Until Dark—Even if a girl weren't blind, she'd find it pretty unnerving to be trapped in a house with Quentin Tarantino. Unfortunately, the new production of Frederick Knott's 1966 thriller requires that Marisa Tomei be both (blind and trapped, that is) and that Tarantino, as a psychotic drug dealer, torture her. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/5. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Aunt Chooch's Birthday—It was only a matter of time before the *Tony 'n' Tina* people came out with a sequel, and a birthday party seems as reasonable a premise as any. $65; dinner and dancing included. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 5/11 opening. *Vegas Room, 221 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Bob—A love letter from one avant-garde director, Anne Bogart, to another, Bob Wilson. Performed by Will Bond. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 5/5 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

The Dying Gaul—Craig Lucas's new drama about the vulnerability and rotten judgment of a struggling young writer. Directed by Mark Brokaw, who has already proven his genius for this subject matter with *As Bees in Honey Drown.* $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 5/12 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

The Empty Beach—The Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre presents Jamie Salom's play about an older woman, her young lover, and a young lady whom they have both rescued. $20. English performances on Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8; Spanish performances on Sat. at 2 and 8 and Sun. at 2 and 6:30. In previews for a 5/7 opening. *Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

The Fastest Clock in the Universe—This scabrous comedy by Philip Ridley, the capstone production of the New Group's fourth season, concerns Cougar, a 30-year-old with a pathological fear of growing old. Every year, he throws a 19th-birthday party for himself and invites someone younger and more beautiful to seduce—until this year, when all his plans go awry. $15. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 4 and 8. In previews for a 5/7 opening. *Intar Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Mr. Peter's Connections—Peter Falk returns to the New York stage for the first time in 27 years to do this original Arthur Miller play, which the playwright completed this season as Signature Theatre's artist-in-residence. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 5/17 opening. *Signature Theatre Company, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-PLAY).*

Nasty Little Secrets—A return engagement of Lanie Robertson's drama about Joe Orton, the latter-day Molière who died at the hands of his lover and mentor. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 5/6 for a 5/20 opening. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, starring and written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 5/21 opening. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

The Seagull—As rendered by Blue Light Theater Company and translated by Tom Stoppard. Directed by Austin Pendleton; starring Angie Phillips, Maria Tucci, Mark Blum, and Greg Naughton. $18–$37.50. Fri. at 4, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 7. Previews begin 5/8 for a 5/27 opening. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Uncle Philip's Coat—A one-man show about an actor struggling with the memory of his uncle, a survivor of the pogroms. Written by Matty Selman; performed by Larry Block. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. In previews for a 5/5 opening. *American Jewish Theater, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Now Playing

Aloha Las Vegas—Edward Sakamoto's new comedy about the allure of Sin City. Presented by Pan Asian Rep. as the final installment of the multicultural *Three by 3* series. $30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 5/16. *St. Clement's Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. (246-2660).*

As Bees in Honey Drown—Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane; alertly directed by Mark Brokaw. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Bad Sex With Bud Kemp—Sandra Tsing Loh's new comedy about dating and other hazardous ventures. $32.50. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Wed. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (787-3392).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Boom: The Lost Generation—A play based on influential literary figures from the twenties, like Dorothy Parker, F. Scott Fitzgerald, H. L. Mencken, and Ernest Hemingway. Presented by Little Eyases Ensemble Theatre. $20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (279-4200).*

The Cripple of Inishmaan—An Irish orphan, Cripple Billy, dreams of landing a part in a Hollywood filmmaker's documentary in order to impress his beloved. The play is Martin McDonagh's first in his Aran Island trilogy and his second to open in New York this season. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 5/10. *The Public's Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Eddie Izzard: Dress to Kill—Britain's hottest, cross-dressingest comic offers his views on dinosaurs, the space program, and being raised by wolves. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30. Through 6/6. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-7171).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

A Flea in Her Ear—Bill Irwin, who proved himself a first-class interpreter of French farce in the Roundabout production of *Scapin* two years ago, now brings his directorial energies to bear on this 1907 Feydeau comedy about the misadventures of a suspicious wife. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

From Above—Tom Donaghy combines the conceit of *Martin Guerre* with the meandering small-town sensibility of *Northern Exposure* for his new drama set in the Catskills. Patricia Kalember stars as a widowed waitress at a has-been's resort; Neal Huff plays the fellow who shows up one day at her door, claiming to be her dead husband. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell wrote and stars in this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $40. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, died in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems a quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Joseph Gabriel Magic—Magician Joseph Gabriel mixes sleights of hand with large-scale illusions. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Mindgames—Marc Salem, a mentalist and former director of research for *Sesame Street,* does a slew of fancy math tricks, stops his own pulse, and predicts the contents of people's wallets. $40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 7, and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Miss Julie—Strindberg's classic about the romance between a highborn woman and low-stationed man. $24–$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 5/17. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (598-9802).*

Never the Sinner—The sensational story of Leopold and Loeb—two wealthy, well-educated teenagers who in 1924 murdered a young boy on a whim—moves from the American Jewish Theatre, where it played to great acclaim earlier this season, to a home farther uptown. $25–$45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Peep Show—The latest installment in the Ronnie Larsen chronicles of New York sleaze. $30–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South, at Sheridan Sq. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Quidam—Cirque Du Soleil's ninth spectacular—which should, like its previous eight, chill, tickle, and trompe many an oeil. $15.75–$59.50. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 6 and 9:30, Sat. at 4:30 and 8:30, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Big Top at Battery Park City. (1-800-678-5440).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Opening Stopwatch

With the opening Thursday of Philip Ridley's scabrous new comedy, 'The Fastest Clock in the Universe,' the British domination of Off Broadway is nearly complete. This most recent import—written by yet another punk on the south side of 35—concerns a brittle, misanthropic fellow named Cougar, who every year throws a 19th-birthday party for himself and tries to seduce someone young and gullible. The very fine (and not-so-new) New Group presents.

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Cathtilian lithp geth a tuneful thong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $42.50–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Too Jewish Two—Avi Hoffman's sequel to *Too Jewish?* is a tribute to the tummlers, the precursors of the Borscht Belt comics and shtickers. Presented by Jewish Repertory Theatre. $35. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. at 2. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Two Pianos, Four Hands—Ted Dykstra and Richard Greenblatt, a pair of talented pianists who never made it to the recital halls, wax philosophical about pushy parents, arrogant students, and smug concert judges. $25–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 6. Through 5/10. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 14th St. (239-6200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Eli Wallach, who made his Broadway debut more than a half-century ago, stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

The Wizard of Oz—A revival of last year's revival. As the Wicked Witch of the West, Eartha Kitt also finds herself in a role that (a) suits her vampy, campy talents and (b) plays to a more appreciative audience than reluctant taxicab passengers. Have a purrrrrrrfect evening. Rrrrreeow! $19–$59. Call for showtimes. *Theater at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. and 32nd St. (307-4111).*

Chun *continued from page 37*

tely, Buttafuoco didn't hear any of this.

Halfway through his bistecca Fiorentina, Buttafuoco confides what's really eating him recently: He wasn't asked to read for a new tabloid show on E! called *Mysteries & Scandals.* Former *Daily News* gossip columnist A. J. Benza was handed the part, and Joey clearly resents it. But it's not as if his own film career is going absolutely nowhere: Joey Buttafuoco will appear in the new Woody Allen film *Celebrity.* True, it's only a mere snippet of Joey, excised from his considerable tabloid-TV archive. But it is a genuine cameo. Buttafuoco doesn't like to elaborate on this, though. I think he suspects Allen is going to make sport of him. The movie has something to do with being famous. And fame isn't always a beautiful thing.

I'M DRIVING AROUND CANOGA PARK IN A rented Toyota looking for Joey Buttafuoco's body shop. According to Cindy Adams, it's called PREFERRED CUSTOMERS ONLY. The location is confidential. No advertising, unlisted number. I can understand this: The shop on Long Island (which his father left to his older brother when he died) was the target of a drive-by shooting—somebody emptied thirty rounds into the place. And Buttafuoco did tell me his clients were "a lot of celebrities I don't want to mention because of their grade of character." Suddenly, I spot him walking out of a garage to his Lincoln, parked across the street. He drives off. I look at the name painted on the side of the body shop. It doesn't say PREFERRED CUSTOMERS ONLY.

Turns out Buttafuoco doesn't actually own this body shop, as he has implied. But he does work there. Rick Johnson is the shop's owner and Buttafuoco's boss. He describes Buttafuoco as a model employee who "does good work." Johnson says he's been to every taping of *The Joey Buttafuoco Show.* He's a fan. In fact, he seems fearful that once Buttafuoco's show is picked up by a network, he'll have to find a replacement. John Staiti, a Bensonhurst native who wears a gold chain with a rapper-size letter J around his neck, has breakfast every morning at the local diner with Buttafuoco, who he says is a terrific coworker and a great friend. "Joey's just a regular guy from New York," says Staiti. "He doesn't have any movie-star attitude. I call him the 'movie-star mechanic.' "

When the movie-star mechanic returns to the garage, he is furious. Not screaming or flailing his arms. But he's furious. Very. His voice is calm and measured: "If you mention where I live or where the shop is, I will hunt you down and put a knife in your back." A moment of high drama. Only he's not acting. ■

art

Artemisia Gentileschi...Win Knowlton

Openings

This week, two art fairs at opposite ends of the spectrum come to New York: the hip and smoky **GRAMERCY INTERNATIONAL CONTEMPORARY ART FAIR** returns to the Gramercy Park Hotel from May 8–11 (hours are Fri. 6–10, Sat. and Sun. 12–8, Mon. 12–6; admissions is $10) and the upscale **INTERNATIONAL FINE ART FAIR** to the Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Avenue at 67th Street from May 8–13 (hours are Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues. 11–8, Wed. 11–8). Not an art fair, but a rare opportunity to check out the works of truly emerging artists, **PIER SHOW 6** takes places weekends from May 9–June 6 at 141 Beard Street, Red Hook, Brooklyn; call 718-596-2507 for information.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Richard Hickam—Figurative paintings; through 5/22. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

Howard Hodgkin—New paintings that hover between abstraction and figuration and make subtle references to the artist's travels and friendships; through 6/13. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

Per Kirkeby—Bronze models and works on paper; through 5/30. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

John La Farge—Paintings made while the artist was traveling in the Pacific in the late 1800s; through 6/8. Jordan, 958 Madison Ave. (570-9500).

Nicholas de Stael—Drawings made between 1945 and 1955; through 6/20. Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (734-3670).

Guy Pené du Bois—Works from the thirties and forties, including paintings and studies for WPA murals; 5/7–6/13. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Joan Snyder—Recent paintings that draw on the artist's early "stroke" paintings and on her autobiographical works of the eighties; through 6/12. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Frank Stella—Prints, paper collages, wall reliefs, and sculpture from the nineties; 5/7–6/26. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

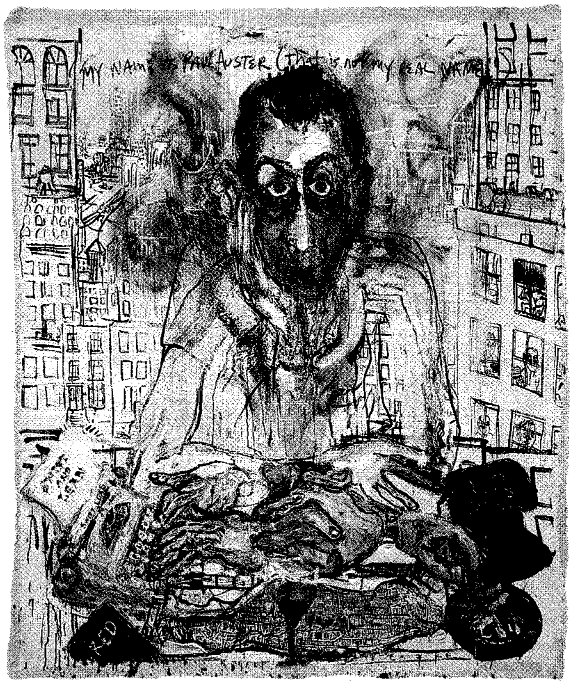
Albert York—A loan exhibition of paintings and drawings; through 6/12. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (838-0333).

57th Street Area

Claudio Bravo/Richard Diebenkorn—New paintings by the Chilean artist, including classical still lifes, portraits, and interiors/A survey of prints, from the artist's figurative works of the early sixties to his abstract works of the eighties; through 5/30. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Paul Cadmus—Drawings from 1909 to 1998, including male and female nudes, portraits, self-portraits, still lifes, and studies for paintings and prints; through 6/19. Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Sam Cady—Paintings of architecture on shaped canvases; through 5/22. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).


MY NAME IS PAUL AUSTER (That is not my real name)

Talent **Sam Messer's recent portraits and self-portraits continue his characteristically intense scrutiny of his subjects; this time, however, the figure and its environment have completely meshed in Soutine-like convulsions of pigment. At David Beitzel Gallery, 102 Prince Street; through June 13.**

Gordon Cook—A survey of prints and paintings of atmospheric landscapes and seascapes by the artist (1927–1985), who worked in San Francisco for most of his career; through 5/29. Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Jane Freilicher—Recent paintings of views seen from the artist's Greenwich Village studio windows and of the countryside surrounding her studio in Water Mill, Long Island; through 5/29. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Philip Grausman—Figurative sculptures and drawings from the seventies, eighties, and nineties; through 5/30. Ice, 5 E. 57th St. (838-5752).

Marsden Hartley—An exhibition of 25 paintings executed between 1907 and 1942 that focuses on the artist's search for spiritual subject matter; through 6/20. Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave. (767-1852).

Alfredo Jaar—A sculptural and architectural environment and a series of photographs with accompanying text from the artist's "Rwanda Project 1994–1980"; through 6/13. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Polly Kraft/Warren Brandt—Recent paintings and watercolors of still life and landscapes/Ink drawings and pastels of the female nude. Through 5/30. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Howard Lerner—Paintings by a former student of Philip Guston, and a selection of works by Guston from the seventies; through 6/20. Whalen, 24 W. 57th St. (397-9700).

Reginald Marsh—A survey of paintings and prints celebrating the centennial of the artist's birth; through 5/30. ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (644-8300).

Isamu Noguchi—A selection of basalt and granite sculptures and fountains that were made by the artist in the eighties at his studio on the Japanese island of Shikoku, many of which have not been exhibited outside of Japan; through 6/26. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Yoko Ono—Installations of some of the artist's best-known works, such as the *Blue Room*, *Play It by Trust*, and the *Yes Painting*, plus recent works and a room of drawings (a new installation by Ono is also on view at Deitch Projects, 76 Greene St.; through May 30); through 5/30. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Tom Shannon—Recent sculptures that combine stone, metals, permanent magnets, and other natural materials and are conceived to have minimal contact with their supporting surfaces; through 6/13. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Theodore Wores—Plein-air landscapes of Japan and California from the 1880s through the 1920s by the San Francisco artist (1859–11939); through 6/13. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Chantal Akerman—The Belgian filmmaker's first show in a gallery, a six-part film installation titled *Selfportrait/Autobiography: a work in progress*; through 6/13. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405)

Jean-Michel Basquiat—A selection of the late artist's paintings from the eighties; through 5/30. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Mel Bochner—Drawings between 1966 and 1973 that depict verbal constructions, arrangements of numerals, geometric diagrams, and plans for installations; through 6/6. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Reg Butler—Unique painted figurative bronze sculptures that were executed by the British artist (1913–1981) between 1963 and 1973 and were last exhibited in the United States at Pierre Matisse Gallery in 1973; through 6/20. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Robert Colescott—Recent paintings by the artist, known for his satirical allegories on race and gender; through 5/31. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Lisa Corinne Davis—Paintings that depict layers of symbols; through 5/30. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Helmut Federle—Recent large-scale abstract paintings; through 5/31. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Walton Ford—Recent watercolors; through 5/23. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

James Gilroy—Recent figurative paintings; through 5/30. Dactyl Foundation, 64 Grand St. (219-2344).

Photograph courtesy of David Beitzel Gallery.

Susanna Heller—Recent paintings and drawings that evoke aerial views of urban landscapes; through 5/23. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Robert Irwin—Early abstract paintings from the fifties and sixties and acrylic discs from the sixties by this California artist, who turned away from painting in 1969 to become one of the creators of pure perceptual art and whose latest installation is currently on view at the Dia Center for the Arts (see "Museums"); through 6/19. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Wolfgang Laib—An installation of ziggurat-like forms of beeswax that fills the gallery from floor to ceiling and conceals various architectural details, and a seven-foot-long marble sculpture in the shape of a house surrounded by mounds of white rice; through 6/6. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

George Lappas—Recent sculptures that play with scale and volume to create luminous fields; through 5/23. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753).

Hector Leonardi—Recent abstract paintings; through 5/29. Steele, 420 W. Broadway (941-8388).

Lisa Ruyter—Recent paintings based on photographs of cities in New Jersey, at Algus, 25 Thompson St. (966-1758), through 6/6, and at Rove/Schachter, 508 W. 26th St. (807-6669).

Sam Messer—New paintings that continue the artist's exploration of figurative portraiture, including a series of symbolic self-portraits; through 6/13. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Yong Soon Min—Sculpture and photographs by a California-based artist that continue her exploration of the ongoing conflict and division in her native Korea; through 6/27. Art in General, 79 Walker St. (219-0473).

Izhar Patkin—New large-scale works on paper that depict three successive generations of the Mendelssohn family of Berlin, who were victims of King Frederick II's plan in 1769 to fund his inferior porcelain company by forcing Jews to buy its low-quality products, and stenciled imagery of porcelain objects; through 6/13. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Doug and Mike Starn—Photo collages in illuminated vitrines, video sculptures, and a sound-installation collaboration with the New York City music house Tom and Andy; through 6/6. Castelli, 420 W. Broadway (431-5160).

David Stern—Gestural abstract paintings; through 5/30. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838).

Jessica Stockholder—New works on paper from the artist's "Turning Paper" series that were produced at Two Palms Press in New York; through 6/5. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0960).

Judith Streeter—Mixed-media tableaux that use photographic plates as a base; through 6/9. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

Robert Yarber—Computer-assisted paintings of figures in eerily lit landscapes; through 6/3. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Chelsea

Polly Apfelbaum—A large-scale floor piece of fabric arranged in the form of a figure; through 6/6. D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. (352-9460).

Alice Aycock/Robin Tewes—Four new sculptures that incorporate amusement park or circus imagery and a selection of drawings of large-scale projects/A series of small-scale paintings of interiors of houses. Through 5/30. Weber, 529 W. 20th St. (691-5711).

Liesbeth Bik and Jos van der Pol—An installation by two Dutch artists that is a re-creation of the theory section of the ICA bookshop in London; through 6/30. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Olafur Eliasson—A site-specific installation and photographs that refer to the landscape of the artist's native Iceland; through 5/30. Bonakdar, 521W. 21st St. (414-4144)).

Pamela Harris—Paintings of mysteriously mundane landscapes that draw on real-estate guides, cinematic stills, TV, and personal memories; through 6/6. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

Ellsworth Kelly—Seven recent paintings on shaped canvases, each painted in a single color, through 6/20, at Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200), and his 104-part anodized-aluminum piece from 1957, *Sculpture for a Large Wall, 1957*, through 6/20, at Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200).

Ree Morton—Works and drawings that were made by the artist (1936–1977) between 1974 and 1977 and focus on her interest in subjects related to nature and her use of celastic, a plasticlike material that can be molded into shapes; through 6/6. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474).

Dennis Oppenheim—Recent installations and models; through 5/30. Stux, 529 W. 20th St. (352-1600).

Tom Palmore—Paintings of stuffed animals in natural settings; through 6/4. Cacciola, 501 W. 23rd St. (462-4646).

Alan Rath—Electronic sculptures; through 6/6. Dorfman Projects, 529 W. 20th St. (352-2272).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Berry-Hill—11 E. 70th St. (744-2300). "For Beauty and for Truth," five decades of still lifes collected by William and Abigail Gerdts, with a selection of works by nineteenth-century woman artists; through 6/26.

CDS Gallery—76 E. 79th St. (772-9555). Paintings and drawings by first- and second-generation Latin American artists, including Berni, Battle-Planas, Fonseca, Figari, others; through 7/31.

Feigen—49 E. 68th St. (628-0100). Paintings by the sixteenth-century Italian masters Artemisia Gentileschi, Orazio Gentileschi, and Agostino Tassi; through 6/13.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Eccentric Orbits," with works by Hayter, Howard, Merrild, Sage; through 5/29.

Sculpture Center—167 E. 69th St. (879-3500). "Here and Now," an exhibition of emerging artists with works by Beech, Grotepass, Harle, and Kotik; through 5/30.

57th Street Area

Associated American Artists—20 W. 57th St. (399-5510). "Mexico Reconfigured," with works by Castillo, Elizondo, Galan, Hernandez, Jusidman, Smith, and Toledo; through 6/12.

Baron/Boisanté Editions—50 W. 57th St. (581-9191). "Actionism," films and photographs of "actions" by artists who participated in the Viennese Actionism movement of the sixties, among them Brus, Muehl, Nitsch, and Schwarzkogler; through 6/13.

Janis—110 W. 57th St. (586-0110). A fiftieth-anniversary exhibition of twentieth-century masters, with works by Arp, Brancusi, Braque, Brauner, others; through 5/13.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Deitch Projects—76 Grand St. (343-7300). Paintings by Cecily Brown; drawings incised on leather by Michelle Lopez; an installation by Yoko Ono (Ono's work is also on view at Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St., through 5/30); through 5/30.

Dieu Donné Papermill—433 Broome St. (226-0573). "Paper +," with works by Amoros, Anastasi, Antonakos, Artschwager; through 5/29.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Transmissions," an exhibition of videos by curators and critics exploring their absorption and expression of cultural information; 5/9-6/27.

PPOW—476 Broome St. (941-8642). "Rights of Spring," with works by Adkins, Curtis, Cross, Heffernan, others; through 5/30.

Watts—123 Watts St. (219-1482). "In Context," with works by Bellmer, Brauner, Cornell, Fernandez, others; through 5/31.

Wooster Gardens—558 Broadway (941-6210). "Micro Organism," contemporary jewelry from Germany, with works by Atrops, Betz, Dittlmann, Fritsch, others; through 5/30.

Chelsea

Audiello Fine Art—526 W. 26th St. (675-9082). "The Innocent," with works by Collins, Guerin, Schanck, and Sue Hoy; through 5/30.

Cheim & Reid—521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727). "Three Catholics: Warhol, Ruscha & Mapplethorpe," paintings, photography and sculpture; through 6/27.

Feigen Contemporary—535 W. 20th St. (929-0500). "Exploiting the Abstract," with works by Chang, Cooper, Craven, Dolla, others; through 6/13.

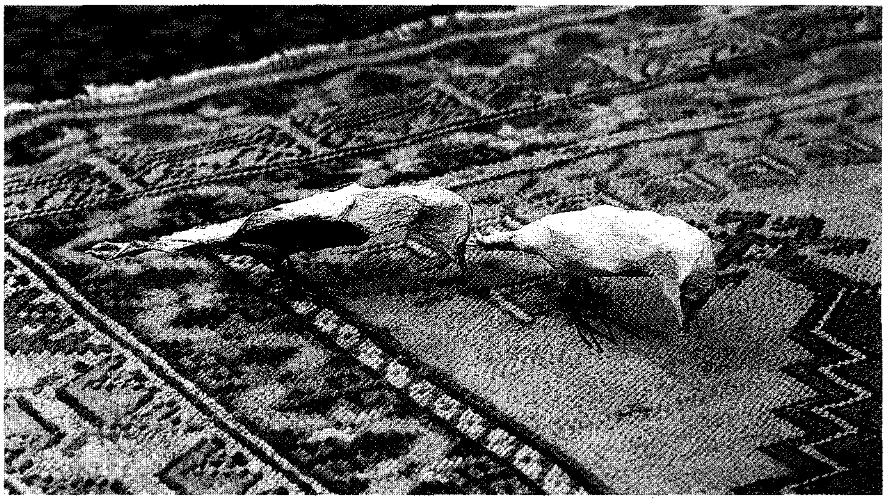
Morthland—225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767). "Inventors + Alchemists," an exhibition of surreal and conceptual photographs, objects, and paintings with works by Beube, Diaz, Estabrook, Hajdu; through 6/14.

Tonkonow—601 W. 26th St. (255-8450) and Bound & Unbound, 601 W. 26th St. (463-7348). "Disappearing Act," with works by Byars, Roth, Warhol, Weiner, others; through 8/1.

Installation

Of a Feather

The quirkiest sculptures in Win Knowlton's show are his papier-mâché birds placed on matching Persian carpets, creating the chameleonlike illusion of bird and carpet as one. At Bill Maynes Gallery, 529 West 20th Street; through May 9.



Photograph courtesy of the Bill Maynes Gallery.

Photography

Lois Conner/Ed Burtynsky—A survey of the photographer's platinum panoramics of China/Color photographs made at mineral-tailing sites and industrial recycling plants in Ontario. Through 5/30. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (327-1482). "Motherhood," with images that pay homage to motherhood by Dahl-Wolfe, Kasebier, Newman, Weegee, White, others; through 6/6.

Rena Bass Forman—Photographs of landscapes in Bali; through 5/30. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Emmet Gowin—Recent prints from the artist's ongoing series of aerial landscapes; through 6/13. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8 (voluntary contribution 6–8), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 students and seniors. "Micha Bar-Am: An Israeli Photobiography." Images of life in Israel by its premier photojournalist; through 5/31.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 admission by voluntary donation), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4. "Robert Capa/Photographs." A retrospective of the legendary photojournalist (1913–1954) known for his images of the Spanish Civil War, the North African and European battles of WWII, the Israeli War for Independence, and the end of the French Indochina War, and for his portraits of artists and writers; through 6/7.

Michael Lavine—Recent color portraits of artists and celebrities; through 5/23. Team, 527 W. 26th St. (279-9219).

Bastienne Schmidt—Photographic installations of images from the artist's photographic essay-book *American Dreams*; through 6/6. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Antonio Turok—Photographs recording the artist's experiences in the Mexican state of Chiapas, from the new book, *Chiapas: The End of Silence* (Aperture; $40); through 6/21. Aperture's Burden Gallery, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Dan Weiner—Photographs that depict America's emerging middle classes of the fifties; through 6/13. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Leigh Wiener—Photographs of baseball figures and celebrities of the sixties; through 6/13. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Bob Willoughby—Photographs shot on film sets between 1953 and 1971; through 5/23. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Paper + Finland = Art." Works on paper by contemporary Finnish artists; through 5/10. . . . "Expressions in Wood: Masterworks From the Wornick Collection." Turned and shaped wood artworks by 56 artists from the United States, Europe, and Australia, drawn from the collection of Anita and Ron Wornick; through 5/10. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Spirits in Steel: The Art of the Kalabari Masquerade." Life-size steel sculptures by Sokari Douglas Camp that were inspired by the traditional masquerades of the Kalabari people of the Eastern Niger Delta, and masks from the collections of the American Museum of Natural History and the British Museum; through 10/12. . . . "Kings, Chiefs, Women of Power, Nigeria: Photographs by Phyllis Galembo." Large-format color portraits of the women and men of the Benin and Yoruba kingdoms and the Western Igbo in southern Nigeria; through 6/28. . . . "The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 8/30. . . . "Drawing Shadows to Stone: Photographing North Pacific Peoples, 1897–1902." A commemoration of the American Museum of Natural History's Jesup North Pacific Expedition of 1897–1902, including approximately 100 archival photographs of scenes from daily life; through 5/31. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"More Than Meets the Eye: Japanese Art in the Asia Society Collection"; through 8/16. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Jewels of the Romanovs: Treasures of the Russian Imperial Court." 250 objects and works of art spanning three centuries of the Romanov Dynasty, among them royal portraits, court gowns, military uniforms, and a selection of Crown Jewels; through 7/5. . . . "Masters of Color and Light: Homer, Sargent, and the American Watercolor Movement." Approximately 150 works by the American masters drawn entirely from the museum's permanent collection; through 7/5. . . . "Mexican Prints From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." 126 prints by 47 Mexican artists, among them José Orozco, Diego Rivera, and Rufino Tamayo; through 8/9. . . . "Sally Victor: Mad Hatter, 1935–65." A selection of hats by the American milliner, beginning with her earliest creations of the thirties through the decline of the popularity of the hat in the mid-sixties; through 6/21. . . . "Joan Snyder: Working in Brooklyn." Works on paper from the past decade; through 6/14. . . . "Scattered Petals, Fallen Leaves, Shards of Glass: The Work of Bing Hu, Working in Brooklyn." An exhibition of sixteen sculptures that incorporate material found on the streets of Brooklyn by the Chinese artist; through 5/10. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"Arquitectonica: The Times Square Project." The first New York exhibition of photographs, models, and drawings by the Miami-based architectural firm, highlighting its plans for a hotel, entertainment, and retail complex at 42nd Street and Eighth Avenue; through 5/10. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5. Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

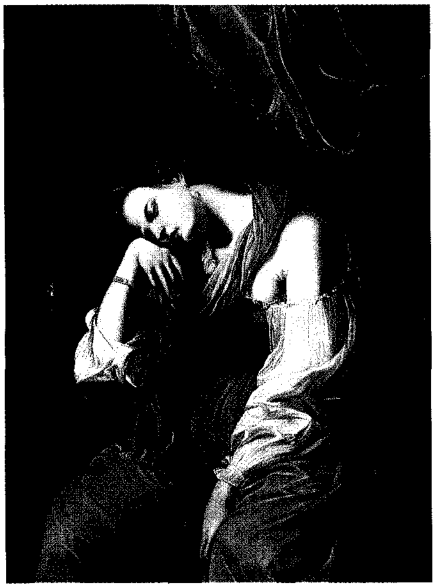
Dahesh Museum—"Training an Artist: Alexandre Cabanel and the Academic Process in Nineteenth-

On View

Roman Candle

Contemporary scandals seem mere trifles compared with the one endured by the seventeenth-century Italian Baroque painter Artemisia Gentileschi. The artist, who was the daughter of the celebrated Roman painter and Caravaggio follower Orazio Gentileschi, and who eventually produced such dramatic works as *Judith and the Maidservant With the Head of Holofernes* (and *The Penitent Magdalene*, below), was raped by her painting instructor Agostino Tassi when she was 17, then continued to have sex with Tassi with the promise of marriage. When Tassi refused to make good (he already had a wife), Artemisia's enraged father filed a rape charge against him, launching a famous seven-month trial during which Artemisia was accused of promiscuity by Tassi and subjected to *sibille*, a torture that involved tightening metal rings around a subject's fingers to elicit the truth. Tassi denied the crime but was convicted and sent to prison. No wonder, then, that feminists are rankled by Agnes Merlet's recently released film, *Artemisia* (Miramax Zoë), which portrays, among other things, the feminist icon and Tassi as lovers, Tassi's sexual awakening of Artemisia as the awakening of her artistic creativity, and Tassi as a flawed but decent fellow who accepted a false charge of rape to protect his lover's honor. Gloria Steinem and art historian Mary D. Garrard, author of *Artemisia Gentileschi: The Images of the Female Hero in Italian Baroque Art*, have issued a statement contrasting what they say are the film's inaccuracies with evidence drawn from the transcripts of the 1612 trial; Merlet, in part of her own statement, says it was "not my goal to create a historical reenactment. I wished to tell the personal story of a heroic woman and place her in a context that a modern audience would better understand." Artistic license aside, *Artemisia* has had at least one positive effect—providing the perfect excuse for an exhibition of paintings by its real-life leading characters. Indeed, "Paint and Passion: Artemisia Gentileschi, Orazio Gentileschi, and Agostino Tassi" (Richard L. Feigen & Co., 49 East 68th Street; through June 13) marks the first time the protagonists' canvases have been displayed together. "I've seen the film twice and I think it was beautifully photographed and well directed and it attempts to bring to life a major seventeenth-century painter whose work has been very misunderstood," says Feigen, who borrowed most of his show's works from museums and private collections and hopes the film will create brisker business for seventeenth-century Italian painting. Got an opinion of your own? Feel free to bring it to the gallery's May 14 symposium.

Edith Newhall



Century France." Paintings and drawings by the nineteenth-century French artist; through 6/13. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Robert Irwin." Part one of a two-part site-specific installation; through 6/14. . . . "Tracey Moffatt: *Free-falling*." A group of 25 photographs and a video installation by the Australian artist and filmmaker; through 6/14. . . . "Richard Serra: *Torqued Ellipses*." Three monumental sculptures of Cor-Ten steel that explore the shaping of space rather than material as their primary subject; through 6/14. . . . "Dan Flavin: 1962/63, 1970, 1996." Three installations using fluorescent light and six separate fluorescent works by the late sculptor; through 6/14. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

The Drawing Center—"Shadows of a Hand: The Drawings of Victor Hugo." The first exhibition in the United States devoted to the drawings of the nineteenth-century French writer (1802–1885), addressing his prescient relationship to art movements of the twentieth century; through 6/13. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Visions of Paris: Robert Delauney's Series." An exhibition focusing on the artist's series paintings of Saint-Séverin, the Eiffel Tower, and Paris as seen through his window; through 5/24. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"China: 5,000 Years"; through 5/25. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"An Expressionist in Paris: The Paintings of Chaim Soutine." The first museum exhibition devoted to the painter's work in nearly five decades, focusing on the period between Soutine's arrival in Paris in 1913 and his death there during World War II; through 8/16. . . . "Still More Distant Journeys: The Artistic Emigrations of Lasar Segall." The first major United States retrospective of the preeminent Brazilian artist, a major contributor to the development of German Expressionism and Brazilian modernist painting; through 5/10. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Paul Strand circa 1916." An exhibition of 50 rare prints tracing the artist's transition from soft-focus pictorial style to modernism; through 5/31. . . . "Augustin Pajou, Royal Sculptor." The first comprehensive exhibition of the work of the eighteenth-century French sculptor; through 5/24. . . . "Pierre-Paul Prud'hon." The first American retrospective of the works of the eighteenth-century French court painter and draftsman; through 6/7. . . . "The Nature of Islamic Ornament, Part I: Calligraphy." An exhibition surveying the development of Islamic calligraphy; through 6/28. . . . "When Silk Was Gold: Central Asian and Chinese Textiles in the Metropolitan and Cleveland Museums of Art"; through 5/17. . . . "Evocative Fragments." A selection of twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs depicting fragments of the human body; through 6/14. . . . "Honoré Lannuier, Parisian Cabinet Maker in Federal New York"; through 6/14. . . . "Elegant China Ware: Paris Porcelain in America"; through 6/14. . . . "American Ingenuity." A survey of twentieth-century American sportswear; through 8/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Self-Taught Artists of the 20th Century: Perspectives on Patterning." A survey of works by five self-taught artists whose oeuvres are characterized by a consistent use of overall patterning, including Morris Hirshfeld, Leroy Person, Martin Ramirez, Eugene Von Bruenchenhein, and Joseph Yoakum; through 6/7. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Chuck Close." A retrospective of paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs by the American artist known for his monumental, psychologically charged portraits of artists and anonymous sitters; through 5/26. . . . "Alvar Aalto: Between Humanism and Materialism." The first United States retrospective of the works of the renowned Finnish architect, designer, and town planner, including sketches and competition drawings, models, new and archival photographs, and examples of furniture and glass; through 5/19. . . . "Fernand Léger." A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the French artist (1881–1955) from his early series "Contrastes de Formes (1913–14)," the first fully abstract works to emerge from Cubism, through his last realist paintings of construction workers of the late forties and early fifties; through 5/12. . . . "The Clutter of Happenstance: Photographs by Robert Cumming." Photographs of ordinary objects in tableaux of the artist's devising, made between 1969 and 1981; through 6/15. . . . "Maria Magdalena Campos-Pons: Spoken Softly With Mama." A site-specific installation exploring the artist's African-Cuban roots; through 5/26. . . . "Garry Winogrand: Selections From a Major Acquisition." Twenty-six photographs from a collection of 200 prints ranging in date from the fifties through the seventies; through 5/31. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31. . . . "Berenice Abbott's Changing New York, 1935–1939." A selection of 175 prints from the museum's own collection of the photographer's "Changing New York" project of the thirties, which was funded by the Federal Art Project of the WPA and sponsored by the museum; through 6/21. . . . "Bridging New York." An exhibition of paintings, prints, drawings, postcards, and vintage photographs exploring the role played by bridges in the creation of Greater New York; through 6/28. . . . "New York From Above: An Aerial View." Paintings depicting aerial views of the city by Spelman Evans Downer; through 6/14. . . . "A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades." A survey of New York City's ethnic parades; through 10/17. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum and School of Fine Arts—"Whistler: Impressions of an American Abroad—Etchings and Lithographs From the Carnegie Museum of Art." A survey of prints by the American expatriate James McNeil Whistler (1834–1903), drawn from the collection of and organized by the Carnegie Museum of Art; through 6/26. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri. 12–8 (Fri. 5–8 pay what you wish); $5, $3.50 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Doris Salcedo." New sculpture by the Colombian artist; through 5/31. . . . "Cardoso Flea Circus." A miniature flea circus accompanied by a video documenting a performance piece; through 5/10. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"Particular Voices: Robert Giard's Portraits of Gay and Lesbian Writers"; through 6/27. . . . "A War in Perspective, 1898–1998: Public Appeals, Memory, and the Spanish-American Conflict"; through 8/29. . . . "A Secret Location on the Lower East Side: Adventures in Writing, 1960–1980." An exhibition focusing on the writers, artists, publishers, and communities who produced publications associated with the use of the mimeograph machine from the sixties through the early eighties; through 7/25. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Unconventional Currier & Ives." Lesser-known works produced by the printing firm, among them prints, photographs, certificates, and advertisements; through 7/5. . . . "Militant Metropolis: New York City and the Spanish-American War 1898." A selection of newspapers, caricatures, letters, photographs, and other materials from the Society's Lathrop Colgate Harper Collection of Spanish-American War materials; through 7/12. . . . "New York Landmarks, Present and Future Direction." Photographs of New York City landmarks from the new book *Landmarks of New York III* (Abrams) by Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel; through 8/23. . . . "Paul Robeson: Bearer of a Culture." An exhibition of photographs and memorabilia commemorating the centenary of the actor's birth; through 7/12. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Alex Katz—Under the Stars: American Landscapes 1951–1995." The first retrospective of the artist's landscape works; through 6/21. . . . "Vertical Painting Show"; through 6/28. . . . "Meg Webster 'Pool' "; through 6/28. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation, $2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Settling New Scores: Music Manuscripts From the Paul Sacher Foundation"; 5/13–8/30. . . . "A Seal Upon Thine Heart: Glyptic Art of the Ancient Near East, ca. 2100–500 B.C." A selection of seals from the Library's collection and from the Yale Babylonian Collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and several private collections; through 8/16. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Robert Colescott: Recent Paintings." A survey of paintings from the past ten years that explore issues of racial identity, power, and gender by the 72-year-old African-American artist; through 8/30. . . . "Dawoud Bey." New large-scale Polaroid portraits of students from three Queens high schools; through 8/30. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Bill Viola." The first full-scale overview of the work of the California-based video artist, including fifteen installations, 25 videotapes, and drawings and notebooks from the past 25 years; through 5/10. . . . "Richard Pousette-Dart: The Studio Within." A partial re-creation of the studio the artist worked in for more than 30 years, including 20 paintings from different periods of his career, a selection from his collection of notebooks, and poems and small artworks; through 9/13. . . . "Louise Nevelson: Structures Evolving." A selection of sculptures and works on paper from the museum's collection that highlights the artist's practice of recycling components of existing works to create new ones; through 9/13. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Who What When Where: An Installation by Carrie Mae Weems"; through 7/10. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 5/12 at 7 and 5/13 at 10 and 2: "20th-Century Art." On view from 5/7.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 5/6 at 10: "Books." On view from 5/2.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 5/6 at 10: "Couture and Textiles." On view from 5/2.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 5/6 at 10:15 and 2: "Tribal Art." On view from 5/2. 5/7 at 10:15 and 2 and 5/8 at 10:15: "Nineteenth-Century Paintings." On view from 5/2. 5/8 at 5:30 and 5/9 at 10 and 2: "Wine."

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 5/7 at 10:30: "Modern Literature." On view from 5/2.

restaurants

Almond Joy...A New Delmonico's Dawning

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Canal House—The restaurant at the SoHo Grand Hotel, a beige-on-beige dining room with *Alice in Wonderland* fixtures and furniture, turns out surprisingly tasty regional American fare. Try the macaroni and cheese, the crab cakes, and the cornmeal-crusted chicken breast, or—if you're the type who likes to loiter in hotels—nurse a cocktail in the lounge. *310 West Broadway (965-3588). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

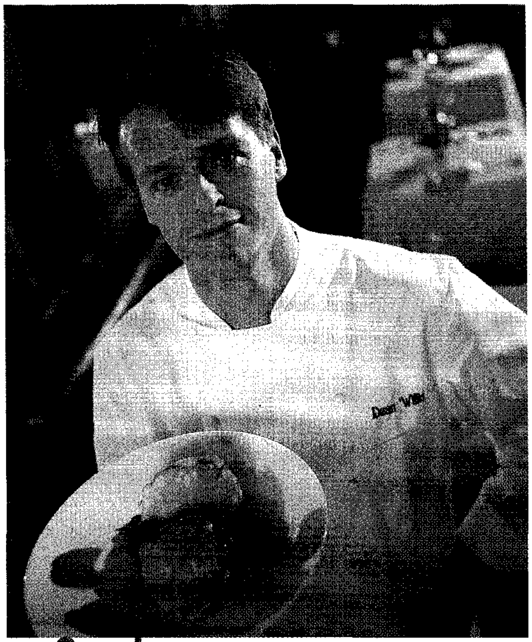
Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Photograph by Joe Fornabaio.

Opening
Indian Notion

The Garrick, opening this week at the Mayfair New York Hotel, is the latest instance of Indian cuisine's crossover from 6th Street into the greater culinary lexicon. London-born chef Dean Willis turns out French-American fare married to subcontinental spicing with dishes like beef carpaccio with mint and chickpeas, and rack of rabbit with chana dal. (242 West 49th Street; 489-8600.)

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45.00. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. (A newer uptown branch offers a similar menu of American classics like chicken potpie and grilled steaks and burgers, and is decorated with a similar canine motif.) *190 W. 4th St. (633-2275). Also, 1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared authentic Spanish cooking. Do yourself a favor and sample the hearty paella and the house sangria. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

53 Grove Street Cafe—This American bistro on a charming Village side street has the requisite exposed brick walls and outdoor patio (in warm weather). There's a raw bar from which one—actually, two—could order the plateau fruits de mer, which comes with vodka or champagne. Or try the sesame-crusted tuna with lemongrass marinade, the filet mignon in bourbon sauce, or the salmon en papillote with oranges. *53 Grove St. (924-8299). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Salam Cafe and Restaurant—This casual Arabic restaurant ensconced in a Village brownstone offers a broad variety of Middle Eastern food, including kebabs, couscous, and lamb with yogurt-and-sesame sauce, plus lots of vegetarian options. Try the Lebanese wine. *104 W. 13th St. (741-0277). (I–M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Opening (Always) Open Kitchen

The Merchants merchants enlisted the consulting services of chef Marc Murphy, formerly of Cellar in the Sky, to institute an affordable French menu at their new Café Milou. Named for Tin Tin's pet dog, the Greenwich Village bistro will never close, serving breakfast from 4 A.M. to noon and Gallic standards like spiced-cod-cake sandwiches and steak au poivre the remaining sixteen hours. (92 Seventh Avenue South; 414-9824.)

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

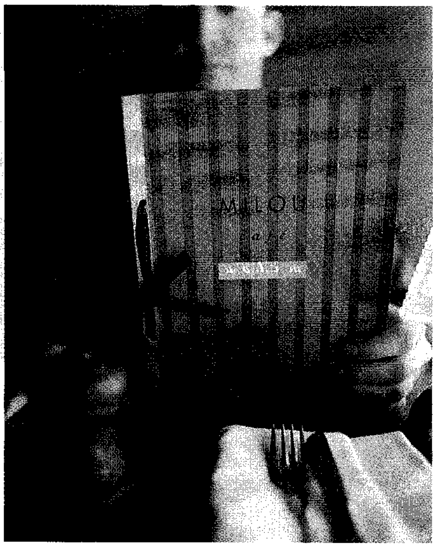
Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, stout-glazed chicken with apricots and juniper berries, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample from the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The au courant Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*



Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Mendy's—This kosher midtown deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. *61 E. 34th St. (576-1010). Also, 208 W. 70th St. (877-6787). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bice—It's always buzzing at this midtown Italian hot spot, where the fashionable crowd takes a hiatus from air-kissing to partake of dishes like lobster salad with baby vegetables, porcini risotto, and veal chop Milanese. *7 E. 54th St. (688-1999). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

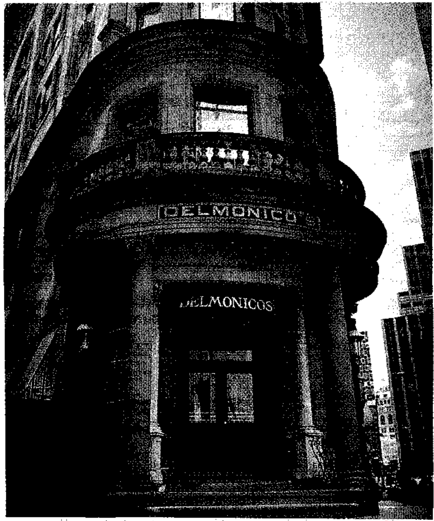
La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef

Institution
Restaurant Reincarnate

When Delmonico's reopens at the corner of Beaver and South William Streets next week, there will be much made of its venerable, 160-year history. And deservedly so; its culinary legacy is staggering. Until brothers John and Peter Delmonico emigrated from Switzerland, bringing with them the Continental idea of haute cuisine, New Yorkers were unacquainted with such exotica as avocados and tomatoes. Menus never appeared in French, and wines never appeared on menus. And ladies, alone or in groups, simply didn't lunch, at least not in public. With their eleven-page menu (listing a rather politically incorrect 47 preparations of veal) and their stratospheric level of service, the Delmonicos engendered a nineteenth-century precursor to The Four Seasons—a nexus of New York power and society attracting politicians, tycoons, and entertainers. (Or, perhaps more sentimentally, to Le Cirque: Owner Sirio Maccioni began his own illustrious American career as a Delmonico's waiter.) Of course, the Delmonicos have long since relinquished control of their business, which fluctuated historically with the fortunes of Wall Street before ending up a casualty of Prohibition. Periodically resuscitated throughout this century, the Renaissance Revival landmark was recently on the verge of becoming a brewpub when its owners-to-be, who run Rockefeller Center's Commonwealth Brewery, learned they were constrained by arcane legislation from opening more than one. Happily for the man who eventually landed the lease, no such restrictions apply to Italian restaurants. Roberto Ruggeri, CEO of the Bice organization, operates 26 restaurants worldwide. He and his partner Stefano Frittella have installed Bice's corporate chef, Gian Pietro Branchi, to orchestrate a historically sensitive menu, paying special tribute to original Delmonico's creations like lobster Newburg and baked Alaska and restricting his native impulses to a scant selection of pasta and risotti. It would be easy, amidst the mahogany paneling and ghost-ridden bar, to forget Delmonico's trendsetting reputation. The place *Harper's Weekly* once dubbed "an agency of civilization" was, after all, the first restaurant to accept the American Express card. (56 Beaver Street; 509-1144.)

Robin Raisfeld



Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex–Lespinasse chef Fabrizzio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Object of Desire

Start Yer Crabbin'

New Fresco chef (and Four Seasons transplant) Stefano Battistini is an avowed Maryland-jumbo-lump-crab loyalist. Flecked with zucchini and cornichons and dusted with cayenne, his elegant, almond-crusted crab cakes are served with a sprightly corn salad. (34 East 52nd Street; 935-3434.)

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

C2 at the China Club—The restaurant at the newly relocated China Club is conspicuously upscale for its Eighth Avenue address and surprisingly calm for its affiliation with the dance club upstairs. Chef Eban Ross has created an eclectic menu of Asian-influenced dishes like tuna-and-salmon tartare with daikon-hijiki slaw and braised lamb shank with maple-roasted acorn squash. *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

China Regency—This Chinese-Japanese hybrid is located conveniently in midtown's hotel nexus. Try any of the noodle dishes or a sampling from the sushi bar. Private-party facilities are upstairs. *850 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (247-6440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Plaza attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.98 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th*

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Photograph by Robert Wright.

St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

No. 18—During the day, this sleekly decorated midtown nook caters to the office crowd with an express lunch for an unusually-good-for-the-neighborhood price of $13. At night, it morphs into an atmospheric martini bar and dining room where an eclectic variety of flavorful, well-seasoned American fare is served. The risotto is highly acclaimed, and the $25 pretheater dinner is a bargain. *18 W. 56th St. (489-1888). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SeaGrill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with couscous in spicy lobster oil, and pepper-seared tuna steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Tuscan Square—Pino Luongo's most ambitious project yet, this Rockefeller Center paean to all things Tuscan combines a rustic dining room; a downstairs marketplace complex of salad, sandwich, and pasta bars; and a retail department selling kitchenware, clothing, leather goods, and stationery. Chef Patrick Nuti's Tuscan menu offers such enticing entrées as chicken-and-ricotta meatballs and garganelli with pancetta, puréed leeks, fava beans, and baby peas. *16 W. 51st St. (977-7777). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kids' menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Toscanaccio—Done up to resemble a Tuscan farmhouse, this Italian restaurant is renowned for its antipasto table and the chef's unfettered use of herbs. Representative dishes include melted caciotta cheese with herbs and crushed red pepper, and fish of the day with stewed garlic, tomatoes, capers, black olives, and chili pepper. *7 E. 59th St. (935-3535). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, non-professionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pondicherry—Although the entrance is situated directly next to the Paris Theatre, this new restaurant is somewhat sequestered down a flight of stairs. But the serene, comfortable environs are anything but cramped. Filmmaker Ismail Merchant is credited with contributing several recipes to chef Jean-Luc Kieffer's French-Indian menu. Some representative dishes include bouillabaisse, chicken biryani, Mauritius-style lamb, and grouper in banana leaf "papillote." *8 W. 58th St. (750-7474). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., a 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Boxers—This uptown outpost of the Greenwich Village Boxers has a similar menu of American staples like chicken potpie, burgers, and steaks. This spot, in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge, enjoys the distinction of being one of the birthplaces of the Upper East Side swinging singles scene. In fact, the Tom Cruise vehicle *Cocktai* was filmed on the premises. *1152 First Ave., at 63rd*

A S K   G A E L

I want truckling and fawning.

A Thai-orchid corsage for madame. White-gloved waiters. A smidgen of lemon sorbet between the shrimp toast and the herbal duck. With the unctuous patter of its kow-towing crew, Mr. K's seems to have floated into midtown from outer space—a soaring pink Art Deco cocoon, perfect when you almost want to eat Chinese. "Dishes are not meant to be shared," announces our waiter, My-Name-Is-Peter. We insist. Wowed by perfect fried dumplings and slightly greasy spring rolls, I weigh the plus of VIP coddling against an outrageous $17.95 for eggplant. Entrées "with appropriate organic vegetables" are barely Chinese. Desserts like Key-lime tart and chocolate-soufflé cake don't even pretend. (570 Lexington Avenue, at 51st Street; 583-1668.)

Photograph by Robert Wright.

St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Decade—This place bills itself as the Classic Rock Supper Club, and thus appeals to the sort of over-30 crowd that would know exactly what classic means. Besides dinner—which could be pan-seared wild salmon with a horseradish-potato crust, duck-confit-and-vegetable spring roll, or Arctic char in a fennel consommé—there's a 4,000-bottle wine vault, nearly 200 humidors, and original artwork by Warhol and Rosenquist. And dancing, of course. Jackets required. *1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (835-5979). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa City—Bobby Flay's uptown bastion of innovative southwestern fare offers dishes like mango-glazed tuna steak and tortilla-crusted grouper. The bar attracts regulars with the house margarita, spiked with cactus-pear juice, and its selection of twenty brands of tequila. *1059 Third Ave., nr. 62nd St. (207-1919). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like jumbo lump-crab gyoza and coriander-spiced tuna loin. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Vermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. *1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

The Evelyn Lounge—A lounge-style bar uncommon on the Upper West Side, with the requisite couches, armchairs, Oriental rugs and, upstairs, a cozy restaurant serving an accessible American menu of roast chicken, pork chops, steak, and burgers. *380 Columbus Ave., at 78th St. (724-2363). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mendy's West—This kosher deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. *208 W. 70th St. (877-6787). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

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nightlife

Puente...Elmore Leonard...Stone Coyotes

Concerts

Absolute Ensemble—The genre-busting outfit premieres composer-flutist Kitty Brazelton's *Sleeping Out of Doors.* 5/5 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $15.*

Mahrajan al-Fan—The Fourth Festival of Arab World Culture presents music, dance, poetry from Syrian singer Sabah Fkhri, the Near Eastern Musica Ensemble, and Lebanese poets Zaghloul Al-Damour and Fayez El Mograbi. 5/9 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $15–$35.*

Buju Banton—The dancehall reggae superstar. 5/8 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Ave. of the Americas, at 50th St. (307-7171). $35–$45.*

Björk—See box, this page. 5/11–5/12 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $24.50.*

Foo Fighters—Former Nirvana drummer Dave Grohl continues his bid for world domination with his three-year-old quartet. Their last album, *The Colour and the Shape,* is no *Nevermind*—but his tuneful, stop-start ditties are convincing enough to make you long for the real thing. With San Diego's premier garage-punk marching band, Rocket From the Crypt. 5/7 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $19.50.*

"Loungeville, Vol. II: Mancini & More"—Downtown scenemaker Joe McGinty brings his improbably talented cast of East Village musicians uptown, for a night of swinging bachelor-pad sounds. 5/9 at 8 and 10 P.M. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100). $30–$35.*

"Marsalis/Stravinsky"—A joint project of Jazz at Lincoln Center and the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, featuring David Schifrin (clarinet), Milan Turkovic (bassoon), Wynton Marsalis (trumpet), David Taylor (trombone), Ida Kavafian (violin), Edgar Meyer (bass), Stefon Harris (vibraphone), and Andre de Shields (narrator). 5/12 at 8 P.M. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. (721-6500). $37.50.*

Loreena McKennitt—The literate Canadian harpist-composer plays New Age–inflected, Celt-pop from her seventh album, *The Book of Secrets.* 5/7 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall. (307-7171). $32–$52.*

Bonnie Raitt—Sure, she's been around long enough to qualify as classic rock, but we'll take Raitt's propulsive riffing over the saccharine pop of Shania Twain (or that of almost all other current Nashvilleans) any day. With Keb' Mo. 5/8–5/10 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 76th St. (307-7171). $35–$50.*

Tribute to Elis Regina—Nana Caymmi, Gal Costa, and João Bosco pay homage to the "queen of Brazilian pop." 5/8 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $15-$2.*

"Sergei Kuryokkhin International Festival"—Bringing the avant-garde to the masses (at least in theory), Cyro Baptista, Vershki da Koreshki, Kaigal-Ool Knovalyg, Molla Sylla, Alexei Levin, Vladimir Volkov, Anatole Gerasimov, Khvost, and Chico Freeman celebrate the memory of Russia's musical innovator. 5/9 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $16–$20.* Marilyn Crispell, Borah Bergan, Daniel Rayskin, Garyth Nair, and Andrei Bitov close the festival, 5/10 at 3:30 P.M. *Cami Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (841-9500). $10–$12. (See Cooler and Elbow Room listings in "Clubland" for other festival dates.)*

Clubland

Acme Underground—Once a skanky afterthought beneath a Cajun eatery, this intimate club has been overhauled, cleaned up, and—thanks to former Maxwell's booker Todd Abramson—become the unlikely venue of choice for big-name rockers. 5/7: Error Type; Eric Mingus; Six Going on Seven. *9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). $.*

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock-and-folk venue. 5/6: Larry Loftin; Mark Geary. 5/7: Debbie Schwartz. 5/8: Duncan; Giant Fingers. 5/9: Johnny Society; Towering Inferno; the Rosenbergs. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 5/5: Tom Chapin, John McCutcheon, and Friends; Martin Simpson. 5/8–5/9: Bo Diddley; Al Kooper & the Rekooperators. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's Stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. Dig the new, unscuzzy basement lounge. 5/7: Benefit concert for LL Cool J's Camp Cool J Foundation, with the Mindless Self-Indulgence, X-Ecutioners, the Wives, and D.J.'s Jason & Jordan. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 5/7: Todd Wolde. 5/8–5/9: Son Seals. 5/11: Better Off Dead. 5/12: Scarlett Moore. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

China Club—Having moved out of its Upper West Side basement and into a second-floor Hell's Kitchen location, the eighties' most infamous den of iniquity has gone more or less legit, with a swanky restaurant, cigars aplenty, and bathroom attendants to keep the stalls nice and, er, clean. *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800).*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 5/5: James Brown Tribute Album Release Party "Super Bad at 65." 5/7: Thin Lizard Dawn. 5/9: Tribe 8. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 5/6: Night one of the Sergei Kuryokhin International Festival. Borah Bergman; Peter Brötzman; Rashied Ali; Vladimir Tarasov; Three-O; Anatole Gerasimov; Ned Rothenberg; Spectre. 5/8: Night three of the Kuryokhin festival. Silver Apples; White Out; Christian Marclay; D.J. Toshio & Otomo; Volkov Trio; Lloop; Circuit Redux. 5/9: William Hooker; Tequila Jazz; Kolibril Whiteout. 5/11: Rita Ackerman; Loren Mazzacane; K. Salvatore. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over. Alternate Saturdays see the retro-music hodgepodge party "Lo-Fi," at which jump-blues, ska, and surf-rock bands rub shoulders. 5/8: Tribe 8. *511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). $.*

Elbow Room—Probably the best club on Bleecker Street (admittedly, not much of an endorsement), this cavernous hall is home to all manner of rock, funk, and folk. 5/7: Sergei Kuryokhin International Festival, night two. Kolibri; Slackers; David Soldier, with Komar & Melamid; Silvernail/Swell. *144 Bleecker St. (979-6973).*

Talent

Iceland Fever

Descriptions of Björk invariably tend toward science fiction, the supernatural, or both. But it's her composing and performing chops that put Björk Gudmundsdóttir on a higher plane, not her girlish onstage prancing (which does, incidentally, have a certain spacey, wood-spritely quality to it). Throughout three solo albums, her utterly unpredictable electro-pop has continued to be as viscerally satisfying as it is intellectually stimulating. And at last summer's Tibetan Freedom Concert, backed by string octet and synthesizer player, Björk stole the show from manly-man co-headliners the Beastie Boys, Radiohead, and Pearl Jam. May 11 and 12, the Hammerstein Ballroom is all hers.

Photograph by Barron Claiborne/Outline.

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. Wednesday's "Stella" offers some of the finest young stand-up talent in the city. Every Sunday, gender illusionist Sequida Ryzell puts on "A Woman With a Secret." 5/5: Lounge-o-Leers; Ké. 5/6: Jonathan Ames presents "Hairy: My Life Story, From Late Puberty to Early Fatherhood." 5/8: Daniel Cartier; Lionfish. 5/9: Susan McKeown; Mila Drumke. 5/10: Sequida; Jackie Beat; Daniel Cartier. 5/11: Grant Lee Buffalo; Lee Feldman; Lina Koutrakos. 5/12: The Nudes; Ké & the Plants. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 5/5: David Byrne; King Chango. 5/6–5/7: Projekct Two (Adrian Belew, Robert Fripp, and Trey Gunn.) 5/8: Dream Theater. 5/9: Sevendust; Coal Chamber; Human Waste Project. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 5/5: Peter Apfelbaum Duo. 5/6: Rachel Spark; Release the Hounds; Ensemble Elektra. 5/8–5/10: Kristin Hersh. 5/11: Moonlighters; Fleshtest; Hippopotamus. 5/12: Arab on Radar; Neptune; Tango Kings. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

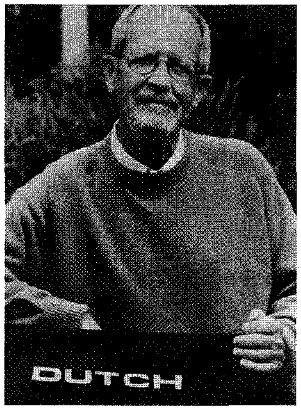
Life—Okay, we give. It *is* the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers aren't? Wednesday night's "Lust For Life" gets you in touch with your inner rock-and-roll rump-shaker. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. 5/6: Johnny Allen. 5/7: Kim Wilson's Blues Revue. 5/8: Shemekia Copeland. 5/9: Radio Kings. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 5/5: 13 O'Clock; Furious George. 5/6: Madder Rose; Talking to Animals. 5/7: 5 Easy Pieces. 5/8: Elmore Leonard; Stone Coyotes (see box, this page). 5/9: Torture King; the Revellers. 5/19: Carlton Fisk; Atom Smasher; Pharaoh's Daughter. 5/11: Tom Paul; Suzanne Wiley; Vivid. 5/12: Royal Fingerbowl. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. 5/6: Bill Kirchen. 5/7: Kim Lenz & Her Jaguars. 5/8: The Niagaras. 5/9: The Speed Devils. *375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (683-6500).*

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night rollerskating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. 5/6: East German techno-goth superstars (and *Lost Highway* soundtrack staples) Rammstein. *515 W. 18th St. (627-0404). $.*



Photographs: left, E.J. Flynn; right, Linda Chen.

Performance

Mob Music

Call it a rock show with the world's most widely read emcee. At the Mercury Lounge on May 8, Elmore Leonard will read a few scenes from his forthcoming *Be Cool*, by way of introducing the Stone Coyotes, an unsigned trio from western Massachusetts. The novel, a sequel to *Get Shorty*, follows loan shark turned entertainment exec Chili Palmer as he segues from the movie biz to the music industry. And though the 72-year-old crime novelist recalls that when his children were growing up, "there was a lot of Jimi Hendrix going on in the house," he readily admits the rock-and-roll bits of *Be Cool* weren't exactly write-what-you-know territory. "I was worried that I was going to have to write songs," he says. "Which is something I'd never done." So he started seeking out a real-life model for Odessa, the band Chili manages. "I wanted it to be about a girl singer," Leonard says. "I started thinking about Gwen Stefani, from No Doubt, and Alanis Morissette—looking into their backgrounds." Not quite able to connect with either singer's aesthetic, Leonard eventually found himself at an L.A. nightclub listening to the Stone Coyotes, whose tangily hefty sound melds AC/DC's charging power chords with a country troubadour's literate observations. "It was music I could understand," he says. "It's not 'alternative with a ska beat.' It's straight-ahead rock and roll, with a twang. And there are good stories going on in the songs." Novelist approached rockers, a few phone calls ensued, and soon the Coyotes had agreed to be immortalized pseudonymously, with lyrics to five of their songs—including one commissioned by Leonard—appearing in *Be Cool*. Coyotes singer-guitarist Barbara Keith (fictional alter ego: Linda Moon) notes that the novel's portrayal is only a rough approximation. "He has Linda liking [Bon Jovi guitarist] Richie Sambora," she says. "Who I don't *dislike*. I've just never heard him." In other respects, though, *Be Cool* may be all too accurate: The record business is notorious for its longstanding Mafia ties, a fact Leonard says he was unaware of until he began research for the new novel, his thirty-fifth. Lest he land himself in hot water (possibly wearing cement overshoes), Leonard half-jokingly reassures any label executives with skeletons in their closets, "No one is going to recognize himself."

ETHAN SMITH

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. Chris Combette performs every Friday at 11 P.M. 5/5: The Marley Brothers. 5/6: King Britt Presents Sylk 130, an almost-great homage to seventies smooth R&B. 5/7: Basement Bhangra. 5/9: "Samba Saturday," with Vanessa Fallabella. 5/10: Pasion Flamenca. 5/11: Orquesta Reve. 5/12: "First International Soundclash Competition." *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band gets the room swinging, lindy-hopping, and otherwise engaging in social behaviors of yesteryear (look for guest appearances by John Pizzarelli and other bona fide big names), after which the next generation takes over, to ever-more-vigorous dancing. Too pooped to hop? Take a load off in the upstairs Blue Room Lounge. 5/9: Eric Comstock. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 5/7: Tortoise; Oval. 5/8: Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown; Koko Taylor; Big Jack Johnson. 5/9: Link Wray; Southern Culture on the Skids; the Woggles. 5/10: Modest Mouse; Califone; Jets to Brazil. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Sunday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." 5/5: Taj Mahal opens the Gen Art film festival. 5/6: Sonia; Leslie Nuchow. 5/7: "Funk-O-Rama," featuring some of the less well-known members of the P-Funk posse, including visual artist Ron "Stozo the Clown" Edwards. 5/8–5/9: Lee Scratch Perry; Mad Professor; Spring Heel Jack. 5/11: Lame, the vehicle of Michael Cerveris, who's in *Titanic* on Broadway, and played Tommy in the stage version of *Tommy*. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244)* $.

Windows on the World—At Tuesday night's "Sway," D.J.'s Angola and Conrad gets the party people jumping to hip-hop sounds from yesterday, today, and tomorrow. Every Wednesday, "Strato-Lounge" turns the "Greatest Bar on Earth" into a full-on cocktail nation freak-fest. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).*

Jazz

Birdland—More comfortable than the Blue Note, swankier than the Vanguard, and proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra blows the roof off the joint. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays, the Duke Ellington Orchestra (conducted by 19-year-old Paul Ellington) delves into the late, great bandleader's songbook. Every Friday the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 5/5–5/10: Pity the Latin big-band aficionado. The genre's premier practitioner, *timbalista* Tito Puente, plays often enough. But he's usually dragged out for $200-a-head "special events" that no normal person can afford. Six nights running, though, "El Rey" gives up the salsafied grooves for an almost-reasonable $30 per person. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $10–$30 cover; $10 minimum. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 5/5–5/10: Maynard Ferguson's 70th-Birthday Bash, featuring Big Bop Nouveau. 5/11: John Nugent Band. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 5/5–5/10: Nnenna Freelon. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. The crowds are still thin on weeknights, which is a good thing for audiences: You can't keep a scene like this secret for long. 5/5–5/9: After a jaw-dropping warmup gig at the Vanguard, with Sphere (whose other stellar members include Kenny Barron, Ben Riley, and Buster Williams), saxophonist Gary Bartz brings his own quartet back to the city's best jazz club. 5/8: Peter Compo. Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $5 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. $10 minimum all nights. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 5/5–5/10: Billy Harper Quintet. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. $5 cover; no minimum. 5/5, 5/8–5/9: Gordon McLee. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. 5/5–5/10: Houston Person & Etta Jones. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 5/5–5/9: Ken Peplowski, Michael Moore, and Howard Alden. Shows Mon.–Sat. at 8 P.M. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 5/7–5/10: Caroline Rhea, from *Sabrina the Teenage Witch. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—Chelsea's high-class variety showplace offer's sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and music—all in a theater vaguely reminiscent of the old *Late Night With David Letterman* set. Friday's "The Big Bad Music Show" explores that riskiest of all entertainment territory, humor-rock. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St., (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and 12 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. 5/4–5/10: Marc Maron; Pete Correale; Dave Attell; Vic Henley; Jim David; Mike Estime. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 5/4–5/10: Jerry Diner; Rich Ramirez; John Rizzo; Nancy Redman. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Talent

Rhythm King

Elvis may have been the king of rock and roll; Michael Jackson the self-anointed king of pop. But for convincingly regal simplicity, you can't do much better than timbal player Tito Puente's handle. "El Rey"—backed by his peerless big band—defends the title six nights running at Birdland, May 5 through 10.

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 5/8–5/9: Rich Voss; Susie Essman; Jim Mendrinos. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—At Monday night's "Eating It," members of *The State* and *Saturday Night Live* turn up regularly, as does Janeane Garofalo. Expect lots of personal monologues, of a post–Spalding Gray variety, plus the odd freak in dime-store costumes and glitter-encrusted wings performing numbers from the *Krofft Superstars* show. Some of it is successful, some is not, but none of it is Jay Leno warmed over. $5 cover. *171 Ludlow St. (260-2323).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 5/8–5/9: Keith Robinson; Ian Bagg; Todd Barry; Jason & Randy Sklar. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Cabaret

Cafe Carlyle—Raconteur Bobby Short returns 5/5 for his annual spring run. Tues.–Sat. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Delia's—A plush snuggery whose brass railings and velvet upholstery seem strangely out of place—dare we say Upper East Side?—in its east-of-A location. $5 cover. *197 E. 3rd St. (254-9184).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? $10–$15 cover, two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). $.*

Duplex Cabaret—Every Friday, starting 5/8, Michael Earl puts on "Pure Imagination." Earl played Snufalupagus, and uses his kid-friendly skills he honed on *Sesame Street* in his cabaret act. Tuesdays, Perry Ojeda's "The Trick. *61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. Saturdays in May, Baby Jane Dexter continues her latest red-hot standards-'n'-pop revue "The Real Thing." 5/9: Charles Cermele. $15, with a two-drink minimum. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. 5/5–5/23: Jane A. Johnston, with Billy Barnes. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9 P.M. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $40 cover; two-drink minimum. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Michael's Pub—Julie Wilson's standing-room-only show at the recently relocated boîte has been extended into an open-ended run. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $20 cover, Tues.–Thurs.; $25 cover Fri.–Sat. $15 minimum. *Bill's Gay '90s, 57 E. 54th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. $50 cover. Through 5/9: Tony Danza. 5/12–5/23: Rosemary Clooney. *30 Rockefelle Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Thursdays through May, comic, singer, dancer, and pianist Mark Nadler performs numbers from his 3,000-song repertoire of standards, show tunes, and other theater-district fare ($15 cover). Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards (no cover). $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Spy Bar—Every Sunday night, this scarily trendy SoHo joint offers "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment. Recent nights have included the Michael Caine–fêting "Beware the Ides of Mike," a "Triple-RRR" soft-porn night, and the self-explanatory "Date With Dino." 5/10: For "Vegas, Baby, Vegas," drag-king co-host (and one-time mayoral candidate) Murray Hill goes double-drag as a pill-popping, strip-strutting Elvis. Films: *Viva Las Vegas, Oceans 11,* and *Show Girls.* $5 cover. *101 Greene St. (343-9000).*

Wilson's Bar & Grill—The Upper West Side's finest jazz- and torch-singer bar. Wednesdays and Fridays: The Stingers. Thursdays: Eric. Saturdays: The Judy Barnett Quartet. Sundays: Jazz brunch with Gerard Capelli. 5/5 and 5/12: Abram Wilson. *201 W. 79th St. (769-0100).*

Bars

Avenue B Social Club—Just down the street from Charlie Parker's old apartment, this cozy, two-floor joint is the perfect place to down a Brooklyn wheat beer and kick your feet up. The music—always free—ranges from excellent (pianist and downtown stalwart Matt Shipp is a regular) to the irritating (Unabomber-look-alike Reverend Vince Anderson Sunday-night sets are eminently skippable). But no matter who's on the bill, the jukebox is among the best in the city. *99 Ave. B, between 6th and 7th Sts. (982-2511). $.*

Photograph by Ricardo Bentancourt.

in concert

The Toronto Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall

Classical Music

Tuesday, May 5

Toronto Symphony Orchestra—Performs Takemitsu's *From me flows what you call time,* and Sibelius's *Four Legends From the Kalevala;* Jukka-Pekka Sarasate, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Absolute Ensemble—Performs works by Antheil, Nancarrow, Hindemith, others. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $15.*

Wednesday, May 6

Anne Sofie von Otter, Mezzo-soprano—Performs with Bengt Forsberg, piano. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $15–$50.*

Krystian Zimmerman, Piano—Performs Beethoven and Chopin. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 3; $20–$40.*

Ruth Laredo, Piano—Conversation and performances by the artist. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 2; $10.*

Festival Chamber Music Society—Performs Mozart, Wilder, and Dvořák. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $18.*

Thursday, May 7

New York Philharmonic—Performs Fine, Mozart, Ravel, and Dukas, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano; Leonard Slatkin, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; $20–$75.*

Oratorio Society of New York—Performs Britten's *The World of Spirit. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$55.*

New York Philharmonia—Performs Shostakovich. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $20.*

Bargemusic—Duet performances of Beethoven. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $20–$30.*

Friday, May 8

New York Pops—Performs standards with Betty Buckley; Skitch Henderson, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $17–$65.*

Maxim Vengerov, Violin—Performs Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms; with Igor Uryash, piano. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; $25–$45.*

John Aler, Tenor—Performs with Eliot Fisk, guitar. Weill Recital Hall, *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $30.*

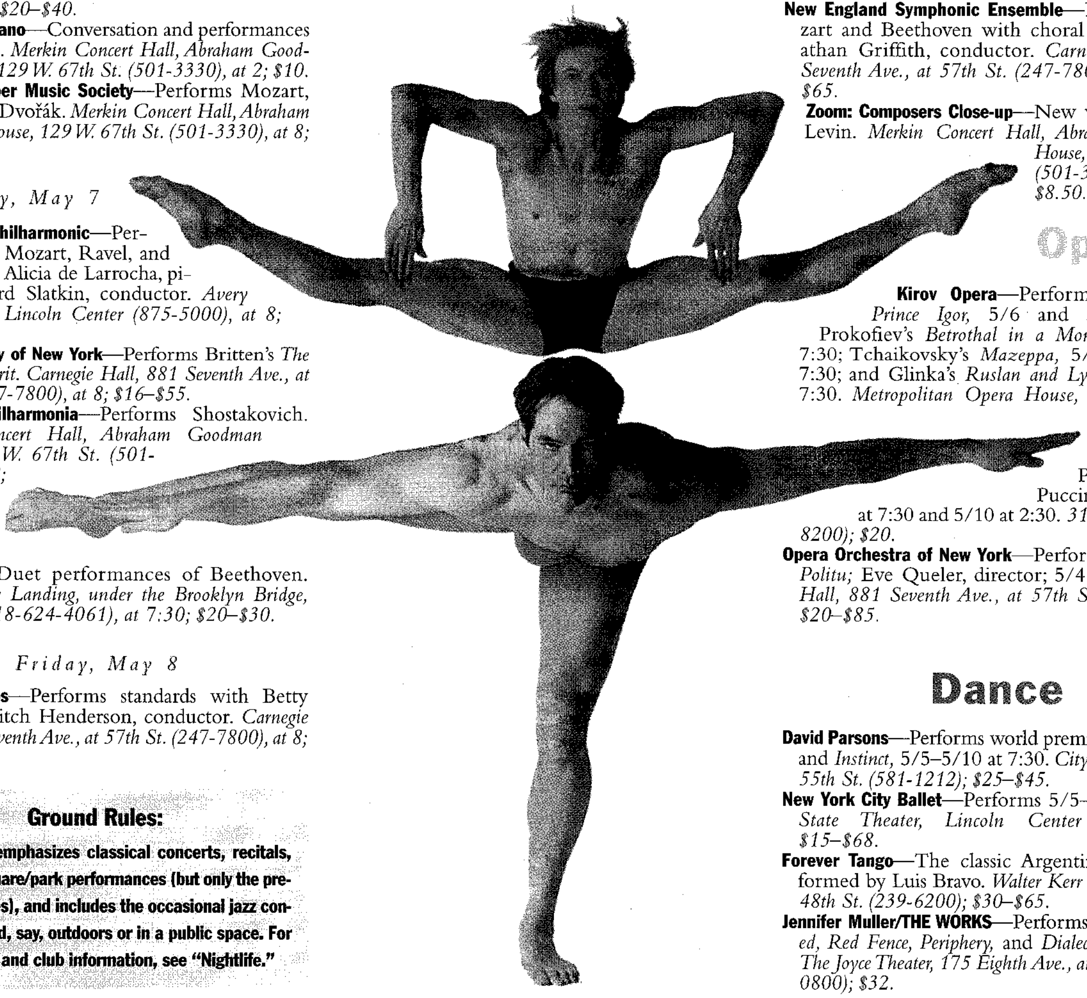
New York Philharmonic—See 5/7, at 11.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Previews
The Right Angles

David Parsons brings his classification-and-gravity-defying choreography to City Center this week, with a guest appearance by American Ballet Theater principal Vladimir Malakhov (pictured airborne, over Parsons, below) in the sensual duet 'Instinct.'



Photograph by Lois Greenfield.

Saturday, May 9

New York Philharmonic—See 5/7.

Sunday, May 10

MET Orchestra—Performs Brahms, Tan Dun, and Ravel; James Levine, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $30–$150.*

Olli Mustonen, Piano—Performs Bach and Shostakovich. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; $25.*

Jessye Norman, Soprano, and Ken Noda, Piano—Perform Strauss, Ravel, Danielpour, others. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 7; $30–$65.*

Seoul Symphony Orchestra of New York—Performs Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, and Haydn. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $25.*

Bargemusic—See 5/7, at 4.

Monday, May 11

New England Symphonic Ensemble—Performs Mozart and Beethoven with choral groups; Jonathan Griffith, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$65.*

Zoom: Composers Close-up—New works by Todd Levin. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 9; $8.50.*

Opera

Kirov Opera—Performs Borodin's *Prince Igor,* 5/6 and 5/9 at 7:30; Prokofiev's *Betrothal in a Monastery,* 5/8 at 7:30; Tchaikovsky's *Mazeppa,* 5/5 and 5/7 at 7:30; and Glinka's *Ruslan and Lyudmila,* 5/8 at 7:30. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $25–$200.*

Amato Opera—Performs Puccini's *Tosca,* 5/9 at 7:30 and 5/10 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Opera Orchestra of New York—Performs Donizetti's *Politu;* Eve Queler, director; 5/4 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800); $20–$85.*

Dance

David Parsons—Performs world premieres of *Anthem* and *Instinct,* 5/5–5/10 at 7:30. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212); $25–$45.*

New York City Ballet—Performs 5/5–5/9. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $15–$68.*

Forever Tango—The classic Argentine form, performed by Luis Bravo. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

Jennifer Muller/THE WORKS—Performs *Degas Revisited, Red Fence, Periphery,* and *Dialectics;* 5/5–5/10. *The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $32.*

the mix

Yankee Stadium at 75...The Academy at 100

John Leonard's TV Notes

Louise Brooks: Looking for Lulu (5/5; 8 to 9 P.M.; TCM) suggests that the big-eyed and black-bobbed troublemaker would have gotten her independent way in a modern Hollywood where studios have gone the way of the nonprofit police states of Eastern Europe. She was smashing, as George Gershwin, Charlie Chaplin, Walter Wanger, G. W. Pabst, and Henry Langlois could've told us, and as Dana Delany, Roddy McDowall, and Adolph Green do, encouraged by Shirley MacLaine, who doubtless identifies. Imagine getting evicted from the Algonquin Hotel for "promiscuity"; it should happen more often. Clips, of course, from her Ziegfeld Follies flapper days, *Pandora's Box*, and silents like *The Street of Forgotten Men*. The biggest mistake she probably made was leaving Weimar to go back to Hollywood where they wouldn't hire her. "If I ever bore you," she said famously, "it will be with a knife."

Storm of the Century (5/8; 8 to 9 P.M.; NBC) uses the excessive weather of March 1993 to let National Geographic think out loud about meteorology, computer-model forecasting, about satellites and balloons and the virtual weather in our immediate future, while looking at clips of the terrible things snow did to Boston and Atlanta and a high-school camping trip in the Smokies. It's a sort of elephantiasis of the Weather Channel, and surprisingly absorbing, with flashbacks to the Blizzard of 1888 and the hurricane that hit Galveston, Texas, in 1900, and flash-forwards to, of course, this winter's ratings smash, El Niño, plus a lot of hysterical blather from TV disaster junkies for whom Biblical torrents are adrenaline-addictive. It seems to me that we've arrived at a kind of weather porn: apocalypse without guilt.

The Leopard Son (5/10; 8 to 10 P.M.; Discovery), after a surprisingly successful theatrical run, achieves at last the small screen where it more properly belongs, with a lugubrious Sir John Gielgud dubbing as the voice of wildlife cinematographer Hugo van Lawick, whose marriage in the Serengeti to Jane Goodall may have foundered, for all I know, on their separations as Hugo went off to tailgate leopards while Jane stayed home to talk to apes. What we see, while listening to Gielgud and a musical score by Stewart Copeland of the Police, is an African dreamscape of lions, elephants, zebras, giraffes, baboons, impalas, and hyenas, all in an endlessly protracted process of nervous breakdown, which is nature's way of telling you that somebody else is always hungry. And when this particular leopard, against the odds, actually does go home again, he will discover, like Bambi, that Mom is dead.

Rescuers: Stories of Courage—Two Couples (5/10; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime) continues the Barbara Streisand–Cis Corman series of films based on the Gay Block–Malka Drucker book on non-Jews who risked their lives to save victims of the Holocaust. In "Aart and Johtje Vos," Dana Delany and Martin Donovan make Amsterdam a whole lot safer for 35 Jewish artists, musicians, and political dissidents than it was for Anne Frank. In "Marie Taquet," Linda Hamilton and Alfred Molina use a Belgian boys' school to house Jewish refugee children throughout the war. Once again, we are reminded that courage and virtue are as mysterious, as arbitrarily conferred, as cowardice and evil. If you have been to Amsterdam, and visited Anne Frank Huis, you probably found it as difficult as I did to imagine the city as Nazi-occupied. Not after this film: windmills, bicycles, canals, and swastikas.

Going Places (5/11 through 6/29; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) launches "a weekly series of jaunts to the world's most popular vacation spots" with a perplexing visit to—South Africa. Yes, James Avery points out Robben Island, where Nelson Mandela did so much hard time, but only as one disquieting item on an itinerary that also includes vineyards and gold mines and game parks and a barbecue in the bush. Somehow, he omits a meeting of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission. Nor will he drop in at a Soweto shebeen. I find this, well, perhaps "flabbergasting" is the word.

In Print **Never mind that Elliott Erwitt is the master of the genre: *If Only You Knew How Much I Smell You* (Bulfinch, $19.95) is a winning collection of dog photographs by Valerie Shaff made even more eloquent by captions courtesy of Roy Blount Jr. A sample of the latter: "What does that mean, 'expensive shoe'? I ate it because it smelled like you."**

Radio Highlights

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 5/9: Tracey Brown, deputy district attorney in Los Angeles and daughter of the late Ron Brown, talks about her father's life and accomplishments; David Krajicek, award-winning journalist, challenges the current trend toward sensationalism in his new book, *Scooped!*, Dr. Helen DeRosis provides advice for women confronting the stresses of modern life in *Women and Anxiety*. WOR, 710 AM.

New York and Company—Weekdays at noon. 5/4: C. S. Godshalk on *Kalimantan;* Marian Swerdlow on *Underground Woman;* Peter Neil on the South Street Seaport Museum exhibition "World Port New York." 5/5: Ronald Goldfarb on *TV or not TV;* Joanne Grant on *Ella Baker;* Patricia O'Toole on *Money and Morals in America;* Walter and Naomi Rosenblum on receiving the Lifetime Achievement Award from the International Center of Photography. 5/6: J. D. McClatchy on *Twenty Questions;* Hal Sirowitz on *My Therapist Said;* Katherine Washburn and John S. Major on *World Poetry;* Allon Schoner with an illustrated history of the people of *New York*. 5/7: John Hess on the world's troubles; Andrew Klein on *Wallstreet.com;* Barry Steinhardt on *Protecting Yourself On Line;* Christine Brennan on *The Edge of Glory*. 5/8: Al and Larry Ubell on home repair; Alfred Molina on appearing in the Broadway play *Art;* Frank Manley on *The Cock Fighter*. WNYC, 820 AM.

Photographs by Valerie Shaff.

The Written Word

Ann Rockefeller Roberts—5/7 at noon: Reading from *Rockefeller Family Home: Kykuit.* Municipal Art Society's Urban Center Books, 457 Madison Ave., between 50th and 51st Sts. (935-3960); free.

"Wanting a Child"—5/6 at 7:30: Writers Jill Bialosky, Helen Schulman, Barbara Jones, and Amy Hempel on the difficult quest for parenthood in a high-tech age. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (362-8835); free.

Ruth Reichl—5/6 at 7 P.M.: The New York *Times* restaurant critic will discuss the finer points of food writing and her memoir *Tender at the Bone.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

"Discovery: *The Nation* 1997 Contest Winners"—5/4 at 8:15 P.M.: Poets Gabriel Gudding, John Poch, Yerra Sugarman, and Martin Walls reading at the Unterberg Poetry Center, 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $10.

Lisa Carey and Jonathan Lethem—5/10 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *The Mermaids Singing* and *Girl in Landscape,* respectively. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); free.

"An Evening of Eugene O'Neill"—5/4 at 6:30 P.M.: With Barnard Hughes and Helen Stenborg. NYPL, 40 Lincoln Center Plaza (870-1630); free.

Marie Howe and Stephen Gibson—5/7 at 12:30 P.M.: Reading from *What the Living Do* and *Late City,* respectively. New York Public Library's Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (221-7676); free.

"What Crazy Guys!"—5/6 at 6:30 P.M.: The works of Steven Millhauser, David McDonough, Raymond Carver read by Sarah Jessica Parker, Stephen Lang, and James Naughton. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400); $17.

Patricia Spears Jones and Paul Muldoon—5/6 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading from their poetry. Poets House, 72 Spring St. (431-7920); free.

Jack Agueros and Yusef Komunyakaa—5/12 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading from *Sonnets From the Puerto Rican* and *Thieves of Paradise,* respectively. Poets House, 72 Spring St. (431-7920); free.

Lectures and Panels

Sidney Blumenthal—5/4 at 6: The special adviser to President Clinton will speak on "Democracy in Crisis." Tishman Auditorium, World Policy Institute, The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5808, ext. 101); free, reservations strongly recommended.

***Index on Censorship* Presents: Hate Speech, Censorship, and Ideas About Democracy**—5/4 at 7: With Elizabeth Coleman, Nat Hentoff, Victor A. Kovner, Aryeh Neier, Kendall Thomas, and Ursula Owen. Swayduck Auditorium of the New School for Social Research, 65 Fifth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts.; free.

"Fashioning Beauty at the Century's End"—5/7 at 6: A look at the changing role of fashion at the end of the millennium, exploring the way beauty and image-making affect our lives and dreams. The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5488); $10.

"The Glories of Chinese Art"—5/9 at 2:30 P.M.: A slide tour of the Met's Chinese galleries. Baychester Regional Branch Library, 2049 Asch Loop North at Bartow Ave. in the Bronx (221-7676); free.

"The Future of Poetry Publishing"—5/7 at 7 P.M.: With Jennifer Joseph, Alice Quinn, Michael Wiegers, Julie Schaper, and Paul Yamazaki. Poets House, 72 Spring St. (431-7920); $8.

"Artists and Greenwich Village: Continuities in Community and Creativity"—5/5 at 6 P.M.: A panel discussion with Dr. Annette Blaugrund, Avis Berman, and Professor Irving Sandler. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $9.

Norman Mailer—5/11 at 6 P.M.: George Plimpton interviews the writer on thirty years of living and working. Unterberg Poetry Center, 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $10.

"Soutine in Vichy France: Anti-Semitic Art Criticism and the Construction of the Diabolical in Art"—5/5 at 2:30 P.M.: The 1941 exhibition *Le Juif et la France* in occupied Paris will serve as a point of departure for the thesis that hatred of expressionism and hatred of the Jew went hand in hand in Vichy France. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3271); $10.

Previews

Yankee Go Home

Yankee Stadium deserved better: When a steel beam plunged from the roof at Babe Ruth's old place on the eve of its 75th anniversary, it was among other things a terrible indignity—like watching your grandmother step up to the microphone at her birthday bash, adjust her hearing aid, and set off ten minutes of room-clearing feedback. At least the Stadium gets fitting treatment in **'Yankee Stadium: 75 Years of Drama, Glamor, and Glory'** *(Penguin Studio), a fine tribute to dignity, heritage, and all the other lost baseball concepts that cannot be rebuilt somewhere in the swamps of Jersey.*

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Events

The Fifth Annual International Fine Art Fair—5/8-13: Exhibitors from seven countries bring the finest paintings, drawings, and sculpture (from the Renaissance to the modern era) to the Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. Call 642-8572 for hours and further information; $15.

Tours

Ladies Mile—5/9 & 5/10 at 2:30 P.M.: Stroll through Greenwich Village and the Flatiron District, nineteenth-century New York's most exclusive fashion and shopping center. Stops include the original Macy's, the first Lord & Taylor, Tiffany, and B. Altman stores. Call 465-3331 for reservations and meeting place; $12.

East Village Tales and Taverns—5/9 at 6 P.M: A journey through the legends and lore of this ever-changing neighborhood. Meet at Astor Place in front of the subway kiosk. (969-8262); $10.

SoHo—5/8 at 12:30: Explore this neighborhood collection of cast-iron buildings built during the second half of the nineteenth century, when the heart of New York City moved uptown. Architectural historian Matthew Postal is your guide on this Municipal Art Society tour. Meet at the Canal Street post office on the southwest corner of Canal and Church Sts. (call 935-3960 for further information). $10.

Hudson Square/St. John's Square—5/9 at 1: Stroll through these charming little communities, tracing their development from exclusive nineteenth-century enclaves to printing and warehouse districts to the chic neighborhoods they are today. Meet at the northwest corner of Broadway and Spring St. (call 935-3960 for further information); $15.

Art From Ancient Chinese Tombs—Tuesdays at noon, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 4 P.M.: A museum tour concentrating on the range of objects discovered in Chinese tombs on recent archaeological digs. Meet at the information desk in the main rotunda of the Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Call 423-3500 to confirm the day and time of the tour; the schedule is subject to change.

"The Gramercy Park You Never Knew"—5/9 & 5/10 at noon: Explore the still-elegant enclave associated with everyone from JFK to Thomas Edison. Stops include The Players Club and the site of Peter Cooper's home. Call 465-3331 for reservations and meeting place; $12.

"The Streets Where We Lived"—Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 2:30 P.M.: A regular walking tour inviting visitors to stroll the Lower East Side and discover how different immigrant groups shaped the city. Lower East Side Tenement Museum, 90 Orchard St. (431-0233); $8.

Metropolitan Opera Backstage—Weekdays from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call for reservations and times (769-7020); $8.

Exhibitions

"Opening Windows in Time"—5/8-9/27: A sculptural installation featuring the faces and stories of former tenement residents including artist B. Amore's own Italian ancestors. Lower East Side Tenement Museum, 66 Allen St. (431-0233); $8 museum admission.

"America's Concentration Camps: Remembering the Japanese-American Experience"—Through 1/5/99: An exhibition that tells the story of this shameful chapter in American history through the eyes of the incarcerated. Photographs, mementos, and home videos contributed by some of the 120,313 people held in the camps—two thirds of whom were American citizens—will be on display, along with maps and statistics from each camp. Ellis Island Immigration Museum, New York Harbor (363-3200); $5.

"Landmarks of New York"—Through 8/23: An exhibition of photographs by Barbaralee Diamonstein, coinciding with the release of *Landmarks of New York III,* which documents more than 1,000 historic sites. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $5.

Sixth Annual Poetry Publication Showcase—Through 5/9: An exhibit celebrating National Poetry Month. Poets House, 72 Spring St. (431-7920); free.

Bridging New York—Through 6/28: Selections from the museum's painting, print, and photographic collections dealing with the city's bridges. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

"Proudly We Served"—Through 9/5: Photographs, artifacts, and models commemorating 200 years of service by African-American veterans. Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum, Pier 86, W. 46th St. (957-7055); $10.

New York From Above: An Aerial View—Through 6/14: An exhibit of 26 paintings by contemporary artist and geographer Spelman Evans Downer that chart the evolution of Greater Gotham over the past 100 years. His work depicts historical landscapes before extensive urbanization and also includes space-age satellite views of Manhattan. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

"A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades"—Through 1/10/99: Mini-floats, paraphernalia, and photographs celebrating cultural identity in New York. City Partners Gallery at the Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

"Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898"—Through 6/28: The show features stars, costumes, and a set of models reflecting Broadway 100 years ago. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

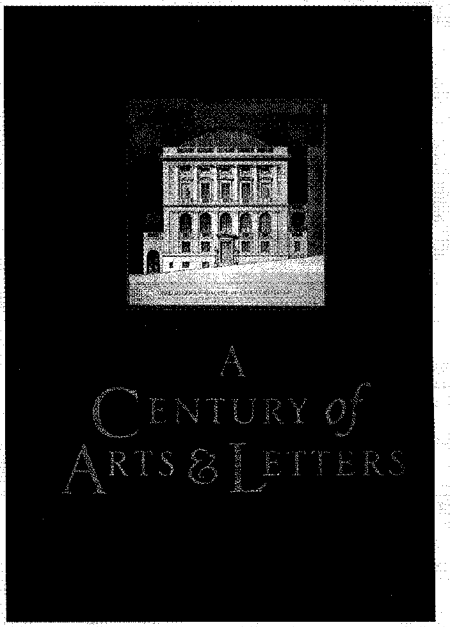
"The New Metropolis: New York, 1898–1998"—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition commemorating the consolidation of the five boroughs. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

In Print

They'd Like to Thank the Academy . . .

In 1934, F. Scott Fitzgerald was nominated for, though not elected to, the National Institute of Arts & Letters. Admitted instead was Kenneth Roberts, the historical novelist. Two years later, the Institute welcomed Pearl S. Buck, Hervey Allen, Christopher Morley, and Robert Nathan—but not Fitzgerald. He died in 1940, never having been admitted. Walt Disney wasn't elected, either, although in 1938 he did win more votes than *Gatsby*'s maker.

A Century of Arts & Letters, edited by John Updike and published by Columbia University Press, tells the story of an organization in which all sorts of Mickey Mouse nonsense has been known to prevail over the elevated qualities it was created to salute. Eleven current members recount, decade by decade, the history of the American Academy of Arts & Letters (unified in 1993 with the National Institute of Arts & Letters). Each uncovers some instance of comically bad judgment by their predecessors or peers. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. quotes Sidney Howard's complaint "that I, who have earned so much of my living of recent years by adapting no fewer than three of [Sinclair Lewis's] books for the stage and screen . . . should be a member of the Academy when he is not." (Lewis was later admitted.) Cynthia Ozick notes that "in the extraordinary literary decade that followed the Great War, the Academy neither recognized nor praised nor put forth nor took in T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Marianne Moore, William Carlos Williams, Hart Crane, Wallace Stevens, Conrad Aiken, H.D., Louise Bogan, John Crowe Ransom, or e. e. cummings."



All of this makes for an indispensable record of American cultural life and the history of artistic reputation. Still, one is left wishing the book were more than intermittently memorable for its literary qualities. The Academy and the contributors' own talents might have been better honored if Updike had asked of each eminence not a footnoted chronicle but a personal essay on what the institution has meant to him or her (after all, it meant so little to Mencken, Nabokov, Wilson, Dreiser, and Hemingway that all declined membership). And it certainly would have rewarded us: The smug thrill of agreeing with literary history (does anyone out there *still* think F. Scott won't last?) is far less gratifying than reading literary-history-makers at the top of their game.

LINDA HALL

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—Click from the links in "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) to visit a new Website reviewed every day. This week: Learn everything you ever wanted to know about your neighborhood (if you're from the Bronx, that is); Web-trip with the *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* site; select, frame, and purchase art online; figure out the easiest way to navigate the court system at Courtguide.com; and time travel through the earlier part of the century at RETRO. But before you leave www.nymag.com, check out all our other great stuff, like selected articles from the current issue and a searchable "Cue" section, plus daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," neighborhood guides, "First Words" for bibliophiles, our Subscriber Service Center, and so much more.

Sports

Cure Your Slice—You may have forgotten, but May i "National Cure Your Slice Month." The PGA o America and *Golf Digest* cooked this up to hel golfers eliminate the most common proble among amateurs. Pros from Florida to Alaska wil offer free ten-minute lessons at their facilities, an anyone who participates (and sends in the certificate found in the May issue of *Golf Digest*) gets shot at a links tour of Ireland.

USA Tennis Free for All—5/10: As part of the first-eve "USA Tennis Day," thousands of tennis court across the country will offer free lessons for kid and adults. For a participating court near you, cal (800) 884-USTA.

Women's Mini-Marathon—5/10 at 10 a.m.: A Mother Day tradition, this 5K race is a tune-up for th June 6th Women's Mini-Marathon. Call 860-445 for information.

Sol Roll—5/9 at 3 p.m: Solar and electric vehicle lead this Times Up–sponsored ride. Meet at th corner of Fulton and South Street. Call 802-822 for information.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
CITYHAWKS	NJ MSG 7:30PM						
METROSTARS		DAL MSG2 7:30PM			DCU MSG 7:30PM		
METS	ARI FSNY 7:40PM	ARI FSNY 7:40PM	ARI FSNY 7:40PM	STL FSNY 7:40PM	STL WOR 7:40PM	STL FSNY 1:40PM	STL WOR 1:40PM
YANKEES		TEX MSG 8:30PM	TEX MSG 8:30PM		MIN MSG 8PM	MIN WPIX 8PM	MIN WPIX 2PM
	5/4	5/5	5/6	5/7	5/8	5/9	5/10

kids

Hip-Hop...Edam...Rugalach

Ground Rules:
● = free
● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Made It Myself—By artfully affixing flotsam and jetsam to small boxes, children can adapt a craft that was popular 150 years ago and make eminently suitable Mother's Day gifts. Once they're made, kids can play with reproduction period toys in the garden of the 23-acre estate before returning home to dive into their computer games. 5/9 at 2. **THE ABIGAIL ADAMS SMITH MUSEUM,** 421 E. 61st St. (838-0678). Program fee: $4. Reservations are required. ●

Parental Guidance—A forum on the frequently anxiety-provoking process of applying to independent schools is sponsored by the **PARENTS LEAGUE.** 5/6, 5:30 to 7. The Birch Wathen Lenox School, 210 E. 77th St. (737-7385). Free of charge; reservations are recommended.●●

Nicky Somewhere Else—Our protagonist, Nicky, searches through a baffling "somewhere else" in search of a twin brother. Speeltheater Holland, from that country's town of Edam—of cheese fame—is known internationally for weaving life-size puppetry, stunning sets, music, and dance into its dramatic productions. 5/8 through 5/17. **NEW VICTORY THEATER,** 209 W. 42nd St. (239-2600); $10–$25.

Open Air—Expect spontaneous "Dancing in the Streets" as well as an appearance of the dance group of the same name at Red Hook Waterfront's fourth annual **YOUNG PEOPLE'S PERFORMANCE FESTIVAL,** taking place two consecutive Saturday afternoons. Song and dance—much of it by kids from local schools—will be interspersed with art- and music-making workshops 5/9 and 5/16 from noon to 5. Beard Street Pier (141 Beard St.), Red Hook, Brooklyn. For directions and further information, call 212-989-6830.

Tennis Anyone?—Free tennis lessons—after school and all summer long—are offered throughout the city under the auspices of the **NEW YORK JUNIOR TENNIS LEAGUE.** Loaner racquets and balls are available. Call 718- 786-7110, ext. 26, for further information.●

The Wizard of Oz—Sixteen-year-old Jessica Grové, from Columbus, Ohio, follows the Yellow Brick Road as Dorothy in a 90-minute megaproduction incorporating songs from the 1939 movie. Mickey Rooney is the Wizard, and Eartha Kitt plays the Wicked Witch of the West. Through 5/31. **THEATRE AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN,** 2 Penn Plaza (307-4111); $19–$49.

Down the Mississippi—An adaptation of Mark Twain's masterpiece, *Big River: The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*—winner of a Tony for book and lyrics in 1985—is staged by **NEW YORK YOUTH THEATER.** The cast range in age from 8 to adult. Through 5/31. Thurs. and Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7, and Sun. at 3. Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St. General admission is $12, $10 by advance payment. ●●

cue

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Brian Farnham
Sports

Vanessa Grigoriadis
In Concert

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

Jennifer Senior
Theater

Ethan Smith
Nightlife

Seafaring—Visit sailors at work during a program at the **INTREPID SEA AIR SPACE MUSEUM** called "A City at Sea," 5/9 at noon. Pier 86, Twelfth Ave. at 46th St. (957-7053). Free with museum admission. General admission is $10, $5 for children 6 to 11; several other price categories exist, including special rates for members of the armed services. ●

Remembering by Repetition—Visitors can bake rugalach, write on real parchment with a quill pen, and learn how to hammer silver into a kiddush cup at Heritage Day, a hands-on recollection of Eastern European Jewish crafts. 5/10 from 11 to 4. **ELDRIDGE STREET SYNAGOGUE,** 12 Eldridge St. (bet. Canal and Division Sts.). For more information, call 219-0903. General admission is $8, $5 for children under 12; reservations are required.●

Positive Vibes—Annie and the Natural Wonder Band sing upbeat rock-and-roll songs about animals and the environment. 5/9 at 2. Eat upstairs before, where waiters tend to serve comedy along with the food. **CAROLINES KIDS KLUB,** 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). Tickets are $10; reservations required.●

Beyond Circus—At **CIRQUE DU SOLEIL**'s idiosyncratic *Quidam*, a circus that takes the form to new levels of sophistication is mostly for grown-up audiences. Champagne is sold along with cotton candy during intermission. Battery Park City. Through 6/14. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 6 and 9:30, Sat. at 4:30 and 8:30, and Sun. at 1 and 5; call 800-678-5440. Tickets are $31.50–$59.50 for adults, $15.71–$41.75 for children (tax is included in ticket price).

The Uses of Enchantment—Villains are "guaranteed to be funny rather than scary" at the **GROVE STREET PLAYHOUSE.** Both *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* (weekends at 1:30) and *King Arthur's Enchanted Sword* (weekends at 3:30) invite audience participation. 39 Grove St.; 741-6436. Reservations are recommended. Tickets are $8.

Once On This Island—Based on Rosa Guy's novel *My Love, My Love,* **CITY LIGHTS YOUTH THEATRE**'s production has it all: love, music, a legend, cheap seats, and a stormy tropical island. 5/8 through 5/17. Hudson Guild Theater, 441 W. 26th St. (262-0200). Tickets are $5.

Symphonic —An all-French program, with music by Ravel, Fauré, and Chabrier, is the last **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT** of the season—geared to children ages 6 to 12. Arrive an hour early to make music and meet members of the orchestra. 5/9 at 2. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, 10 Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500); $6–$20.●

Performance
Youth Movement

Eighteen hundred exuberant youngsters become tap-dancing construction workers; folk-dancing, steamship-borne Eastern Europeans; and obstreperous, occasionally amorous subway straphangers in a sweeping National Dance Institute performance of *City City* onstage at Central Park's Rumsey Playfield. NDI's annual spring-blowout production is the fruit of disciplined study in twenty local public schools throughout the school year. The curtain-raiser is Judy Collins's original and never-yet-sung anthem "I Love New York." From there the city's history is traced, from animals foraging in the Manhattan wilderness to jerky hip-hop routines danced against Red Grooms's backdrop of the familiar angular skyline. Physically challenged kids from Manhattan's P.S. 199—taught by Kitty Lunn, herself a wheelchair-bound professional dancer—pirouette on wheels during the production's climactic finale. Children with a variety of handicaps have been an integral part of NDI's dance extravaganzas since the first one was held at the New York State Theater 21 years ago. "Hearing-impaired children often turn out to be the most musical," says Ellen Weinstein, the group's artistic director: "They can feel the beat." Without loyal NDI alumni shepherding hundreds of children to and from their onstage appearances, Weinstein says, productions on this scale could never be mounted. Veteran backstage helper Erica Litke remembers the mixture of pride and fear she felt before making her onstage debut with NDI fifteen years ago, as a cat. Litke—who went on to dance with the group at Lincoln Center—remembers even then, as a third-grader at Hunter College Elementary School, being held to an uncompromising standard of excellence. "We were never treated as kids," she recalls. "We were dancers."

Free performances, each with a cast of about 600 kids, are held May 9 at noon, 2:30, and 5 at Rumsey Playfield's stage, near the 72nd Street–and–Fifth Avenue entrance to Central Park. **BARBARA ENSOR**

Photograph by Eduardo Patino.

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Travel

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Rhinebeck—Fabulous 7-acs, 3-BR house on the Hudson River with pool, near Amtrak and town. 2 shares avail for $5,000 each, 6/1 till 8/31. **914-876-6850**

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Vivacious, Sensual Redhead—Ready for you. Attractive, fun-loving Jewish female, 5'6", green-eyed, well-put-together, successful entrepreneur, compassionate, giving, great listener, seeks mate, 48-60, for theater, dining, sunsets, tennis and much more. Note/phone/photo. 3498 ✉☎

Professional Jewish Widow—53, caring, sharing, passionate, seeks man, 50-65. I enjoy travel, movies, theater, the NY Times. Note/photo. 3512 ✉

Seeking Arts Lover—By bright, funny, successful, attractive man - tall, Jewish... Looking for attractive, fit woman, 30s-early 40s, well-educated, high-energy, who loves NY culture...for fun/serious relationship. Photo, please. 3478 ✉

A Great Beginning—Sought by tall, handsome Jewish male, 6'5", trim, 39, successful, fun-loving, well-educated, looking for that special person: an intelligent, attractive Jewish female, 30-38, for a lasting relationship. Must have a sense of humor and romance, with a curiosity to explore. Note/photo, please. 3519 ✉

Commitment-Minded Jewish Male—44, dentist, divorced with joint custody of a wonderful 13-year-old son. Likes folk music, holding hands walking through the park, cuddling in a cabin by the lake, getting together with close friends. Family is very important to me. I'm athletic and enjoy playing most sports. Looking for a kind, caring, sensitive woman who loves children (perhaps children of our own), age 35-44, who wants to be best friends for life. Nonsmoker. Note/phone/photo appreciated. 3508 ✉ ☎

Romantic, Fun-Loving, Intelligent—Professional man, 52, interested in meeting professional woman. 3537 ✉

Single Jewish Male—29, MD, looking for intelligent, physically fit, nonsmoking Jewish female, 23-33, to get to know. Photo, please. 3463 ✉

Tall, Successful Italian Male—Seeks counterpart, female, 30-42, for meaningful relationship. I'm well-educated, professional, curious, down-to-earth, passionate, cultured, loyal, sense of humor, caring, romantic, with scruples. Slim, muscular, lover of NYC culture, life, outdoors, travel - 54. Go for it. Photo/home number gets call. 3505 ✉

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He Who Dare Accept This Challenge—Will in one minute understand the definition of beauty and brains wrapped up in this young, 38-year-old Jewish female body. I have an accomplished business career. What is missing is that special partner who is sincere, accomplished, with a good sense of self/humor, let's begin life's most precious journey - that of a family. E-mail to Luvli2CU@aol.com with a gif or send a letter with a photo (a must). 3554 ✉

Side By Side—Strolling in the park or woods, seeing a play or a movie - very easygoing guy, nature lover, 5'9", thin, 56 but appears younger, seeks female soul mate. Photo nice but not a must. 3544 ✉

Stunning, Green-Eyed—Raven-haired beauty, north Italian looks, sensuous and pretty inside, seeks handsome, financially secure gentleman, connoisseur of life, to make her dreams come true. 3518 ✉

Academic—Senior professor in major Midwest university, age 63, seeks female friend/companion, 50-70, to share good things in life. Partnership or marriage possible options. He: internationally recognized scientist, divorced, no children at home, financially well-off and independent, Caucasian, Christian, multilingual. Avocations: music, sailing, tennis, cooking, polo. He will consider relocation, at least six months of the year. She: intelligent, vivacious, attractive, young-at-heart, adventurous, Christian, nonsmoker, at least as independent financially as he, free to travel far and often. She and he: able and willing to stop postponing wholesome gratification in life, able to give and take caring and soft expressions, even love in time. Respond with detailed description of your spiritual, intellectual and physical attributes. Two recent photographs (face and full body) guarantees response with "his" photo, even if you are under 50. No photos - no response. 3506 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Fit, Secure—34, white male attorney seeks smart, pretty, feminine "soul mate". She is sensible, compassionate, spiritual and honest. She may enjoy sports - also, has a down-to-earth appreciation for the finer things. Flexible on race/religion. Note/photo. 3532 ✉ ☎

Cerebral, Caring Surgeon—Solid, communicative, handsome man; kind, very fit, 5'10", funny, 43. Into the arts, nature, travel. Seeks bright, gentle lady with depth and heart, under 38, for the real thing. Please, phone/photo a must. 3542 ✉ ☎

Gay - And Young At Heart—Handsome, 60, professional, 5'11", seeks warm, intelligent white male partner, 50-60. Interests are tennis, music and theater. You should be trim, fit, healthy, nonsmoker, and assertive in your way. Note/photo. POB 456, Murray Hill Station, NYC 10156

Unpretentious Pisces Man—Successful entrepreneur in corporate America, too busy for the singles scene. New Yorker, 38, well-bred, Jewish, 6', good build, very handsome, similar to Kevin Spacey. I love to laugh, dine out with friends, antiques, travel, boating, blading. I want chemistry with mature NYC woman, 5'3" plus, beautiful, curvaceous, slim (27-37), for happily ever after romance. Note/photo.3553✉☎

Life's Absurdities—If you choose to laugh rather than be overwhelmed by them, perhaps we should meet. After all, it is far more entertaining for two people to amuse themselves together about the latest crises du jour (note my stellar bilingual abilities). Early 40s, warm, attractive, unencumbered male with great friends and family, and only a mildly cynical streak, toiling away in the occasionally wretched existence of a large law firm (partner) (note the patently obvious reference to "partner" status - thereby carrying me past the threshold on the critical Personal Ad career stability test, while at the same time alerting the reader to the fact that I am obviously an individual of questionable integrity and judgement). Seeking a warm, smart, accomplished, very attractive woman with the ability to laugh at herself and the desire to share her important people, my important people, laughs tears and all the other wonderful - and not so wonderful - experiences brought to us by the absurdities of life. Please send thoughtful note, phone and photo (okay okay, so I'm a little shallow... I'm a lawyer - what do you expect?). 3540 ✉

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m I Searching For The Impossible?—wish male, attractive, creative, successl, 40s, searching for mentally and hysically attractive, exceptional female ith heart and humor, 30s or 40s, who njoys films, theater, traveling, knowledge, reat restaurants - hopefully leading rare and fantastic relationship. Note/ hoto, please. 3539 ✉

Always A Bridesmaid, Never A Bride—Single Jewish female, 26, spontaneous, *athletic, caring, sweet and honest.* Looking for a serious-minded man who is fit, loyal, caring, loves to travel, dining, the movies, theater, and all things life has to offer. P.S. I would rather throw the bouquet than catch it. Note/photo. 3476 ✉ ☎

Looking For Asian Princess—Manhattan prince, 37, handsome and successful, seeks a lasting relationship with attractive, warmhearted Asian woman. 3550 ✉ ☎

French-American—MD/PhD, attractive, slim, 5'9 1/2", 150 lbs, distinguished, modest, cultured, generous, sense of humor, seeks attractive, slim lady, 25-40, for meaningful relationship. Photo. 3546 ✉

Pretty, Intelligent, Spiritual—31-year-old, successful professional woman seeks handsome, grounded man, under 40, with open heart and open mind, who will love to make me laugh. No smokers please. Photo/note. 3466 ✉

Seeking Curious Georgette—Cute I'il monkey seeks (pri)mate, 27-33, who's agile, both mentally and physically, for coconuts, bananas and, of course, a date. Note/photo, please. 3488 ✉

Beautiful, Slim, Easy-To-Be With—Woman seeks energized, tender, successful man, 48-62. 3468 ✉

Lawyer, Pilot, Writer—Skier, body worker, philanthropist, adventurer, guide, sociologist, elder, lover; inverse importance. Tall, blue, gray man seeks thin outdoorswoman to "be", fly, live in NYC penthouse. 3462 ✉

Very Pretty, Blue-Eyed Blond MD—5'8", 120, Jewish Manhattanite with many fine qualities - seeks a truly special man (38-58) for love and marriage. 3541 ✉ ☎

East Meets West—48-year-old, white, trim male wishes to meet attractive Oriental girl, 30s, for romance. 3474 ✉

Single Male, 43—*Sensitive, intelligent,* emotionally mature, great sense of humor, seeking a woman with similar qualities. 3509 ✉

31, Beautiful PhD—Old soul, financially secure, passionate, warm, kind and lovable, seeks 48-60, highly intelligent, very successful, kind and warm gentleman for fulfilling long-term relationship. 3491 ✉☎

Foxy—Confident, tall, slender brunette, 36, with an infectious laugh, seeks well-established, generous, loving Jewish man, 35-45, to share life's delicious moments. Harley a plus. Note/photo. 3517 ✉

Hard To Categorize, Easy To Love—This pretty and spirited woman (bicultural/-lingual) with a theater background, now involved in pharmaceutical sales. You are a successful, creative person who will join me in my passion for life: dining, dancing, good theater and Friday night at the Met. 36-48. Photo appreciated. Nonsmoker please. 3499 ✉ ☎

Young And Successful—33, 6'1", athletic, handsome, looking to have a relationship with someone who likes variety in their life, fine food, theater, movies, the city and travel. Seeking a woman who is beautiful, a size 8 or less, athletic, outgoing, passionate personality, *in her 20s.* Photo. 3520 ✉ ☎

New York's Premier Matchmaker

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As featured in NY Times, Crain's NY Business, CNN, CBS, CNBC, ABC, FOX News, BBC, "London" Independent and Cosmopolitan

Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, *sincere, emotionally mature and ready* for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

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By appointment only 212-935-9350 NY
310-276-0072 BEVERLY HILLS

Seeking A Petite, Slim, Attractive—Educated, kind woman, 40-50 years of age, to build a future with. I am independently *wealthy, robust and a kind*hearted gentleman who thoroughly enjoys nature, traveling, theater, sports, children and life in urban (NYC), rural (MA) and seaside (FL) areas. Please send letter and photograph. 3481 ✉

Young, Retired Professional—Tall, financially secure, low-key, Jewish. Seek educated NJ lady under 50, over 5'7", into fitness and workouts. 3460 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Blond, Green-Eyed Lady—38, MBA, kind, sincere - loves thrill of NYC. solitude/peace of ski slopes or sandy beaches. Values time spent with friends/ waking up to PLJ. Loves biking/blading *in Central Park, watching college football,* basketball, Yankees. Seeks honest, gentle, active, successful man, 32-42, with good sense of humor, who enjoys traveling/ exploring new places; desires hearth, home, children. Note/photo. 3459 ✉

You Never Know—Attractive, Jewish professional female. 35, hoping to meet one of the good guys. You know who you are. Please answer with note/photo. 3467 ✉

From Afar—We all love beautiful sunsets, misty dawns and awe-inspiring mountains, but few continue to feel that way in a sailboat at sea, from a small plane, or a mountaintop on a cold crisp morning. Youthful 59, Wall Street Grandpa is still looking for that someone. Be my shipmate, copilot, ski buddy and hopefully more. Note and photo appreciated. 3516 ✉

Catholic Physician—40, would like to meet an honest and caring female with a big heart and a sense of humor, for dating and hopefully marriage. 3510 ✉ ☎

Artist—(Female.) Wildly optimistic. Resourceful, tastefully aging hippie. Looking for searcher, finder, keeper. (Male.) Share photos. 3515 ✉ ☎

Great Listener—Seeks intelligent talker. Widow, 61, secure, upbeat, fit. Loves *travel, arts, great food, outdoors.* 3534 ✉

Crazy Lady Wanted—Attractive, creative Jewish advertising executive, 49, with great sense of humor, seeks ambitious *workaholic woman in a business suit...* for cozy nights at home, companionship and cuddling. Photo/note. 3483 ✉

Beautiful Inside And Out—5'7", slim, auburn hair, professionally accomplished. Enjoys skiing, mountain biking, cultural events and life! You: fit professional man, 38-49. Note/photo. 3513 ✉

Followed The Hudson Home—Listening to old rock 'n' roll in a red sports car filled with apples and lilacs. Me: woman journalist, 46. You: Zorba the Jew? Italian? Photo, please. 3494 ✉

One Singular Sensation—Seeks man, 50-60, financially successful professional, well-educated, polished, vibrant, (212) preferred, for best friend/lover. 3522 ✉☎

Attention: Asian Guys—Sexy, petite, fun white female, 28, seeks professional Asian man, 28-42. (212) only. 3489 ✉☎

Strikingly Attractive—Literate, enticing 48-year-old woman, communicator, intuitively-tuned listener, who appreciates the need for spiritual values, seeks guileless, marriage-minded man who desires largely, and settles only for, love in his heart, sweat in his eyes, to be laughing. 3477 ✉

Male Golfer, 42—6', 180, seeks nonsmoking female for commitment. 3497✉

Gorgeous Blond Menschette—5'9", 40, honest, strong values, good sense of humor, seeking handsome, kindhearted mensch, 45-55, for friendship and maybe a future. Note/photo. 3521 ✉

56, Looks 46—Handsome, tall male, looking to meet sincere, attractive woman, 43-50, to enjoy country life, fine dining and more. Note/photo. 3501 ✉

No Games, No Preconceived Notions—Widow, 58, 5'2", 131 lbs, from VT, wants to meet regular guy who hates gyms and jogging - and likes fun, music and the *Daily News.* 3549 ✉ ☎

RELIABLE

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New York's smart single
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New York Magazine
Strictly Personals.

212-779-7500

Special Situation—Very successful "older man". Never married. Financially secure. Tall, distinguished-looking. Sense of humor. World traveled, educated. Enjoys reading, riding, music, sailing and just "hanging out". Two residences: Manhattan and CT. Seeks comparable younger woman (37-41), slim, medium height, who is interested in domestic bliss and children (with none of her own as yet). Manhattan or CT resident preferred. If serious, please respond in confidence with a personal letter and recent photo. Thank you. 3404 ✉

Generous, Single, Handsome—Corporate exec seeks attractive, feminine lady, 21-39, for mutually rewarding relationship. Reply with photo/phone; will reciprocate. 3525 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Elegant, Kind, Secure—Seeks slender, educated lady, 50s. Dance, theater, travel... Photo/note. 3492 ✉

Handsome Attorney/Investor—70, looks 60, 5'10", slim, very comfortable, warm, verbal, cerebral, droll sense of humor. Seeks well-educated, successful, pretty, slim, cultured female in her mid-late 50s, to share a good life. Recent clear photo absolute must/note/phone. 3473✉

Classical Music-Loving Guy—Seeks female companion. POB 539, NYC 10101

Seeks Male Companionship—Single female, 54, computer professional, loves music, ballroom dancing, bicycling, beach and water. Seeks intelligent, self-sufficient, unpretentious male companion, 50-59, to walk, talk and laugh with. Nondrinker preferred. Note, please. 3453 ✉ ☎

No Sex!—Money is more exciting. Bisexual, retired male professional, financially secure, needs quality, manicured younger friend, either sex. Springtime is for planting. All answered. 3487 ✉

Cute, Petite Hispanic Female—35, seeks kind, sincere, nonsmoking single male, 30-45, ready for love, marriage. Enjoy travel, dining out, movies. Note/photo/phone. 3472 ✉

Multifaceted MD And Aspiring Artist—Petite, attractive, upbeat, seeks intelligent, professional, single white male, 40-50, with integrity, warmth, sense of humor, to share love, laughter and more. 3454 ✉

Share The Joys—Of a romantic country inn, a picnic by a waterfall. I have written numerous articles on how to enjoy places close to NY. Due to an eye problem, I can no longer drive. I am looking for a young lady in her 50s who likes to drive and explore. I am 58 years old, Jewish, a widower. 3461 ✉ ☎

Financially Secure—Jewish Scottsdale entrepreneur would like to cross paths with a petite/thin pretty woman - not necessarily Julia Roberts - 45-50, for long-term relationship. If you would enjoy a comfortable life style, including world travel, please send entry form with a photo to claim your grand prize. 3480 ✉

European Professional Man—34, 6', attractive, successful, seeks intelligent, attractive lady for marriage. 3543 ✉ ☎

5'9", Attractive Blond—Divorced, in 40s, with great smile and sense of humor, seeks male with solid values and love of sports, for bed in the morning, dinner in the evening and the Philharmonic and museums on the weekend. 3511 ✉ ☎

Sailor—Romantic Jewish male (6', 180), seeking female sailing/soul mate (34-42) to share sunset sails, beaches, mountains, skiing and traditional Friday nights/Shabbat, the Met (museum/opera) and rock. You are, like me, playful, with a sense of adventure and humor, love to give and receive hugs, love and laughter. Note/photo, please. 3524 ✉ ☎

I'll Do The Cooking—I'll wash your socks - but I won't pick them up!... You'll take me dancing - 50s professional, Westchesterite, petite, old-fashioned values, young heart. 3535 ✉

Lipstick Lesbian—Seeks available, 40-50 partner. Values life, intelligence, culture, honesty and sensuality. Enjoys work, sails, travel, Temple, tennis, friends. 3485 ✉

It's Time—I'm a 29-year-old, accomplished, pretty Jewish female MBA, with deep attachments to friends and family. You are a kind, intelligent, insightful, family-oriented, Jewish professional guy who is between 30 and 42, loves his work and feels good about himself. Photo appreciated. 3469 ✉

Very Funny Catholic Guy—45, marketing exec. Cooks. Loves books, co-ed softball, golf, Twizzlers and lazy Sundays. Seeks a funny, athletic woman, 30s, who can make him laugh, make him think and make him crazy. He'll make her dinner, tickle her fancy...and be there. Funny note/photo/phone. 3526 ✉ ☎

Handsome Attorney—Witty, movie lover, piano player, martial arts, Jewish, 33. Seeks very voluptuous, intelligent lady as friend, lover and soul mate. 3456 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty—Single white female, great figure, 36, fun-loving, articulate, warm, sincere, down-to-earth. Loves tennis, skating, metaphysics, nature, children and animals. Seeks tall, handsome soul mate, 35-50, with similar interests and attributes. Nonsmoker. Photo a must. 3529 ✉

My Son Says I'm As Good As It Gets—Bright, attractive, sophisticated, tall Jewish redhead, 50, with stamina of a 30-year-old (and an awesome tennis player), seeks intelligent, financially secure gentleman, tall, 48-65, with a zest for life. 3531 ✉

Tall Male—43, dark blond hair, blue eyes, with innocent good looks, bright, jaded yet funny (great sense of humor), financially secure, generous, enjoys hobbies including theater, movies and weekend getaways. Seeking an intelligent woman who is spontaneous and playful, looking for a serious relationship. Note/photo/please. 3514 ✉

Sexy Pearl Of The Orient With Brains—Seeks man of substance for lifetime partnership. You: slim, tall, sensual, honest, wildly romantic, nonsmoking, single white male, 40-55. Me: warm, classy, independent, long-haired entrepreneur with diverse interests, who loves to cuddle. Note/photo/telephone. 3523 ✉

Lifelong Romance—Sensitive, sincere, handsome, Jewish, 6', trim Ivy MBA seeks sexy, pretty best friend, 27-34, to share long soulful talks, warm nights, marriage, kids. Photo. 3530 ✉ ☎

You're Sweeter Than Judge Judy—More giving than Al Gore, and want to meet a young-40s, Jewish, nonreligious guy who loves weekend getaways, Blockbuster nights, Kit-Kats, you? (30-40s gal seeking vital connection.) 3507 ✉

Wanted:—Professional man, 42-52, who's sensitive/stable, warm/witty, flexible/fun. Reward: attractive, vivacious female, 44, 5'4", slim, passionate and playful, loving and loyal. Commitment-comfortable caller will not be disappointed. 3484 ✉ ☎

Tall, Handsome, Athletic—38, 6'2", 190, dark hair, successful, never married, Christian. I enjoy family, sports, beach, outdoors. Seeking pretty female, 25-35, who is caring, active, slim. Photo. 3458 ✉

Gold Convertible—Drives pretty, golden gal, sensual, sexy, secure, slim, smart, 60 plus, skier, sunbather, in search of same in guy, 50 plus, for loving and living. Sincerity and poetry of soul a must. 3452 ✉ ☎

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE

Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box #______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Jewish Millionaire—Unique, multifaceted wheeler-dealer, college grad, 58 6'3", 230, intelligent, ambitious, unconventional, self-made, street-smart - seeks sharp, sexy soul mate/playmate, best friend, 30-45. Photo. 3500 ✉

Mrs. Robinson—Is what the young men call my mom's best friend. She's intelligent, sophisticated and successful. Did I mention she's a beautiful, physically (and fiscally) fit, petite blond? She's the mother of two grown sons, and now she's seeking a grown man for a grownup relationship. She'll love you if you're 50 plus, Jewish, with a positive outlook and great sense of humor. Note/phone/photo. 3528✉

Spring Weather—Causes this pretty blond woman (63, 5'3", PhD) to plant lots of flowers, play more tennis, attend the American Ballet, plan travels to San Francisco, Tuscany and beyond, and yearn for romance. Where is the kindhearted, educated and cultured man with a coo head and gracious manner, who will share all of my seasons? Photo please. 3503 ✉

Statuesque Female Attorney—Beautifu inside and out, 27, 5'10", Jewish, thin, witty, outdoorsy - enjoys skiing, travel, movies - seeks same in a man, age 29-40, who must be at least 5'11", very good-looking and well-dressed. Note/photo. 3449 ✉☎

Handsome, Caring, Romantic—Successful NYC business owner, 52, 5'7" physically fit, athletic, playful, kind, loving Christian male, positive nonsmoker - seeks under-50, attractive, educated, romantic independent, good-natured female to share life's journey. 3482 ✉

Handsome, Passionate—Professiona male, 40, 5'11", 165 lbs, dark features educated and adventurous - loves art music, travel, culture and the outdoors Seeks bright, sensitive and loving female 28-37, with big heart and open mind for fun, romance and hopefully more Photo, please - will exchange. 3450 ✉

Jewish Attorney—35, 5'8", passionate scintillating (when motivated), boyish good looks, seeks beautiful, vivacious Jewish female. Photo. 3533 ✉

Cute, Romantic Man—Extremely affectionate, loving and funny. Seeks younger sweet cutie-pie to be best friends and fall head-over-heels in love with. I'm a young-looking 45, 6', 175, healthy lifestyle, sexy, athletic body, bald head, caring heart, marriage-minded; love beach, boats sports, dining, music, dancing. Please photo a must for reply. 3486 ✉ ☎

MARY ANN MADDEN #911

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

Enter Peristalsis, King of Alopecia; his queen, Angina; and Tourette, a slave:
King: Tourette, come hither. Bring us mead and sweetmeats.
Tourette: %$#@ me my liege.

Enter Tex Binary, his mistress, Valerie Silicon; their butler, Jay Peg; and Cursor, a dog.
Tex: You've committed a fatal error, my dear. You may lose everything.
Jay: He's right, Val, unless you've been wise enough to save.

Above, entrance lines. Competitors are invited to devise names from a single source (medicine, say, or law) for up to four characters and provide for them one or two opening lines.

N.B.: For those entering online: *one entry only,* please. We need your street address, too. Thanks.

Results of Competition 908, in which you were asked for entries from a directory of services for the coming century.

Report: Still crazy before all these years. You predict: Windows 1900. Y3K Crash Course for Computer Calendars. Century 22 Moon Real Estate. Mars Condos. Undersea Retirement Villages. Home Liposuction. Clone Arrangers. Robot Nannies, au pairs. Piercings Removed Permanently. The United Gates of America. And Kenneth Starr: Investigations. Two basic characteristics: 1. Things change. 2. Things don't. See that you do. Love your hat. Don't forget about Armageddon.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

HEY, COLLAGEN MAN
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

THE COMEDY CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY
Brian Bracey, Carrboro, N.C.

MARTHA STEWART ASSISTED LIVING
Louise Jackson, Somerset, Mass.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

NICOTINE PATCH DOLLS
Emily Sylvester, South Windsor, Conn.

SEINFELD: THE LOST EPISODES
Patsy Couper, Clinton, Mass.
also prize to: Kathleen Zimbicki, N.Y.C.

THE GREAT CHINA WAL-MART
Laurie Foust, Fresno, Calif.

And Honorable Mention to:

L.L. BEANIE BABIES
Jack Westmoreland, Sterling, Va.

OCTOGENARYAN NATION
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

DRIVE-BY-SHOOTING SCRIPTS
Lisa Giordano, Madison, Ala.

ACME ROACH CONTROL
Trip Plymale, N.Y.C.

GENETIC CODE RINGS
Lucy Oblonsky, Newark, Del.
Roy L. Stern, M.D., Philadelphia, Pa.

LUNATIC FRINGE BENEFITS
Raymond E. Benenson, Niskayuna, N.Y.

SUPPORT GROUP: WHEN YOUR MERGER FAILS
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

BOWS, ARROWS, FIRESTICKS, CAVE WARMERS
Al Hattal, Marina del Rey, Calif.

DOCTOR IN A BOX: THE ALL-PURPOSE, UNIVERSAL HOME TEST KIT
Danielle Warnes, Flossmoor, Ill.

MUSEUM OF SUSPENDED DISBELIEF
Carl Edge, Clarksburg, W.Va.

ASTEROID COLLISION INSURANCE
D. A. Keoleian, Coronado, Calif.

ZERO POPULATION GROWTH HORMONES
Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.
sp. ment.: Connie Comfort, N.Y.C.

VERSE MAIL: LET HALLMARK ANSWER YOUR PHONE
Leonard Greenberg, Sterling, Va.

SPICE GIRL SCOUT COOKIES
Jane Abrams, Kew Gardens, N.Y.

THE BOOGIE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
Lauren Shea, Cromwell, Conn.
sp. ment.: Donald Sommers, Painesville, Ohio

OWN AN AUTHENTIC COPY OF *USA TODAY* PUBLISHED THE DAY YOU WERE BORN
Alexander & Nicholas Chiquoine, Reedsburg, Wisc.

CD-ROMPERS
Lauren Foley, Cranston, R.I.

DILBERT AND SULLIVAN
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

SUPER NINTENDOCRINOLOGY
Percy Allen, Boynton Beach, Calif.

AEROBOTICS
Joel Sitrin, Alexandria, Va.

THE CHURCH OF LOTTO-DAY SAINTS
Terry Bussell, Las Vegas, Nev.

HOOKED ON CELLULAR PHONICS
Paul Kocak, Syracuse, N.Y.

MERCEDES-BENZEDRINE
Laura Neal, Reigate, Surrey, England

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA TITANICA
Paula Doherty, Tiverton, R.I.

DNA HOME TEST KITS
Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.

LOW-SALPETER
Kay Tallis, Alexandria, Va.

PARI-MUTUEL FUNDS
Marc Doyle, Newark, Del.

ANIMAL & TAX SHELTER: LIVE STOCK AND BONDS
Cookie Gray, Closter, N.J.

Y2K LAWSUIT EVASION TIME TRAVEL
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

SMALL-CAP, NO-LOAD MUTUAL-FUND SUMMER CAMP
Arnie Kogen, Encino, Calif.

PENPALIMONY
Alexa Geller, West Hartford, Conn.

WATERFORD CRYSTAL METH
Melanie Bussell, Las Vegas, Nev.

401(K) MART
Sarah Gay, Durham, N.C.
sp. ment.: Joyce Vlogianitis, Garden City, N.Y.

HOLY SEE WORLD: THE VATICAN THEME PARK
Abigail Dobbs, Florence, Ala.

MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKERPHONES
Adam Doyle, Blacksburg, Va.

BIOLOGICAL CLOCK RADIOS
Mary Jane Gore, Charlottesville, Va.

FAMILY VALUJET
Dede Persson, Mundelein, Ill.

EL AL-ANON
Jessica Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.

FAT-FREEMASONS
Dot Edwards, Galena, Mo.

SOCIAL SECURITY BLANKETS
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

CITICLONE: BODY PARTS EXCHANGE BANK
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

CANNIBAL WORLD: FOLKS, FUN, FOOD.
John Degelmann, N.Y.C.

SLIDING SCALE WEIGHT LOSS: A NEW CENTURY, A NEW WEIGH.
Ed Wolff, Oceanside, N.Y.

GREENSPAN! THE FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD GAME
Rachel Sinaiko, Alexandria, Va.

PHI BETA CAPPUCCINO
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

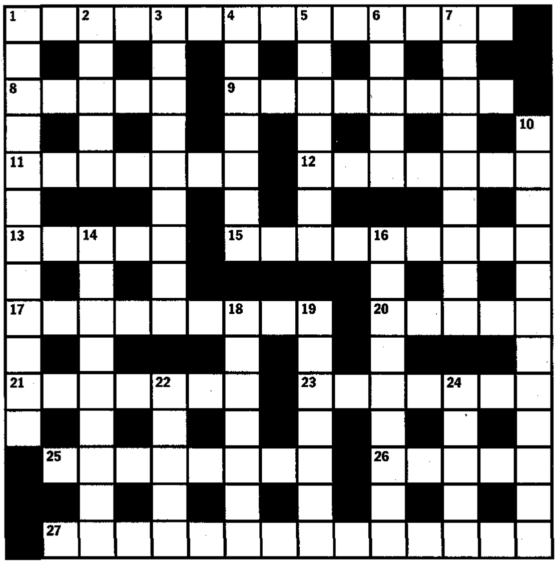
HOLISTIC MEDICINE BALLS
Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 911, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by May 15. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the June 15 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Cecil and Frank in Wessex. (9,5)
8 A man is bound to take her niece's part. (5)
9 Wisdom of Troy, for example? (8)
11 Reaction of French at destruction of Paris? . . . (7)
12 . . . Free French article written about the battle. (7)
13 Breed a Cairn. (5)
15 Well used equipment. (5,4)
17 Nude actor should be primed before putting this on. (9)
20 Mood of the church, always far from 11. (5)
21 Frank is versatile artisan. (7)
23 It's not hard to see this isn't Howard's Way. (7)
25 It's a good car—take it out on test. (8)
26 Animal featured in Hansel and Gretel. (5)
27 Top brass encourage one engaged in local operations. (7,7)



DOWN

1 Spender rules out need for economy. (7,5)
2 Connections with holes. (5)
3 Cast with a model audience—it makes one weep. (4,1,4)
4 Separate fashionable quarters from ship's company. (7)
5 Exercises almost cause pain together with health food. (7)
6 See some calls are cheaper than others. (5)
7 Acquaint with trade reduction. (9)
10 Comic character in 11 and upset. (9,3)
14 Contract in choppers. (9)
16 Is he fond of his relations? (9)
18 Instrument used by Captain in vocal number. (7)
19 Stories about New Testament topic. (7)
22 Expedition on which explorer sets out, accompanied by trotters? (5)
24 Remove from script but leave as in before. (5)

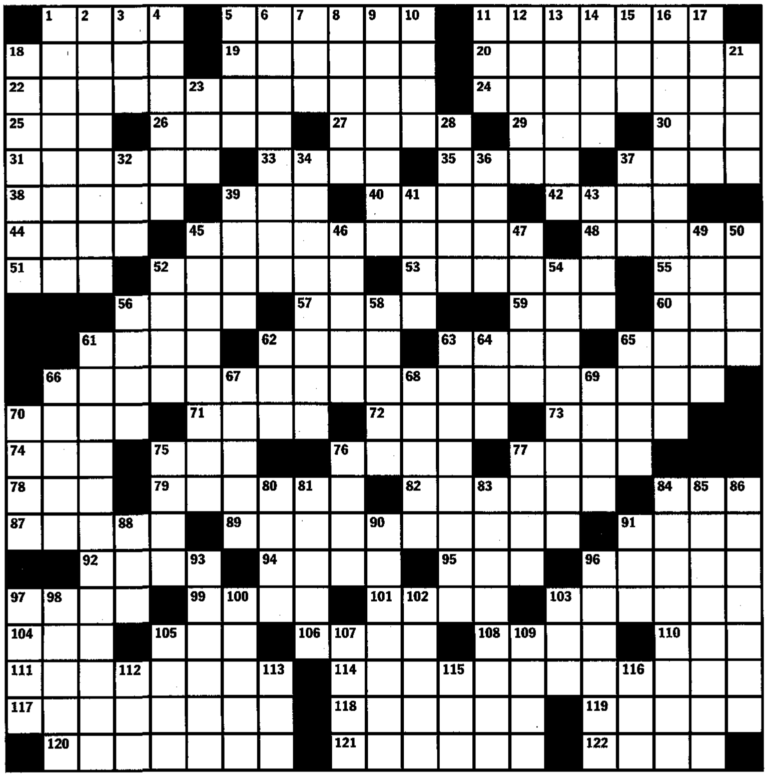
'Hidden Moms': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Snail-paced
5 Togetherness
11 Penniless people
18 Lakeside
19 Camus contemporary
20 Desire for food
22 Canapés
24 Left high and dry
25 "—— the fields we go"
26 Surge of wind
27 Intermediaries: abbr.
29 Jailbird
30 Band booking
31 Sun orbiter
33 "State Fair" state
35 "Little piggies"
37 Ponderosa
38 Principal water conduits
39 Former 3rd Ave. transports
40 Negative replies
42 Black, poetically
44 Complexion woe
45 Coated partition
48 Limber
51 Originally known as
52 Overseas official
53 Fictional Plaza brat
55 Bricklayer's tote
56 Boris's colleague
57 Fireplace fodder
59 Ostrich look-alike
60 Bedpost tip
61 Martinez of the Yankees
62 "Qué ——?" ("What's up?")
63 Apollo's mom
65 Tizzy
66 A blurry world
70 There are lodes of these
71 Theatrical award
72 Rival of Ashe
73 Defrost
74 Sworn promise
75 Party holding office
76 Magician Henning
77 Humor-author Silverstein
78 —— moment's notice
79 Virulent fly
82 Buy back
84 Kind of tent
87 Philippine island
89 Popular salad dressing
91 First James Bond film
92 Schmo
94 Stir the dregs
95 Mom's boy
96 Sorority members
97 Skelton's Kadiddlehopper
99 Late-show host
101 South African Dutchman
103 Exhilarates
104 Like steak tartare
105 London's big timer
106 Chick's sound
108 A-bomb, informally
110 Afore
111 Assess too highly
114 Theater critic's output
117 Engaged in revelry
118 "Take the ——" (Ellington theme)
119 Ferber and others
120 Correspondence
121 Drive-in lodgings
122 Apple-cheeked

DOWN

1 Oxford tie
2 Alsace's partner
3 Surgical arenas, for short
4 Pizza slices
5 Employs
6 Captain Nemo's submarine
7 Columnist Kupcinet
8 Soda-fountain freebie
9 Kin of marjoram
10 Vespiary
11 One of the Shrivers
12 Speedily
13 Rebelled
14 Mexican drudge
15 Ike's WW II post
16 January 1st words
17 Rathskeller mug
18 Auto-workplace mechanic
21 Slight advantage
23 See 103-Down
28 Filch
32 More N. than E.
34 Kiss
36 Northern capital
37 Luau serving
39 Relative of Vesuvius
41 Has creditors
43 "Sacre ——!"
45 Grundy and Guggenheim
46 Almost there
47 Remain stationary, at sea
49 Pueblo tribesmen
50 Copyread
52 Lincoln coin
54 Make less rough
56 Prejudice
58 "Ninotchka" star
61 Streisand-Redford movie
62 Last Greek consonant
63 Generosity
64 Coop find
65 Stamp of authority
66 Penned
67 Peer Gynt's creator
68 Grieve for
69 Noah's eldest
70 Elliptical
75 Agenda unit
76 Bruce Willis's wife
77 Already stitched
80 Sea swallow
81 Pounce, as a hawk
83 Symbol of deadness
84 Soon-to-be adolescents
85 In progress
86 Have
88 Youngest Cratchit
90 Olympic skier Tomba
91 —— double take
93 Request sweetener
96 Quick-witted
97 Gator's acquaintance
98 French collaborator of the '40s
100 Computer key
102 Mod painter's genre
103 Barely make do, with 23-Down
105 Drier than sec
107 Cheese burg
109 Coffee dispensers
112 Balderdash!
113 Koch namesakes
115 "Diamond Lil" portrayer
116 Yes, at the altar



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 81.

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At the new Michael C. Fina on Fifth Avenue, we've set the table for a unique shopping experience.

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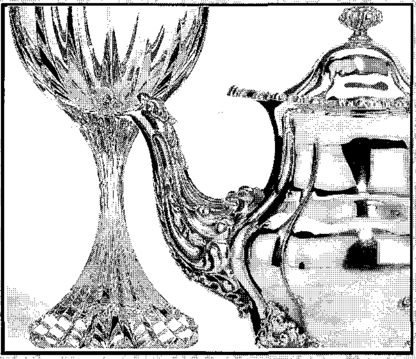
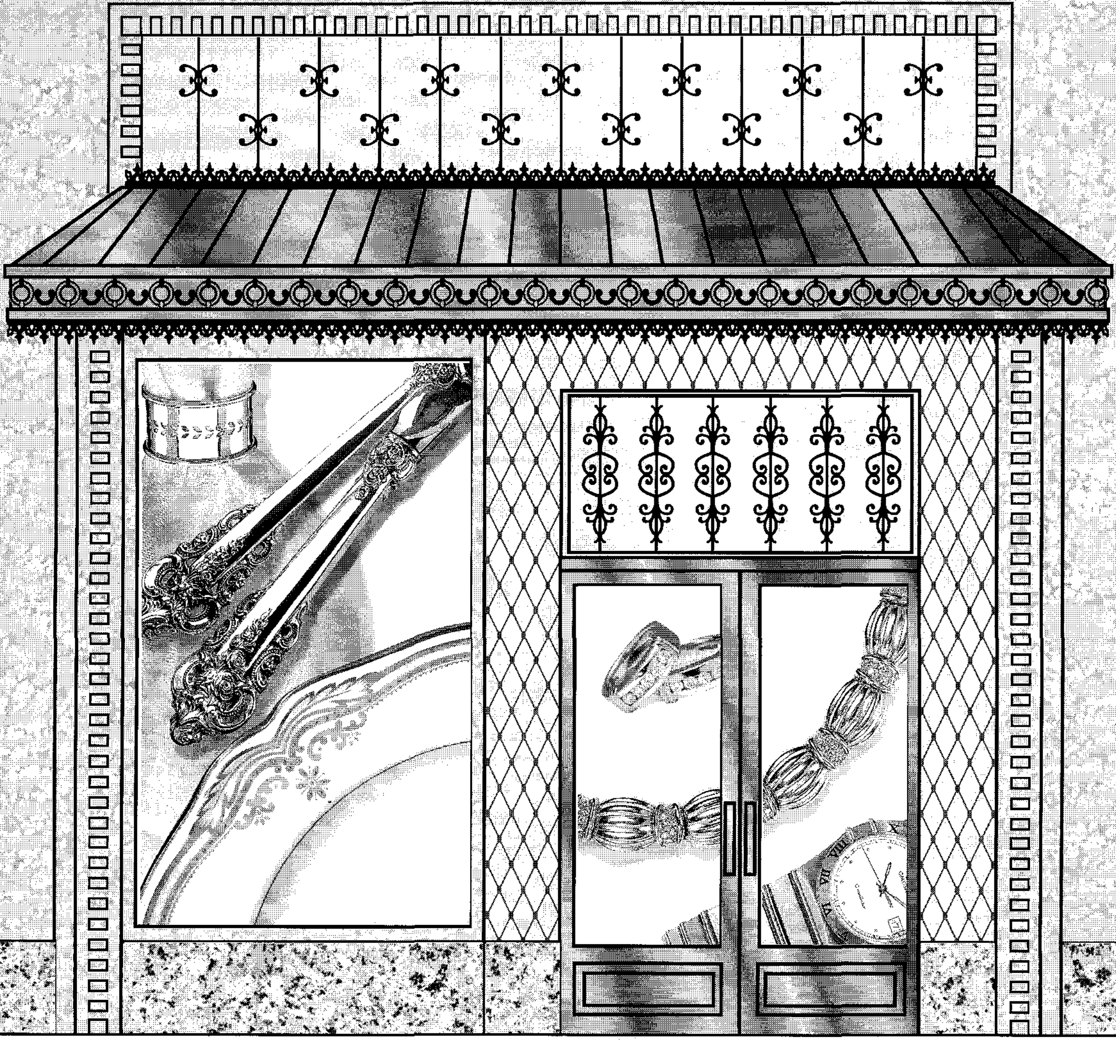


MICHAEL C. FINA

Set for Life



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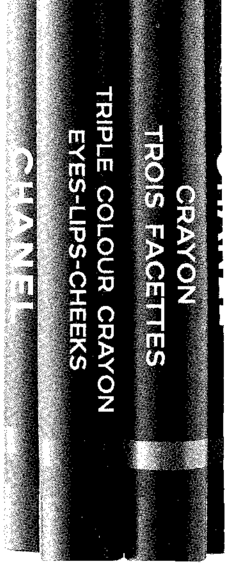
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